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AN UNCLOSETED SKELETON.

[*QUITE* in keeping with the remarkable character of the subjoined papers is the way in which the undersigned became associated in editing them for publication.

A bunch of old letters found in a chest of drawers bought by one of the editors at the closing-out sale of an old house in Boylston Place; some loose papers, including a fragment of a diary and other letters, discovered behind a joist in the chimney closet, at the recent dismantling of the Tavern Club, — only a stone's throw from Boylston Place, — and given by a member of the club to the other editor, form the material from which selections are given below.

At a chance meeting of the editors soon after, these possessions having been casually mentioned, it was discovered, to the surprise and gratification of both, that the manuscripts were parts of a former whole, — disjected members, in fact, of an old-time family skeleton.

The frequent gaps which will be noted in the text are due in part to omissions made by the editors for prudential reasons, and partly to the dilapidated state of the manuscripts, which have suffered greatly from the ravages of mildew and rats.

LUCRETIA P. HALE.
EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER.]

BOSTON, Feb'y 6, 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — For aught I know, you may be in Crim Tartary or Cathay. I mention those places as synonyms of vagueness and distance, without the least notion where they are. The Footstool was never thought of as an object for study in Phillips Place, when I went to school there. But wherever you may be, my letters always seem to reach you, though, strange to

say, I get very few of yours in return. Are you aware that 't is nearly four years since you went abroad? Do you forget that you are an American citizen? Are you ever coming back? I warn you, if you do not come soon, you will feel like the Dutchman in Mr. Irving's story, who waked up after a sleep of twenty years to find everybody changed beyond recognition.

The trouble is, you are getting out of conceit with your own country. I read what you said in aunt Maria's letter about our provincialism, — that we are sure to be either prim, priggish, or vulgar. I say, Pooh! For myself, I insist that I am open to none of those charges. Come, now, I challenge you to the proof!

No; the beam is in your own eye. You are getting spoiled. You are falling into horrid loose, unwholesome, foreign ways. You're forgetting your horn-book, too; you spell agreeable with one *e*. Confess, now, Joe, that you eat your breakfast at noon, take brandy in your coffee, and are cultivating a liking for frogs' legs. I dare not even think of how you spend the Sabbath. Such proceedings may be all very — what you call "*chic*." I will not ask what that means. I don't want to know. 'T is an odious and immoral looking word, and I am profoundly thankful that I have none of the quality represented by such a sinister combination of letters.

Meantime, you presume on the fact

that you are an only brother, and count on my weakness to forgive your unnatural neglect, — your scraps of letters and interminable silences. You think to keep me quiet by an occasional gewgaw and doing a bit of shopping now and then, the latter always with much protest and grumbling.

Aunt Maria thinks you're an expert in shopping. That lace scarf converted her; it certainly was a miracle of elegance. I should never have suspected you of such taste.

Poor aunt Maria! she has had a great trial. I pity her with all my . . . He's quite grown up now, and a dear boy. No, 't is not because I'm a dotting spinster; he is really a handsome, manly fellow, with an unusual air, — people turn to look after him on the street; with fine instincts, too, and quiet, cordial manners. For all of that, and strictly between ourselves, *he is not bright*; indeed, Joe, to plump out the bald, unpleasant truth, he is downright stupid; but not a whit more, after all, than his father was. Aunt Maria would die if she suspected me of such a thought, for she insists — it exasperates me to hear her — that Ralph is like *our* family, and "*all Clyde*."

Be that as it may — where was I? Oh! about this present thunder-bolt. You know what pains and expense have been lavished upon Ralph's education! Well, on his examination at Cambridge last fall, he was heavily conditioned. Aunt Maria was shocked to her heart's core. Not a murmur escaped her, however; she straightway got a tutor, and prodded Ralph night and day to make up the conditions. Three months of this, and now comes the tutor and tells her that Ralph can never make up the conditions, that it is n't in him, and the consequence is he will be "dropped."

You know aunt Maria: she will never rally from such a disgrace. She has been inordinately ambitious for Ralph: he was to be a great orator, statesman, and I know

not what. For me, I confess I don't care a snap for him to be a statesman; I love him better for his stupidity; but his poor mother is broken-hearted, and has nearly cried her eyes out about it.

So much for family matters, and now for a more agreeable piece of news. Yesterday, coming out of No. 2 Otis Place, I met your dear friend, Tho . . . He has lately . . . but the public has not yet got wind of it.

"Nothing in this stupid town to interest a man," do you say? On the contrary, there is a distracting variety of things. For the political, there is always the President and his Kitchen Cabinet, with just now the great "Cherokee Case," which I heard Mr. Sturgis and William Sullivan hotly debating the other day on Pearl Street, as I was coming down the steps of the Athenæum. For the steady-going, there are the Franklin lectures and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. For the gay, there is to be a brilliant party this very week at Dr. War . . . and a very startling bit of gossip which . . . although nobody believes he will ever come back. For the play-goers, there is Mr. Selby's benefit at the Tremont Theatre, where will be presented *The Moorish Bride*, with Mrs. Barrett afterwards in *Cherry Bounce*. For the aspiring, — like aunt Maria, — there's the profound in art and philosophy. She is deep in Beethoven. You remember her ear for music, and what frightful discords she always made in her bass? No matter for that! She has a German now who comes daily to play Beethoven to her; he plays for hours and hours, interminable sonatas and such things, — he has nearly pounded her piano to pieces, — while she sits by, dumb, abstracted, with up-rolled eyes. Do not suppose that is all! When was she ever content with one string to her bow? She is going at the same time to Professor Follen's lectures on Goethe and Schiller. She is

fairly rabid over German, and with it all quotes the most incomprehensible stuff from Carlyle, who I am firmly convinced must be a madman.

Amongst all these "isms" in the air, I hold fast to my small store of common sense, and make the most of my quiet opportunities. The other evening I heard Washington Allston read some passages from his unpublished poem called *The Romance of Monaldi*. I had a few words with him afterwards, and he told me his purpose of painting a large picture on the subject of Belshazzar's Feast.

This reminds me: all Boston is in sackcloth and ashes this very minute on account of another artist, and one of its most eminent citizens. *Domingo Williams is no more!!!* Who will ever again brandish a tray of whipped creams so recklessly and artistically over our heads, striking terror to our souls at his approach, and bearing away our admiration and gratitude as he retired!

What do you think is aunt Maria's latest scheme with regard to Ralph? But I will save that for my next; you have far more now than you deserve. Confess it, and show your gratitude in the way most pleasing to your devoted and affectionate sister,
PATTY.

. . . Yes, my dear Joe, the . . . have come duly to hand, and the German books along with them. I waited before writing until I could report progress. Well, I have begun; I strangle myself daily with the *ichs* and *ochs*, and purse up my lips for the modified *u* till I feel like an *umlaut* myself. Calvert too has turned up with the volumes of Schiller, after having lain, I know not how long, submerged in the Elbe. Think how this has sanctified them in the eyes of aunt M. and her old German professor! That dear Herr K., he is a miracle of amiability and ugliness, and when I suddenly whip out some of my newly acquired phrases, as "*Wie gehts heute?*"

etc., he opens wide his Teutonic mouth, showing his one lone solitary bicuspid, and looks like nothing in life but a gargoye. Aunt M. says my accent is very bad; *our* accent, I should say, for Rachel Cleverly studies with me, and she is a regular polyglot. What matters the accent, after all? — we understand each other. 'Tis the *Übersetzung* that tells, and you should just hear us overset.

From all of this our dear Ralph is shut out, he despises the whole thing. "Drudgery" he calls it; insists that girls like drudgery, and, when they have no housework to do, ferret around till they find something worse. *He* certainly has no touch of any such weakness; has been studying Latin two whole years, and could not this minute conjugate the auxiliary verbs to save himself from instant annihilation. He ought to have gone to Miss Peabody, as we did. She pounded the whole verbal system into us, till even George B. Emerson, who you know teaches every girl in Boston at some time in her life, declares that the Peabody girls know their Latin grammar as well as their "Beans porridge hot."

Ralph rolls up his nose in a fine, sour-grape disdain at all this. Let him do it: the facts remain the same; one significant fact being that he has just been "rusticated" with Mrs. Ripley at Concord. They say she has great success with such youths, and we live in prayerful hope that she may develop syntax in Ralph's head.

. . . Now about aunt Maria's scheme that I wrote you of. She is determined that Ralph shall marry Georgiana Carey. You remember her as a little girl, — with curls all hanging down her back? Well, they hang now from the top of her head, tossing, tumbling, dashing, and foaming like a mountain brook. What is more, she is a great heiress. Her uncle Vickers has died in China, where, you know, he made no end of money, and has left it all to her. Now I never should accuse dear aunt Maria

of worldly-mindedness. But you can't wonder that she should look out a little for Ralph, the rather that he never will look out for himself. He is a great favorite; all the girls like him. Even if he is conditioned at college, he dances just as well; is always punctual at Papanti's, though he cuts his Greek. The incomparable "Papanti," you know, has taken the place of old M. Guigon; much to aunt M.'s disgust, for *she* considered Guigon the glass of fashion, and the mould, etc.; "but who," quoth she, "is this new man?" Well, we never bother our heads who he is; we all like him, and even I make my way to his afternoon classes in Somerset Place; we have such a pleasant set there. About Ralph; — you see aunt Maria expected to spend her whole earthly estate, if need be, on his college education; then he would follow in your footsteps, be sent to Germany, to come back after a few years an acknowledged "professor." But he is so stupid about study . . . If, then, he would only fall to admiring Georgiana, all would be well, for it is sufficiently plain that she admires him; and with money, no matter about the professorship and the verbs . . .

Aunt M. . . . she has always so many irons in the fire . . . the latest is the Polish refugees! She is fairly boiling over with ardor . . . One of them — her particular pet — I do believe she will end by inviting to stay here! She thinks it is too expensive for him at Mrs. Le Kaim's. Ludovic Radzinski is his delightful name. She came very near putting him up into your old room. But, happily, at this juncture came a fresh claimant upon her sympathies, and it really is awkward for her to decide between the two. Rachel Cleverly, you see, that dear, delightful girl, is here, waiting to find something to do; for, perhaps you have not heard, Mr. Cleverly lost all his money, in a great fire that burnt up his store-rooms, and . . . but luckily she has always been such a

scholar — one of the first in Mr. Emerson's school — that she is now all ready to teach, if she can only find a class . . .

Boston, May 1, 1832.

. . . I sent off my last letter in a great hurry, suddenly finding that if I meant it to hit the next vessel from New York . . . so set about this a little earlier, especially as I have something to tell. Aunt M. has not only hunted up a class for Rachel, but she has invited her to spend the winter here! Her benevolence had no sooner impelled her to this than what do you think rose up to discourage her? Your prophetic soul may have already grasped it. She feared that Ralph, her dear Ralph, would fall in love with Rachel and poverty instead of wealth and Georgiana. "It would be the inevitable consequence!" she said to me, gloomily, as we discussed the question whether to give Rachel the "upper study," or whether to fit it up for the Pole. For here was indeed a temptation that perhaps assisted her uncertainty about asking Rachel. I am afraid that a little insinuation of mine decided the point. "Suppose *I* should fall in love with Ludovic?" said I naughtily. It came upon her like a bomb, — you know her literalness; she took me *au sérieux*, and I really believe she now fears the "inevitable consequence" for me more than for Ralph and Rachel. The Pole is so interesting an exile: no home, no money, able to talk any language invented at Babel; indeed, may have lived at that time, being one of those ever old, ever young human riddles, with his black locks streaked with gray, his mysterious eyes, etc. Why should n't I fall in love with him? Lest you too take alarm, I will confide in you that I am proof against fascinations of that kind, though I feel for his woes. But . . . and the risk of it all decided aunt M.; so Rachel is here, and Ralph is fast learning to like her, spite of all her erudi . . . and she certainly returns the compliment.

Who could help it, indeed, even if . . . Why, if I were not . . . years older than he, I . . . with his handsome face and his impulsive ways. Such a nice little school as aunt M. has got together for Rachel, girls from just the "best" families. She goes to their houses in turn, and is away all the morning, studying hard in the intervals. . . . Don't you ever say again that we have no excitement in Boston. Such a domestic upheaval and social ferment; everything and everybody . . . and I don't quite know where to begin. . . . But I must confess that my own head is just a little turned by this last of aunt M.'s infatuations; for we surely have now in Boston a guest worthy her enthusiasm. I began by being very skeptical, and made game a bit of the whole thing, and even yet hold myself in check against arriving too soon at the goal of belief in telling human character by bumps.

But I have been to two of his lectures, and missed the third only because it came upon the night of aunt M.'s reception for her pet Pole . . . and pray don't suspect me of laughing at them! — the Poles. No, indeed; I pity them from the bottom of . . . and made two pin-cushions for the fair . . . where Georgiana had a table which the gilded youth besieged, and we had some verses printed about them, — the refugees, I mean.

But to come back to the lectures. I have n't told yet who gave them: well, then, 't was no other nor less a person than the great German phrenologist, Dr. Spurzheim. He is here actually in the flesh, — and plenty of it, too, — staying at Mrs. Le Kaim's . . . and such a subject for aunt M.'s ecstasies; she is in the front rank of his devotees . . . and actually had him here to tea only last Thursday . . . not a little dismayed, for we had neither sauerkraut, sausage, Limburger, nor any other of their horrid dainties. I went down to tea cased in a mail-coat of prejudice, but in a trice he

disarmed and converted me by a well-aimed shaft of flattery. "What ē-day-ahl-ity! What ē-mē-tah-tif power!" he exclaimed, gazing admiringly at the top of my head. "Are you an artist, Mees Clyde?" I blushed like a . . . and straightway fell into rank as one of his stanchest followers. How, indeed, to help it, for he is Brobdingnagian in his appearance and amiability. It turns out, too, that he is profoundly interested in our Pole, — not in his exile, but in his brain disease; and so they are both in the same house . . . and every opportunity to study his patient . . . talking of his head, said the Pole had remarkable bumps of language, eventuality, memory, speaks half the known languages, learned and unlearned, whereupon I suggested that his brain disease might be nothing more than his verbs rattling around in his head.

Of course all the world go to the lectures, and some of his rabid admirers — aunt M. among the rest — are going down to his course in Salem, to hear them all over again.

Boston, . . . 4, 1832.

DEAR JOE: . . . and such a delightful letter ought to give fresh wings — I should say feathers — to my pen, that I might . . . and send down some joyous carol, from the upper air; but alas! you must be contented for this once with an earth-born wail. For why? Because, having supped full on horrors, I am now stretched upon the consequential rack. Last night Ralph and the rest persuaded me to go and see Forrest in the Gladiator, and bitterly I have paid the penalty, wrestling the livelong night in the clutches of nightmare, wherein I seemed to be swimming or floating, 'neath lurid skies, in seas of blood. Tragedies are in the air; next week there is to be presented a new one by Caroline Lee Hentz, Werdenburgh, or the Forest League. So we . . .

If you look at your Advertiser of this

date carefully, you will see that "a beautiful, large, fat green turtle, fresh from the water, will be served this day at Tremont Restorator, Tudor Building, Court Street,—soup sent to any part of the city." And now, my dear gourmand, don't you wish you were here? For aunt M. has ordered some of the same, not to entertain aldermen, but her last new hero! Is n't she fortunate to have set her dinner on that day . . .

Oh, my dear, dear brother! such . . . terrible news . . . How can I ever tell you? The flippant tone at the beginning of this will show how sudden, how crushing a shock it has been to us . . . and aunt M., how can she survive it? . . . Her whole life has been devoted to him. I do believe she has only loved him, more for her very disappointment in him, and what has she left beside? True, she has always been fond of you and me; but what was that feeling to her love for Ralph? Let me, however, hasten to say he is still living,—there is hope in that, though we can have no more. And it is terrible to sit here all day, not able to do anything but doubt and wonder what is to come! He is still unconscious, a whole night of uncertainty. Aunt M. is there by his side, calm and self-sustained, always strong in emergency; and I almost think it is easier for her there, where perhaps she can do something, than for us who can only sit dreading and fearing the result. Ralph was thrown from his horse yesterday, and taken up senseless! . . . scarcely know how to write it, and yesterday morning . . . all so different, and I was writing that idle twaddle to you. The real tragedy has come now, outdoing all the talk of scenic horrors. Our dinner had gone off so pleasantly. Ralph here, unusually gay and joyous, but he ran away from the dinner-table to join a friend, and I don't quite know if they had yet been out of town. Ralph had promised to leave some message at

Mrs. Le Kaim's, and there he was in Pearl Street, and had left a note at the door, or some word, for Dr. Spurzheim, when his horse turned suddenly, and from the house opposite, where they were repairing, there came a beam, falling suddenly with a crash. The horse started, whirled, and Ralph was thrown to the ground. This is how I understand it. They carried him directly into the house, where—our only cause for thankfulness—Dr. Spurzheim was at the very moment engaged in a consultation. He gave directions as to how Ralph should be carried, and they sent for other doctors and for aunt M. . . . They say that Dr. Spurzheim is a most wonderful surgeon. But oh, what can be done? For the skull indeed is fractured,—this is our latest intelligence. They would have kept aunt M. away, but she will not leave. The only thing that sustains her . . . and she has implicit confidence in Dr. Spurzheim, who plans some operation, in which he is to be assisted by a committee of Boston doctors. This is the very latest report I can send you. I have kept my letter till the last moment, and shall carry it myself to Earl's, in Hanover Street, as John Lewis takes the mail stage from there to-day at one o'clock, and he had before promised to take my letter for me to New York, which it will reach just in time for the next vessel.

It is very trying to have this the very last that I can send you. But while there is life there is hope. Dear Ralph! in these waiting hours I have recalled all our discussion and criticism of him,—how we have bemoaned his lack of application and of interest in study; but now how glad we should be to have him back, just as he was, with his kind-heartedness and genial love of us all! But I must stop, and next time hope to send you a better report. Now that we have your new address we can send you news regularly. But this must go, if only to prepare you for what we have to tell.

Boston, June 15, 1832.

DEAR JOE, — Miss Patty wants me to send you an account — “a doctor’s account,” she said — of the startling operation lately performed on your cousin Ralph Wheaton. I am glad to do her so slight a favor, and glad too to renew . . . since the day when we parted at the door of the medical school.

As to the operation, I was among the favored few of our guild invited, and cannot do better, perhaps, than slip in here some extracts from my professional notes taken on the spot.

’T was a great occasion. Spurzheim is a genius; the like of him has never been seen on this side the water. None the less, between ourselves, some of his theories are the rankest quackery. But with it all he is so tremendous and overpowering in a scientific way that our little gods here have not only gulped down their prejudice, — a pretty big pill too, — but actually received him with a mild kind of Puritanical hooray. He, however, bless you! makes nothing of them; they’re evidently a dwarf variety of pundit to him, and he walks over them and paws them about like a lion among puppy-dogs. You may imagine what nuts ’t is to us younger fry to see the Rhadamanthuses thus dethroned.

Like all geniuses, Spurzheim is a bit of a madman. I like him rather the better for it. There is, too, an Olympian air about the creature; and though none of the profession here can go the “bump” business, there’s not a man among them dare stand up and tell him so to his face. But our mutton is cooling.

That operation, — Joe, I give you my word, the whole performance would have done honor to any stage. ’T was thrilling as a tragedy, — which, by the bye, it came d—d near becoming, — and yet had bits of comedy as fine as Molière. Fancy Spurzheim, with his elephantine bulk, coat and vest off, sleeves rolled up, veins standing out in his probulent

forehead, sweat running off his dewlap from nervous agitation, — fancy him, I say, cavorting back and forth from one patient to the other haranguing in broken English W., J., F., D., and me, who stood before him in a paralyzed row, like a squad of freshies at a clinic.

Not . . . but every one knew in his heart ’t was a daring act of empiricism which success itself could not justify. You know the facts, of course, from Miss Patty, about the refugee Radzinski whom Spurzheim has been for some time treating for cerebral tumor. The Pole is a remarkable character; he was . . . nothing known of his history . . . habitually talked Latin with Spurzheim . . . in his delirium sputtered various unknown tongues.

You must know there had been a consultation the day before. W. and J. were called in. They agreed with Spurzheim’s diagnosis, proceeded to localize the tumor, and decided upon the operation, whereupon the rest of us were invited. Little suspecting what was in store for us that fine summer morning, we wended our way to Mrs. Le Kaim’s to see the operation upon the Pole alone.

We found everything ready; Spurzheim showing W. his instruments in the parlor, the patient stretched on a bed in the inner room, where we made by request the usual examination. So much for preliminaries: now please take up my notes for the details!

“Examined patient: pulse 80, hard and frequent; pupils contracted; skin alternate paling and flushing; tongue dry; extremities cold; muttering delirium. Found no reason to differ with theory of tumor. Dr. Spurzheim briefly gave reasons for localizing tumor beneath frontal bone; called attention incidentally to extraordinary prominence of frontal lobe in patient, disguised by a thick shock of hair growing low over the brow.

“Dr. J. on request shaved scalp. Discussion over shape of incision. Dr.

Spurzheim himself conducted operation: the scalp neatly cut and inflected; pericranium carefully scraped away, and a trephine of the largest size applied just above frontal sinus. Directly bone was removed dura mater protruded through opening; showing evident enlargement of the brain, and confirming, as it seemed, the theory of tumor. Spurzheim pointed triumphantly with his lancet, and proceeded with the operation. Scarcely had he divided the dura mater when he stopped, stared, and flushed. We crowded about. There at last, through the severed membrane, the cerebral tissue itself burst forth, but with its normal pinkish color, and *without the slightest trace of disease.*

"While we stood puzzling over the matter, Dr. W. called our attention to the great and sensible relief already evinced by patient as result of operation."

Now, Joe, lay aside the notes, and let me interrupt you for a minute!

Remark that thus far everything had been according to programme, save the disproving the tumor theory; a discovery, as you know, rather interesting than unusual. At that precise moment, however, chance stepped in, and flung a bomb-shell into our midst, which in a trice altered the whole situation.

Our discussion was interrupted by a loud outcry from the street. The windows were open, — we ran to look out. A frantic horse was galloping round the corner, and a crowd of men were bringing the mangled body of a youth into our house.

The next minute Mrs. Le Kaim herself came bursting into the room, calling loudly for Spurzheim to come at once; that young Mr. Wheaton was killed.

At first annoyed at the interruption, on hearing a name so familiar, — you know what civilities Mrs. Wheaton has heaped upon him, — Spurzheim hurried down-stairs, we at his heels, and found, sure enough, it was your cousin. He

was carried up-stairs directly, and the crowd shut out. Thereupon, as you may believe, the Pole was straightway forgotten, and breathless attention centred upon poor Ralph.

At the very first glimpse of his face down-stairs Spurzheim had whispered, "*Fr-rachture!*" Examination proved it to be indeed a very serious fracture of the left parietal bone. Word was instantly sent to his mother, and preparation made for an operation.

Now go on with your notes again: —

"Examined young Wheaton: pulse normal or a little slow; pupils dilated; skin moist; extremities warm; respiration stertorous. Scalp much swollen, and filled with masses of coagulated blood, evident to the touch; pieces of bone could be plainly felt grating against each other; edematous state of scalp for considerable distance about seat of injury; scalp purplish directly above wound, showing extensive comminution of cranium.

"At Spurzheim's request I shaved scalp. Another discussion over incision. . . . 'H' shape on account of comminution . . . allowing two large flaps for inflection. Dr. J. made . . . dura mater badly lacerated . . . of bone crushed down into brain. W. drew attention to fact that in extracting pieces of bone and . . . considerable portion of brain must be removed. All startled by sudden exclamation from Spurzheim."

Here let me interrupt again, Joe, to give you a little more graphic notion of the situation.

"*Gott!*" cried Spurzheim.

We all turned to see the cause of this explosion. He was walking up and down, with blazing eyes, declaiming with incoherent fervor, and forgetting his small store of English in his excitement.

"*Sehen sie, meine Herren!* See you? *Hein?* Vat a gr-rand moment! *Eine Entdeckung* — de whole vor-rld vill hear of it. *Niemals*, never has science soch a — a — vat you call *Zusammentreffen*

gesehn? Come — come with me *geschwind*, kvick! I show you," pointing to the room where the Pole lay; "you shall see! De odder, de *beide*, ve put both togedder, *hein*? Take de von to mend de odder. Come, I say!"

We followed him in to Radzinski's bedside, where, pointing eagerly to the unfinished operation, he went on:—

"*Sehen sie noch nicht*, my deer friends? Here *ist zu viel*, *dort nicht genug*! Dis ees—see! look for yourselves!" pointing to the protruding cerebrum. "*Gesund, ganz gesund! Warum*—vy den shall ve not take away vat dis von spare, und gif to de odder, *hein*?"

His meaning was at last clear, and we stood dumfounded. But he, too busy with the possible phrenological results of the operation to heed us, ran on in an ecstatic and incoherent monologue I shall despair of describing. Only his action I remember, as he kept patting the Pole's bulbous forehead, crying, "*Ausordentlich! Ausordentlich!*" and then darted away to point out the comparative flatness of Ralph's.

I need not tell you how the suggestion of such an operation was received by the Boston squad. You can imagine the polar chill and stillness of that room! But pff!—Spurzheim—man alive! the Grand Mogul could not have been more serenely unconscious of them and their moods.

At this juncture arrived the heart-broken mother. Despite all opposition she would come in. It was a hard pull, but you know what stuff she is of,—real Yankee grit. Egad, I was proud of her.

"He is alive?" she asked, her voice almost firm.

W. nodded. She went and kneeled down beside her only son and child, with never a sob, or wail, or groan; but "while memory holds her seat" shall I never forget the look in her eyes.

"Is there any hope?" she asked presently of Spurzheim.

Spurzheim behaved magnificently: he pulled her straight forth from that slough of despond with one forceful grip.

"Hope! My deer lady—ha! ha! vy, dere is noding but hope! *Fürchten sie nicht!* Go—go away now. *Bleiben zu Hause!* Put faith in me; I vill cure him. *Aber* go—go kvick, deer lady, an' leave us to york!"

His big person, his emphatic tone, his air of omnipotence, availed more than a thousand words. The reassured and comforted woman walked quietly away, without another protest.

Directly the door closed upon her we came back to our subject. Spurzheim formally demanded our opinion.

"Extremely hazardous," said J., shaking his head.

"Unheard of!" said W.

"Azardous!" repeated Spurzheim, nearly choking himself with the word. "Vas it not 'azardous *zum Beispiel* ven de gret Colombus came de sea over to find out dis countree? Unheerd of! Vas it not *auch* unheerd of ven Fr-rahmklin de t'under-bolt brought from de sky down?"

But all his satire and eloquence were unavailing. W. and J. were at bay; they would as soon have countenanced an earthquake, yet 't was plain they were itching to see the thing done.

And they were gratified. Our host had the courage of his convictions. He did n't trouble himself about their approval; he went on and did it. Yes, Joe, to make a long story short, he actually performed the operation; boldly severed the superfluous brain from the Pole, — I won't trouble you with any more notes, — adjusted it nicely to Ralph's cranium, and dressed both wounds in the most workmanlike manner, which I have since heard moved the admiration even of W. You know how he likes a neat job.

All this was more than a week ago. So far, as I intimated above, everything

has gone well. The Pole is up, and declares himself well. Ralph has been taken home to his mother, and the chances are all in his favor.

I need not say with regard to the above, "*Mum's the word.*" I write for your professional eye alone. For obvious reasons, the nature of the operation has not been made public. Nor has either Ralph or his mother the least idea of what has been done, *verbum sap.* Let me hear from you!

Faithfully yours, A. B. L.

Aug. 20, 1832.

DEAR JOE, —You will have received before this the statement that Dr. L. promised to send you, and therefore know more of R.'s accident than we do. All the doctors have been strangely reticent with regard to the matter, and I think now they want to pass it off as nothing unusual "A case of trepanning," Dr. L. said lightly, in answer to my questions.

Meanwhile, we are all so happy to see Ralph really convalescent that we are willing they should call it what they please.

. . . Ralph himself . . . and had a strange, wild look, when he first recovered consciousness, and he does not yet remember anything of his fall, or of the other happenings of the day; they say this often occurs in such cases. I have seen him only once, and he seemed just the same dear boy as ever . . . an anxious look in his eyes, which, with his pale face and head all bound up, made him look . . . but he could say a few words to me, only they would not let him talk much.

Aunt M. says she is not going to say a word to him about college. She is so glad to have him back, she cares for nothing else, and she is impressed that it will do him harm if he tries to use his brain.

Poor Georgiana! She has been in the depths of despair, and has spent the

days of anxiety here, where she could learn the latest intelligence; crying and sobbing half the time, and asking all sorts of questions, that I must say irritated me in the midst of all the uncertainty. "Would Ralph be . . . if he did recover? Could he recover without . . . Did I know what 'trepanning' was? Did I ever know anybody who had submitted to the operation? And would they have to cut off all his hair?" Rachel was quiet through it all. She is ready to do anything that is needed, but speaks little, and seems so sad and pre-occupied that I wonder if she has not really as deep an interest in Ralph as the more lively Georgiana. R. is talking about leaving here, because she thinks aunt Maria would like to give Ralph the largest room, when he is well enough to be brought here. She is planning to go to the W——'s, who are very hospitable, and who have a daughter at her school. I will keep my letter open till Ralph is able to be moved, as we hope he can come here before many days. . . .

R. was moved yesterday, and is now comfortable; is still kept lying quietly in his bed. I have seen him only once. I think he looked round inquiringly for Rachel. Aunt Maria thought he asked for Georgiana, and told him the doctors had said he must see only one person at a time, and Georgiana is to see him in a day or two.

Have I told you how it has seemed to me like a Hermione and Helena affair all along? Georgiana has followed after Ralph, and Ralph has been pursuing Rachel, and now it appears as if Rachel were leaving him behind. But perhaps this is all in my imagination.

Last night Reporter Pickering was here to tea. He and aunt M. had a furious discussion over Webster's speech on Clay's bill — don't ask, Bill for what? When we rose from the table nothing would serve but he must see Ralph. Accordingly, they went up-stairs, and found

R. amusing himself making a *potpourri* of aunt M.'s nostrums; he had filled his gruel-bowl with a mixture of "Balm of Quito," "Anderson's Elixir," "Antiseptic Dentifrice," and "Whitwell's Opo-deldoc." Aunt M. was vexed, but she could not scold him, while Octavius P. brought the lightning upon his head by laughing till the tears filled his eyes.

. . . Another sad piece of news. . . . Presently you will dread to open my letters. Only I must hasten to say that this is not connected with *our* household. Our dear Ralph is improving slowly, and sits up a little every day.

. . . but you will have seen it in the papers, the account of the death of Dr. Spurzheim. It has indeed been a subject of sorrow and excitement in the whole community. Dr. James Jackson attended him, and other doctors were called in consultation; although at first he considered himself but slightly indisposed, and believed that nature would restore him. He was ill but ten days, and died last Saturday night.

The whole town is full of sorrow . . . more than others, for our dear Ralph's sake, and really believe . . . owe it all to this great man. Aunt Maria is very much moved, and filled with discouragement with regard to Ralph's recovery, now that she can no longer have the advice of the wise friend and physician.

. . . I must send off this letter. Ralph still improves. Our friend, the Pole, Radzinski, has disappeared. He left his boarding-house some days ago. It was supposed he was with some friends, but it appears they have seen nothing of him. A sailing-vessel left for South Africa last week, and there is some reason to believe that he went on board at the last moment, and left with it.

Boston, Jan. 10, 1833.

. . . Happy news for you at last, my dear Joe. Ralph is really quite well again, and — now hold your breath! — actually gone back to Cambridge to

make up his conditions. Aunt M. took alarm at the very first suggestion, and the change in the relative position of the parties is indeed both amazing and amusing; aunt M. arguing to Ralph that college advancement is of very little importance, and that he will be of as much use in the world without learning and in some less ambitious calling, and that . . . with plenty of money for a quiet, domestic life, for which he is so admirably fitted (of course with Georgia).

. . . something uncanny and mysterious, this change in Ralph; so sudden, too. I was sitting in his room one day, where he lay propped up on the sofa, when he broke out, "Do you know, Patty, all that hard work I put in at the Latin school is bearing fruit at last."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, all those worst sticking-places in the Latin grammar, where I used to get mired so . . . clear and simple as daylight now."

Thereupon he rattled off lists of prepositions, exceptions, irregular verbs, syntactical rules, till I was fairly giddy; in fine . . . and his brain, once so sluggish, became abnormally active. . . . Aunt M. instantly took alarm, and had round the doctor, who, after an examination, said, "Let him go back to Cambridge." . . .

Mindful of your old taste for puzzles, I send you this riddle which I clipped from yesterday's Advertiser and Patriot: —

"Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Sooth 't was an awful day;
And though in that old age of sport
The rufflers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'T is said Sir Hilary uttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer:
The first to call the brave and proud,
Who see to-morrow's sun;
The next with its cold, quiet shroud
To those
. . . the be done.
.
And both together to all . . . eyes
Who weep . . . nobly dies."

I shall expect the answer in your next.

What do you think aunt M. bought with the money you sent to get me a birthday gift? . . . and a *bottle of bear's grease* . . . Such a tender and melting remembrance!

Of course everybody must have bear's grease, but as she handed me out that first, without a word of her other present, I laughed outright, to her great bewilderment.

Ralph is at last fairly established at Cambridge again. Aunt M. was woefully anxious at first . . . tried in vain to keep him back . . . and was in the lowest pit of despair. As, however, he seems to thrive apace, she is now supremely content. It seems almost too great a blessing that Ralph . . . and turn out a scholar. So far he has pushed ahead like the giant with the seven-league boots . . . made up his conditions . . . now leads his class.

Aunt M. now lays all his former stupidity to his old tutor G., and is correspondingly impressed with the wonders of phrenology, — Dr. Spurzheim having predicted something of this sort for Ralph. . . .

Found at Allen and Ticknor's a delightful book, Vivian Grey. Get it at once, if you have n't read it. . . . With this astonishing development in Ralph I am forever regretting I did not read Dr. L.'s letter to you . . . and *should*, save that he mumbled out something to the effect that I should n't understand the doctor lingo.

Rachel has come back to us, as Ralph insisted upon it when he left for Cambridge. . . . Aunt plainly troubled . . . and declares Ralph is infatuated with Rachel; and indeed, he does seem more than ever in love with her. He comes home for Saturdays and Sundays, and is always consulting her about his studies. He has developed the greatest fondness for languages, and has raked up somebody to teach him Hebrew, though he

gets on so fast he hardly needs a teacher, and I do believe Rachel is studying it with him. Anyhow, all their interests are the same nowadays.

This is a sad blow to aunt Maria. She is taking such delight in his advancement she forgets all her talk about "quiet domestic life" for him, and has all sorts of ambitious views for his future. Georgiana is . . . and devoted. During his illness she used to bring him . . . and delicacies made by herself. Georgiana talks suggestively about the house she shall have when she is married. She has picked out one of those on Summer Street, with the horse-chestnuts in front, — not far from Otis Place. No wonder she thinks it may prove a bribe. It surely is one for aunt Maria, who fancies Ralph quietly settled . . . for the rest of his life, no . . . but here is "the inevitable consequence."

May 10, 1833.

. . . and afraid my winter's letters bored you, with nothing to tell, but the same old thing over and over, Ralph improving, aunt M.'s qualms, etc. Yesterday I met the B.'s. They told me how lately they had seen you, and it was like a fresh breeze straight from . . . to hear about you in that way. They report to me what you told them of my letters, which quite sets me up, and inspires me to start another at once, the rather that I have not told you of the excitement we have all been having over Fanny Kemble. She was here five weeks, and the whole town has been in commotion. She returns some of the sweet things showered upon her: Boston is more like an English city, etc., than any she has yet seen! "Delightful to act to audiences so 'pleasantly pleased'!" Such a rush as there was at the box office every day, a regular riot for the . . . But oh, the acting! I saw her as Bianca, in Fazio, as Lady Teazle, and in the Hunchback twice. Never shall I forget her "I hate you, Helen!" I long to have

to say it to somebody, — just in her tone. We went up one day to the H.'s, in Tremont Place, for, what do you think? To see the divine Fanny, from their windows, ride off on horseback from the Tremont House door! But presently we grew bold, and pressed up to the door itself, and waited in the crowd, to see her come out and mount her horse. She embraced his neck and kissed him! Georgiana was with us. She had put her hand through the railings, and had picked some mignonette growing inside the little garden plot shut off there, and when Miss Kemble had mounted she ventured to lift up her little bunch of flowers, which was received by the "divine" Fanny, Julia, Bianca, in one, with the sweetest and most cordial of smiles. Georgiana did make a very pretty little picture, by the side of the horse curvetting, with her own brown curls blown about by the wind, and all the school-girls and the rest of us quite envied her. It was exactly like her; she is very impulsive about giving things, other people's as well as her own . . .

This letter has been lying by, and I take it up to send you a great bit of news. Ralph is to graduate with honors! At the last exhibition, he made the most brilliant appearance of all the graduating class! He has advanced so fast that it astonishes everybody, and will graduate this year, after all. Can you imagine aunt M.'s delight at the reception in Ralph's room, after the exhibition! . . . Besides the foreigners . . . there, with whom Ralph talked glibly in French and German . . . from Oxford, who addressed him in Latin, and Ralph fired back an answer without a moment's hesitation. . . . And no wonder, her highest ambition is realized. Ralph has turned out a genius, and yet remains still the same dear good fellow through it all. But what will interest *you* more is that he has determined to study medicine, and means to go at it directly after his graduation.

· · · · ·
 Luckily I restrained myself as I was about to seal this letter last night, for I can now wind up with a *coup*, do you call it? which will stir your blood: *Ralph is engaged to Rachel!*

I am more happy about it than . . . for I have been hoping . . . but aunt M. was so opposed . . .

Rachel has been angelic through it all; . . . evidently saw aunt M.'s disapproval, and tried to keep herself out of the way; and I really thought she was going to succeed, and Ralph would gradually "get off the notion," as aunt M. said, especially as Georgiana has haunted the house, and kept herself in the way with the same persistency that Rachel showed in her retreat, but has been, nevertheless, very charming, I must say.

But last night Ralph announced it all to his mother, and told her that Rachel was only waiting her consent, and then he went on to tell how the whole happiness of his life depended upon it; and when aunt M. sobbed out something about the splendid prospects before him, he declared that he never would have had any prospects, if it had not been for Rachel, and she was his guiding star, and all that. So aunt M. consented he should bring Rachel round that very evening, and now that 't is a foregone conclusion, I know 't will end in her thinking she planned it. . . .

Everything with a perfect rush. It looks now as if they would be married this very autumn, and Ralph talks about going out to you, and carrying on his studies abroad. Whether in his present ecstasy he will find time to send you a letter bespeaking your congratulations I dare not promise, although he said he was going to write you all about it.

. . . 1833.

DEAR JOE, — I hope you have my letter telling that the wedding-day is actually fixed, and that Rachel and Ralph will leave directly for Europe by a ves-

sel from Boston; the Siren, I believe, — a slow thing, but what will they mind?

We have at last your letter telling of your sudden departure, so we conclude you have missed all ours, with the account of Ralph's famous success in his very first term at the medical school, and his plan of going abroad for study . . . the remarkable sensation over his astonishing article on certain Hebrew letters, and how he is to be sent out to look up some philological matters, all expenses paid, he to remain abroad two years! As of course he must be married first . . . and the wedding will take place at once. Forgive my telling it all over again, but there may be a chance of this letter's hitting you somewhere, if it goes by the Pacific, which leaves New York a few days before the Siren, and Ralph is eager to see you as soon as possible, to gain your advice about further travels. Poor aunt M. is well-nigh daft; she flutters about between delight and sorrow . . . so proud of all Ralph's great success . . . at the same time terrified. Whether she is overwhelmed by this sudden and unexpected realization of her wildest ambitions for Ralph, or whether some strange morbid feeling is gaining possession of her . . . Only she grows more and more fond of Rachel, who keeps the sweet quiet tenor of her way through it all. So calm, and yet so devoted to aunt M., who of course will miss Ralph terribly . . . seldom been absent from her. Indeed, Rachel has urged aunt M. to go with them, which shows what a saint she is, but aunt M. will not. . . .

. . . On the eve of the great event . . . keep my letter open for the last happy details . . . to be married in King's Chapel, — did I say that before? — and go up to Groton for a few quiet days before the Siren leaves; and meanwhile I will hurry this letter off for the Pacific, that it may be sure to reach you a little while before their arrival. I am

so glad that we have at last your correct and — apparently? — permanent address.

.
The joyous crisis . . . such a lovely day for the wedding . . . to be at twelve o'clock — I am perfectly confident I have told you all this full half a dozen times — a reception here afterwards . . . Just been down for a last look at the rooms: parlor a bower of flowers sent in by the S——s from their Brookline green-house. Aunt M. adjusting herself to her best satin, and I, in my new silk you sent, am fairly rigid with grandeur.

Sit down to begin a letter to you mainly to tranquillize my nerves: will finish and send it off when it is all over and they are gone.

.
"All over?" — 't is all over now. Merciful Father, but how? Oh, my darling brother, how can I write it! All the brightness turned to blackness in a minute — It is too terrible; our only hope now is in you . . . But I must stop and get control of myself; I cannot write coherently.

.
Aunt M. and I went in the same carriage with Ralph to King's Chapel, and I never saw him more lovely, saying such sweet things to his mother, — how his marriage would never change his relations to her, expressing more than ever he has known how to express before!

. . . and I wish I might dwell forever upon this one but last happy moment with Ralph, for how can I prepare you for the rest, or how can I describe it! . . . anybody would think . . . yet just now when I left him to try to finish this letter, he was talking so calmly, making his plans with so much care, that I almost feel as if the horrors passed must be only a nightmare! . . . We arrived at the church, where I left Ralph and aunt M. in the vestibule, and walked up the aisle on the arm of an usher, —

just a few friends there, happily for us, — and waited till they should come in. Rachel with her father, Ralph with his cousin Th——; with no bridesmaids, happily! Mr. G., who was to perform the ceremony, came forward, — we were all standing near them, Rachel exquisitely lovely and pale, — when suddenly I saw Ralph look up, as if dazed at the scene before him; then he said in a low but clear voice to Mr. G., “I cannot go on. Do not go on!” Then to Rachel, “It cannot be.”

It is like writing out a terrible dream, or trying to. How can I tell of the tremor, the confusion that followed, nor do I know how we all came back here, some few friends with us, Dr. L., the J.’s, but I heard Ralph say distinctly to Rachel, “It cannot be, Rachel! I have been married before!” . . . that Ralph still stubbornly sticks to his purpose of going abroad, and will not even see Rachel again. They have taken her back to Groton. He is strangely quiet, but constantly repeats the same terrible words, — “I cannot marry Rachel. I have been married before!” Aunt M. and I consider this . . . but how can he — where can he have been married before? He was away, to be sure, without aunt M. that spring in Cuba. But he came home as light-hearted, as boyish and . . . He refuses to explain, and becomes violent if questioned. Once he muttered something to the effect that . . . and “thought she was dead.” What *she* he meant I . . .

But he refuses to see Rachel, and her friends have taken her away . . . prostrated with the shock . . . threatened with brain fever. He starts . . . Dr. L. goes with him. Aunt M. is overwhelmed . . . and believes this is the result of over-study, for which *she* is responsible . . . the greatest trial of her life . . . but has to bear up.

Strange to say, my mind constantly reverts to R.’s accident. What was the nature of the operation Spurzheim per-

formed on R. . . and in this connection I think too of Ludovic Radzinski. What has become of him? He has never appeared again. Is he living or dead?

PARIS, 2d Sept. 1833.

DEAR PATTY, — Yes! Ralph is here, — turned up yesterday all right. After all your hysterics, expected to find him a fit subject for a strait-jacket. Nothing of the sort! Brain affected, — pooh! He’s as calm as a clock, pulse as steady and strong as my own; for the rest, he eats like a coal-heaver, and sleeps like a log.

So much for your melodrama at King’s Chapel. The truth is, you Bostoners live in such a cramped little rut that when anything the least unusual happens you go into frenzies. What do I think of it? Nothing at all. Found he could n’t stand his tiresome little school-marm, — Rachel do you call her? — and when it came to tying up for life he broke loose and gave her the slip, and I don’t much blame him. Or perhaps he *had* been married before. Suppose he had; where’s the occasion for all the ecstasies?

Meantime, tell aunt M. to dismiss her frets. I’ll take him under my wing and make a man of him; begin by shaking some of the stale saintliness out of him, and teaching him a little wholesome wickedness.

That’s all the trouble; he needs inoculating with the varioloid of sin and naughtiness. Why, he wanted to go to church this morning, — think he called it “meeting,” — and I suspect him of saying his prayers at night.

Oh, yes, he’s a nice boy enough, not bad-looking, but shockingly raw; no tone, no manner, no civilization. But deuce take him! where did he pick up his French? He leaves me out of sight; rattles it off like a magpie. His accent, of course, is vile; sounds as if it might have been picked up from a Dutch barber. Withal he has the medical bee in

his bonnet. Make a doctor? Not a doubt of him; it is only by main strength I can keep him out of the hospitals.

Yes, Dr. L. sent me an account of the operation. Nothing so very wonderful, — things more strange every day at the clinics here. Of course your Yankee doctors were astonished. Old "Spurz" was enough to amaze them. A stork descending amongst the tadpoles of the Frog-Pond would have proved a lesser marvel than a German specialist amongst your Boston quidnuncs.

Ah, Patty, dear, come over here, girl, and look back on your speck of a peninsula, and get a comparative notion of what and where you are in the world.

"Coming home?" Not I! What should I come home for, save to see you? I should stifle, to begin with; and besides, so far as I can make out, all my old set is broken up, — married, dead, or gone to the devil. No, no, no! You'd better come over here, — far and away.

But to come back to the boy, — tell aunt M. to rest her soul in peace. He shall do no work; I will keep him loafing. I am an experienced loafer myself, and 't is an art, I can assure her. It takes patience, courage, philosophy, — nay, wit too, — to be a successful loafer; one, that is, who shall not be a whiner, a valetudinarian, a gamester, or a sot.

And so, dear Sis, good-by to you.

JOE.

HANOVER, Oct. 9, 1833.

DEAR PATTY, — Yes, Hanover, — you may well rub your eyes; I've been rubbing mine ever since I got here. None the less here I am, dragged away from home hundreds of miles, at the heels of this restless cub of a cousin. Why did we come? Because the young rascal would be studying and dissecting instead of amusing himself. Talk of the delights of Paris, — why, they were drugs in the market; the most *blasé* old *garçon* of fifty could n't have been more bored

and indifferent. Nothing would do but Germany. So here we are; anything for peace. I'm the man with the dog. I hold the leash, but the dog drags me where he lists. A pretty pace, too, we go at. I'm not so slight as I was. I don't want to shock you, Patty, dear, but my waist measures — hang fractions! let us say a round forty; and I sometimes puff a bit going up-stairs, — all of which means that I like to go my own gait.

You'd think this city was the young man's native heath. Egad, and he speaks the jargon even better than he did French, gabbles it off in a way that chokes and confounds me. Places, too, he knows them every one, — streets, squares, buildings, markets; greets them with an air of recognition, each and all, as "loved spots that his infancy knew." . . . But latterly I've had a little peace. He has found a companion: a young Englishman, grandson to a lord, and so of course eminently respectable. But the Britisher has other equipments, such as some sense, a dash of spirit, and a little knowledge of the world; and so I let R. loose with him, while I, I take my ease in my inn, — what ease I may, with their vile Teuton cooking and their feather beds to sleep betwixt. . . .

. . . Buddington — that's the Englishman — improves on acquaintance. He and R. are getting as thick as thieves. R. calls him "Bud" already, and he counters with "Rafe." Bud has a fiendish vigor, — I dread his approach, except when tamed by fatigue. He drags R. about from dawn to dark, sight-seeing. They go to the galleries, cathedrals, libraries, arsenals, and all that nonsense. I join them in the evening at the concert garden or the theatre. It works well. The Englishman is a treasure. I appreciate and esteem him; he's worth at least several times his weight in any known metal. . . .

What think you now is on the *tapis*? No less than a trip to India. I can fancy the big eyes you and aunt M. will

make at the announcement. Not for me, *grace à Dieu!* I'm counted out.

'T is the Englishman again. "See India and die," is John Bull's motto, you know. Well, Ralph took the fever from him, and 't is a good thing. Now pray do not go into spasms, you two foolish women! Nothing better could happen to Ralph, I say. In the first place, he is well, vigorous, and alert, and able to look out for himself. If he were not, he is to have the very best traveling companion that could be imagined. Bud is shrewd, self-reliant, a good fellow, and quite devoted to Ralph. Moreover, he travels with a *valet*, and has letters of introduction to all the government officials. So "go along and god-speed" to them, I say, . . .

. . . draws near; they will set out in a week. I go with them as far as Paris.

Tell aunt M. 't is quite out of the question for me to go. 'T would be the sure death of me. I have lost five-and-twenty pounds already since I left home. Nevertheless, comfort her with the assurance that I shall see R. stocked with flannels, brandy, and all necessary grandmotherly cautions about the climate, against her first letter, which she may direct to Calcutta *poste restante*. R. will send the address in due time.

Again I say, dismiss all fears and anxieties, and believe me,

Your brother, JOE.

PARIS.

DEAR PATTY,—The inclosed will speak for itself. 'T is from Buddington. He is British to the heels, and would not yield to panic without cause. The King's Chapel business rises before my eyes in a new light.

With regard to this affair, I can only say, Wait! Withhold judgment until you hear from me. I start for India at once,—am hurrying on my packing at this very moment, and in a few hours shall be off.

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Poor aunt M.! Make light of it to her. I am conscience-stricken that I ever let him out of my sight. Still—still—still, this may all prove a false alarm; they are but boys, after all,—there must be some explanation. Don't borrow needless trouble. Again I say, Wait! You may depend on me to do everything that can be done. Here is Buddington's letter! Will write the moment I arrive.

Affectionately, JOE.

DHACCA, BENGAL.

JOSEPH CLYDE, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—Your presence here at the earliest possible moment is required. A most distressing thing has happened. I cannot stop to give details, but write post haste to catch the mail about to close. Everything connected with the affair is involved in mystery. I can only say now that an appalling tragedy has been committed, and that your cousin is implicated. I am of course firmly convinced of his innocence, but must confess his own behavior is most extraordinary and inexplicable. I am shocked to add he is in custody. Make haste, dear sir, and lose not a moment in coming to his aid. Meantime, I need not assure you I will do everything in my power to sustain and defend him. Believe me, with much respect,

Your obedient, humble servant,

ST. GEORGE BUDDINGTON.

CALAIS.

P. S. DEAR PATTY,—Have kept this open for a last word. Am already, as you see, *en route*. Have written ahead that all legal proceedings be suspended until I arrive, that I shall be able to fully vindicate the boy. One thing you must do for me: get an affidavit from Doctors J., W., and the rest, of the exact nature of the operation performed by Spurzheim upon R., as also another affidavit from one or more eye-witnesses of the King's Chapel affair,

and forward to me at Dhacca, without delay. Yours affectionately,

JOE.

DHACCA, BENGAL, *Feb. 10, 1834.*

DEAR PATTY, — Arrived here yesterday. Lose not a minute in assuring you of Ralph's health and innocence. Now having said so much, I must beg you to have patience. . . . I will not disguise from you that this is an ugly business. God only knows what will be the issue of it . . . The story is too long and complicated for me even to attempt to tell it here. Neither can I spare the time. Every minute now must be given to Ralph. The best I can do is to inclose a fragment of Buddington's diary, which he has allowed me to copy, giving a brief account of all that is thus far known of the matter.

B. deserves our warmest thanks. He has acted like a man; not only that, but a steadfast, loyal friend, and that too in the face of the blackest array of circumstances . . . whatever may come.

Here is the diary: you will see from it what a task is before me to establish R.'s innocence. No time for another word. Will write again soon.

Affectionately, JOE.

EXTRACTS FROM THE INDIAN DIARY OF
ST. GEORGE BUDDINGTON.

Dec. 5th. Set out with Wheaton from Calcutta for a trip through Northern India. Hired a large budgerow and two pulwars; shipped our saddle-horses, traps, and natives . . . Thick fogs every morning, broiling heat at noonday . . . picturesque but horribly filthy villages on banks. . . . Passed company's military school at Allipore . . . government's salt-works . . . murdered body of a native on river-bank. . . . Entered Soondurbunds; . . . Mangoes, peepuls, palmettoes, cocoa-nuts, and date-trees, line the banks . . . myriads of fireflies. . . .

10th. Not a shot all day at anything

. . . river full of porpoises . . . dandies gooning the budgerow waded up to their knees in black mud . . . air darkened by flocks of parrots.

15th. Lugãod at eight o'clock for huninland. Traversed a neighboring jheel: found multitudes of ibis, manichors, paddy-birds; not one within range. R. discovered footprint of tiger, and gave the alarm. We beat a hasty retreat.

17th. . . . and passed mug-boats from Chittagong . . . river bounded by villainous marshes, harboring flocks of herons, bitterns, ducks, etc. R. killed a fine brace . . .

20th. Arrived at Dhacca: this city one of the largest in India, on the Boorigunga, 155 miles northeast from Calcutta. Much to be seen. Disembarked for a stay of several weeks. . . . Found very comfortable quarters near the Residency in house of a staff-officer, kindly lent to us by owner, just about setting out on a surveying tour on the Upper Ganges.

21st. Very comfortably settled; our kidmutgar feeds us on the fat of the land, from a capital market close by in the chowk. . . . Report ourselves at Residency, — very kindly received.

22d. R. amazes me by talking Bengalee as glib as a native; affects to be as amazed as myself, swears he never studied it, but I am getting used to his wagery.

23d. We are overrun with company: officers of the — th Royal Artillery, quartered here, dined with us to-day. R. delights everybody; they stare to see an American with such accomplishments . . . Here is where the famous India muslins are made. Went to see the pits dug in ground, where the natives stand while weaving . . .

24th. Visited the elephant-sheds: hundreds of the young animals brought here to be tamed and trained. A thought occurred to me; suggested to R. that we hire a couple, and go tiger-hunting in the

jungle. He caught eagerly at the notion, and has given me no peace since in the matter.

25th. Bought five oranges, four for a pice . . . went to wait upon the nabob of Dhacca: a mere boy, illiterate as a clown, they say, and well-nigh as poor . . . decided at last on our tiger-hunt. Went again to elephant-pens; there fell in with a trader from Lahore, a Seik elephant-dealer . . .

26th. The Seik came to our house to dicker about elephants for our hunt, — a tall, wiry, powerful figure, fierce eye, and insolent manner; at his heels a sullen, dogged-looking retainer with the air of a Thug, — a precious pair. R. rashly pulled out a fat-looking purse; caught the Seik eying it greedily. Took R. to task afterwards for his imprudence; he only laughed.

28th. . . . Hunt fixed at last for Thursday week; officers of the —th to join us. . . . The Seik with his Thug comes every day to chaffer, by turns impudent and cringing, extortionate in his demands. R., with Yankee thrift, declines to be swindled.

30th. Savage row with the Seik. Came as usual, his minion at his heels. R., tired of his insolence, bade him begone. The Seik became furious, and half drew a knife. I ostentatiously picked up a pistol from the table; he saw it, and checked himself. . . . R., in a towering rage, thrust them forth; a loud altercation followed in the street; a crowd gathered from the neighboring chowk. I dragged R. in, and shut the door.

January 2d. Startling news of the murder of the Seik; his body found horribly mangled . . . visit from the Jemadar . . . Absurd notion, R. suspected of the crime on account of the quarrel the other day. The rumor spread like wild-fire amongst the natives. Street thronged by excited Bengalese, besieging our door and demanding vengeance; detachment of the —th smuggled into the house for our protection; measures taken by gov-

ernment to prevent a riot; the mob with difficulty dispersed.

3d. R. behaves in a very strange way: shows neither surprise, horror, nor indignation at the charge; is quiet, calm, and preoccupied; will say nothing, takes no interest in measures for his defense.

4th. Excitement unabated . . . A most shocking development; R. publicly confesses that he committed the murder; his friends and all the English here horrified; 't is impossible and absurd; the shock must have affected his reason. Yet he seems quite collected. I argue and plead with him, beg for an explanation; he refuses to go into the matter, but persists in declaring himself guilty. Nothing can be done in the face of this avowal. Wrote at once to his cousin at Paris.

5th. . . . R. taken into custody; led away to the Kutwalee for examination — an immense crowd at his heels. Employed a noted Vakeel to defend him, and dispatched a messenger for the most eminent English counsel to be had in Calcutta. Meantime, we sit in the dark. R. will say nothing, and the only facts thus far ascertained with regard to the tragedy are these: —

Thursday, P. M., after the quarrel at our house . . . and the Seik went home, talking to the rabble with great violence . . . Was next seen alive and well in the chowk, towards evening, bartering . . . Accompanied later to his bungalow by a well-known merchant of Dhacca, who parted with him on the threshold as the Thug opened the door. Nothing more seen or known until he was found . . . and evidences of a fierce struggle all about the room and the body.

DHACCA, March 6, 1834.

DEAR PATTY, — This is to be but a hurried line for aunt M.'s comfort; have been working night and day since I arrived. You understand that the trial was put off until I came, on the under-

standing that I could give evidence which would free the accused.

Notwithstanding Ralph's confession, his counsel have of course put in a technical plea of "not guilty," on which we shall go to trial. The case against him is purely inferential, and the evidence contemptible, were it not for his obstinately insisting that he committed the crime. I am waiting anxiously now for the affidavit from you to meet that confession.

Meantime, there is one obvious course to be taken, to wit: the discovery of the real murderer. This, considering the Hindu hatred of the English and their natural zeal in shielding each other, is an almost hopeless task. However, I have left no stone unturned, and have reason to believe that I am on the track of the right man.

Ralph, of course, is still in custody, but everything possible has been done for his comfort; he is in a moody, melancholy state, as though he were a real culprit. I have had the most distinguished experts here to visit him, but they find nothing whatever the matter with his mind.

Yours just came to hand, with the affidavits, etc.; never was so glad to see your handwriting. I am now ready for the trial, and confident of an acquittal; . . . and what you say of the Pole is very strange. "Disappeared directly after the operation," — humph! Why did he go? Where can he have gone? How do we know his name really was Radzinski? How do we know Spurzheim knew anything about him save in a professional way?

No time for more, — must gird up my loins now for the trial. Courage, patience!
Yours, JOE.

DHACCA.

DEAR PATTY, — Thank God, the boy is safe! The trial is over. I never . . . exciting and exhausting a scene.

An English judge presided. The rules and precedents of the English courts prevailed in the admission of testimony. As I said before, there was no evidence against Ralph worth considering. . . . All went well till R. suddenly took it into his head to rise in the prisoner's dock, and offer himself as a witness. Despite all we could do, too, he insisted upon it, and thereupon took the stand, and repeated his confession in open court. The prosecution promptly moved for judgment upon the confession, but our counsel from Calcutta, a very astute man, insisted upon his right to examine the witness. He was very adroit; he addressed R. kindly and sympathetically, and led him on to describe the details . . . all saw at once not only that, but times, places, and incidents were so wholly different from the known facts in the Seik's case. While this was going on I saw Buddington making towards me . . . and an English merchant whom he presented. The Engli . . . whispered "This is all about a famous murder committed in Calcutta ten years ago." I notified our counsel directly . . . The Englishman was placed in the witness-box, and testified as to the former crime; the official records were brought, confirming the evidence . . . great sensation in court.

Following hard upon this I took the stand, with the affidavits as to the operation on Ralph and the scene at the King's Chapel; then by his certificate of baptism and his diploma showed that Ralph was a Latin School boy in roundabouts ten years ago. And so the thing was done. Nothing more curious in the whole proceeding than Ralph's own profound astonishment at the account of the operation. He stared at me with absorbed interest, feeling unconsciously of the left side of his head and . . .

Among the natives . . . the most intense interest manifested in the trial . . . court-room crowded . . . line the street

. . . with breathless interest . . . and will infallibly regard the result with distrust and suspicion. . . .

By advice of the officials, Ralph was quietly smuggled away as soon as it was known he was acquitted . . . He is now closely watched and guarded . . . The city in a turmoil over the news that he has escaped.

R. himself has not recovered from the description of the Spurzheim operation ; it was a startling revelation to him. One result of his reflection has already appeared : this morning I saw in the mail a letter *directed to Rachel Cleverly*.

I need not describe to you the delight of Buddington ; he has shown the tenderest sympathy and consideration all through . . . nor that we shall lose no time in getting away from here.

You will be glad to hear that the real culprit is found, and who, do you think . . . no less a person than . . . nursed his vengeance for years . . . entered his service with that diabolical intent . . . his business, murder and assassination . . . and disdained even to rob his victim.

We leave here day after to-morrow. Buddington will go with us as far as Calcutta . . . and Ralph himself is frantic to get home . . . has been a different man since he heard that secret passage in his history . . . and broods over it constantly.

Will try to write you a word from Calcutta, till when good-by.

From your brother, JOE.

Boston, June 5, 1834.

DEAR JOE : . . . and you can imagine our state of mind since. Aunt M. was clean beside herself for the first time in her life, and I felt more like a spinning top than a human being . . . Then he has grown and developed so ; why did n't you tell us ? Oh, Joe, what a fine, manly creature he is ! What a large, generous way he has, and withal an air so potent !

You were right about . . . hardly been here an hour when he began to grow restless, and at last fairly tore himself from aunt M.'s embraces, to hurry around and see her . . . and it culminated when he brought her back with him to tea . . . evident at a glance that it was all "fixed up." Dear Rachel, so sweet, so ready to forgive, so brave to dare the tragic chances such companionship may bring ; dear Ralph, so penitent, so loyal, so devoted, — at his possible worst "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune," and nothing more.

Such an evening as that, — such excitement, such tears, such laughter, such noise, such incoherence, such a delightful jumble of Bedlam and Paradise as I shall never know again on earth ! I went to bed hoarse as a crow, with a lump as big as a potato in my throat, my head on fire, my feet like ice, with a vague impression that a calendar year had passed since sunrise. . . .

Ralph has at last had a talk with his mother. I knew it was coming ; for days he has had intermittent fits of fathomless gloom. You need not be told the subject of that talk. Dear ! dear ! dear me ! Aunt M. came, with streaming eyes, to tell me of it, and of the poor boy's hopeless, abject misery under the dark cloud which shadows his life . . . and consulted personally all the doctors who were present. He is very curious, too, to learn more of Radzinski, and has already set on foot inquiries to discover something of his history or whereabouts, if still living.

We have had all the town here to visit. Ralph was always a favorite, and as soon as it got out that he had come home cured, all his old friends came flocking in.

. . . nothing publicly known, of course, about the trial in India. The doctors signing the affidavit advise aunt M. to

keep silent, things get so exaggerated and distorted . . . do no good and prejudice R. for years.

A most singular and ingenious device discovered for Ralph's relief. He is enthusiastic; we are all hopeful over it. 'T is so simple and seems so reasonable. And who do you think discovered it, invented, suggested, or thought it up? Why, Rachel; yes, really. Does n't it seem as if there were moral compensations in life? I don't know what a moral compensation is, but I mean, does n't it seem queer, weird, supernatural, — or whatever the properest word is, — that *she* should have discovered it?

"What is it?" Why, I am coming to that this very minute: she suggests that he shall keep always with him a *chronological index*!

There, now, you are none the wiser! I knew you would n't be. I gloried in the thought; it is so delightful to be able to teach you one thing, after all your years and years of patronage and condescension. Well, then, a chronological index is a brief tabulated account or list of all the momentous events of one's life, with dates attached. Very good; now note the result. Armed with such a *vade mecum*, all Ralph has to do when any strange or uncanny remembrance seizes him is to whip out his chronological index, and determine at a glance whether he is remembering as Ralph Wheaton the Yankee, or Ludovic Radzinski the Pole, *and act accordingly*.

Think if he had but been provided with such a safeguard on that day at King's Chapel, or through those terrible scenes in India! We are all ecstatic over the discovery; it seems once for all to settle the trouble. At any rate, it has already lifted the heavy load that lay on aunt M.'s heart, and delivered Ralph forth from the dark and pitiable melancholy which was fast settling upon him. And now nothing remains to interfere with . . .

This letter, as you see, has already been dragging its slow length along for several days, so I will now make an end of it. But I cannot stop without saying that aunt M. will never, never forget your care and efforts in Ralph's behalf. I tell her — but no matter what I tell her; you are too conceited already. From your doting sister,

PATTY.

Boston, September 12, 1834.

Now, Joe, you will never be so unreasonable as to look for coherence, rhetoric, or intelligence in this letter. You will not want to hear much; the turmoil we are in would drive you to distraction. I can only think of the witches' song in Macbeth (or wherever else it was in Shakespeare), "Mingle! mingle! mingle!" We do mingle; we do scarcely anything else. We mingle constantly, we mingle frantically; we not only mingle things, — everything about us, — but we mingle ourselves. I am mingled so hopelessly with frills and tuckers, ravelings, patches, and shreds, that my pure, shining, unadulterated self will never more be seen on earth.

. . . and you need not ask what 't is all about. Rachel's trousseau is being made here. Poor girl! she had nowhere else . . . he wants it again at King's Chapel, that the memory of that former day may be . . . but Rachel will not hear of it; not even the effulgence of her present happiness can make her forget that dreadful time; and so 't is to be here at home, and quiet as may be. Everything . . . and even the cake made in our own kitchen.

In the midst of all the hurly-burly a little incident . . . which has comforted us all very much. Dr. L., who follows Ralph round like a *confidant* in an old French play, — when he is not following some one else, you know, — was wandering the other day through a side street with him, when they came upon that most unusual thing in Boston, a

Jewish synagogue (you remember it), and pushed in. A marriage ceremony was going on. Ralph looked bewildered, then startled, Dr. L. says, just as he did that day at King's Chapel; then suddenly seized Dr. L.'s arm and dragged him out, muttering, "No, no; I never was there, that was his wedding!" For an hour afterwards he rushed Dr. L. up and down the Common, in the wildest excitement. In the end he calmed down, more like his former self than we have seen him since coming home; bringing Dr. L. home to tell Rachel another event in her chronology of Radzinski. We thanked Dr. L. for helping R. to fight out this first battle with himself; but he said, "Since I helped put Radzinski's foreign tongues into his head, the least I can do is to help wipe out the memory of his foreign wives."

If you could live and breathe twenty-four hours in this Puritan atmosphere, I could fain wish for you to pop in upon

us now, — such an ecstatic household . . . and I really believe aunt M. is as fondly, foolishly happy as they themselves.

Your present has arrived; it is exquisite; we are in fits of rapture over it. How did you ever think of sending it, before you ever knew that . . . and your congratulations, too, — it is downright uncanny . . . I'm sure I didn't even whisper a word about a wedding in my last. I was sworn to secrecy.

It has come and gone, — how like a dream, like a meteor in the sky, like an anthem on the organ, like everything beautiful, joyous, and transitory . . . but I cannot describe it. I am limp with reaction: my heart is crammed to bursting with unadulterated content, my brain reels with sweet reminiscences; a glory of sunshine, songs of birds, perfume of flowers, sweet congratulations, foolish tears, and such was the end — I mean the beginning.

THE "WISE BLUEBIRD."

"A wise bluebird
Puts in his little heavenly word."

THE characteristic air and expression of the bluebird, and his enchanting little warble, could not be better described in a page of writing than the poet has here done it in a couplet.

Who has not seen him in his favorite resting place, the lowest branch of an apple-tree, standing up very straight, crown feathers erected, honest little countenance squarely facing one, motionless and silent, looking the embodiment of wisdom!

A pair of bluebirds lived in my house for nearly a year, and the calm, imposing manner of the male I have never

seen disturbed. In the presence of birds much larger than himself, he never lost his equanimity, paid not the slightest attention to any one, went about his daily duties and pleasures exactly as though there were not another bird, except his mate, in the room. Quite otherwise was his little spouse: quick, nervous, easily frightened, yet assuming the responsibility of everything, even her lord's comfort and safety. Her very attitude was different: she held her body horizontal, never perpendicular, as he did; and she was more lively in movement. She was a brave little soul, too. Even when greatly annoyed by a larger bird, she never failed to stand upon the defensive,

open her mouth, and sometimes remonstrate in low, gentle talk. Nor did she — after she felt at home — allow a stranger to enter her door. She boldly faced the largest bird in the room, and always forced him to retire, while her mate stood calm, and cool, and "wise," on the upper perch. More than this, she seemed to feel it part of her duty to defend and protect his lordship, as though he were too fragile to come into contact with the rough side of life. Nothing could be droller than to see her stand guard while he bathed in the common dish on the table, and fly furiously at the grosbeak, or any bird coming too near her precious idol, who meanwhile placidly proceeded with his bath in the most matter-of-fact manner, as though expecting to be protected. I have seen similar conduct in a wild pair: the female defending her nestlings against some fancied danger, scolding, flying around the intruder, and taking the whole care upon herself; while her spouse occupied the topmost twig of the tree on which his family was in trouble, uttering at short intervals his musical cry of distress, one rich, loud note.

The pair in my room were a most affectionate and gentle couple; no disputes, not even the smallest difference, arose between them. If one wished to bathe while the other was using the bathtub, he stood on the edge till his turn came. In the same way one usually waited for the other to finish a lunch before going down himself, though on rare occasions they descended together for a social meal. If she were alarmed, and went to the floor, as at first sometimes happened, he at once appeared in the door, looking anxiously after her, and calling tenderly. If she did not return, he flew down himself, ran about till he found her, and, after talking in a low tone for some time, started for home, when she followed him, showing that she was reassured. They always sat on the same perch, and on cool days as near

each other as possible, first one and then the other "hitching" a little nearer. After bathing they sunned themselves together, even when in the cage, where the sunshine came only into one corner, and they crowded so closely that there was not room to spread out. Even that discomfort never elicited a harsh word, though he enjoyed spreading himself very completely, bending his legs, resting his breast on the floor, and opening his wings to their full extent.

This bird's anxiety when his mate was out of his sight did not, however, compare with her unrest in his absence, for her affection seemed to be of the motherly or protecting sort. Before they became familiar with the room, and learned that, though unseen, the partner was not lost, the moment he disappeared from view she began running around the cage excitedly, looking everywhere, and calling loudly. At first he answered, but, deciding to try his wings, he swept around the room, came — as some birds do — against the window, and fell to the floor, when instantly both were perfectly silent. She looked out apprehensively, and as soon as he recovered breath he flew to the top of their own cage. Then her solicitude turned to annoyance: she went to the top perch, and gently nipped his toes (which she never did to strangers) as a slight reproof. He became accustomed to going out and in sooner than his mate, for she was shy and inclined to stay at home, and she suffered much anxiety; before long she too grew accustomed to freedom, and expressed no further fears when he was out.

Making arrangements for the night was an interesting event in bluebird life. They always selected the highest perch in the darkest end of the cage, and placed themselves so close together that they looked like a very wide ball, or two balls that had been almost pressed into one when in a very soft state. In the morning the feathers on the side next the mate were crushed flat, requiring much

shaking and dressing to give them their ordinary appearance. What was curious, the female took the outside, no doubt with the motherly motive of taking care of him. To see them settle themselves was pleasing. Being more quiet and less nervous than his spouse, the singer generally retired first, some time before she was ready, and composed himself in a moment in his corner, for they were never restless at evening; she followed when she chose. Occasionally, however, she went first, taking her place about as far as usual from the wires, and leaving space for him. But if he went to his place, there was not room to turn around, facing the middle of the cage, as was their custom; and he seemed to appreciate the difficulty, for he hopped up on the outside, or the wrong side of her. Instantly she jumped to a lower perch, when he sidled up to his regular place, and she at once returned, and took her regular place beside him. One night something startled them, and both flew wildly around the cage. I produced a light to show them the perches, so they might quiet themselves again. The male readily did so, but she remained on the lower perch. I went close to the wires, and began to speak soothingly, to calm her, and induce her to resume her place, when, to my surprise, she began to reply to me, every time I spoke, standing less than a foot from me. She stared me full in the face, not at all disturbed, and answered every word I said with her musical call, in a low tone, as if to tell me the story of the fright. We kept up the queer little talk for several minutes, and she did not return to his side that night.

One advantage of studying two birds of a kind at the same time is to observe the talk between them, which has great interest for me. This pair were exceedingly talkative at first, uttering not only the usual musical three-syllable warble or call, which Lanier aptly calls the "heavenly word," but often a soft twit-

tering talk, of varying inflection and irregular length, which was certainly the most interesting bird talk I ever heard. When they could not see me they indulged in it more freely, with changing tones at different times, and after they became accustomed to the room and its inhabitants it was neither so frequent nor so earnest. Often at night, when one — perhaps in a dream — fell off the perch, I heard much low, tender talk, almost in a whisper, before all was quiet again; and when another bird flew wildly around the room, there was always a remark or two in an interested tone. The male did most of the talking, carrying on, often for a long time, a constant flow of what sounded marvelously like comments and criticisms, while his mate replied occasionally with the usual call. Certain notes plainly had a specific meaning, even to the others in the room. One in particular was peculiar and low, but upon its utterance every bird became instantly silent and looked at the cage, while the bluebirds themselves were so absorbed, gazing apparently into blank space, that I could easily put my hands on them before they observed me. For several minutes this low note would be repeated, and all the birds stare at nothing, till I began to feel almost uncomfortable, as I have done at similar staring at nothing on the part of animals. One can hardly resist the feeling that these creatures see something too intangible for our eyes. On one occasion, when the male uttered this note, the female was just about to eat; she stood as if petrified, with head half-way down to the food, for two or three minutes.

What I have called talk was a very low twitter in a conversational tone, on one note, not at all in a singing tone, like the usual warble or call. I have also heard it from wild bluebirds, when I could get near enough. From the first, as said above, the male did most of the talking, and the habit grew upon him, till

he became a regular babbler, standing on the top perch, and keeping it up persistently all day long. I think it arose from the fact that the greater number of birds in the room were thrushes, who sang very softly, without opening the mouth. With this gentle ripple of song the bluebird's talk harmonized perfectly, and he almost entirely discontinued his lovely song, and indulged himself in talk by the hour. Strange to say, I very soon noticed that his mate did not approve of it, and would not stand on the perch beside him while he persisted in it. At first she turned sharply towards him, and he showed that he understood her wishes by ceasing for awhile; but as the habit grew, and he was not so easily silenced, she more and more deserted his side, and after two or three weeks I heard occasionally a gentle remonstrance from her. I do not believe a really harsh tone can come from a bluebird throat. One day they were taking their usual midday nap on the same perch, when a thrush across the window began his low song. That started up the bluebird, and he added his talk, which awakened his mate. She endured it for about five seconds, and then she suddenly stretched the wing nearest him so far that he was obliged to move away, when she instantly hopped down herself.

The two bluebirds differed in intelligence. The female was quicker to take an idea, but the male sooner conquered his fear. The first time I offered mealworms to them, she was so lively as to secure more than her share; but he learned in a day or two that worms were to be had outside, especially on my desk, when he at once flew over to me and demanded them, in the funniest little defiant way, looking at me most significantly, and wiping his bill ostentatiously, then jerking himself with great show of impatience. Words could not be plainer. Neither of them had difficulty in telling me their food-dish was empty: they stood on the edge and looked at me, then

scraped the bill several times, making much noise about it, then looked at me again. I knew in a moment, the first time, what they wanted. When the male found out that another bird alighted on a stick I held out to him, and was carried off upon it, he seemed to be seized with curiosity, and the next time I offered it he jumped up on it beside the other, and allowed himself to be lifted to the desk. At one time, in flying around, he caught his feet in the coarse net curtains I hung before the windows to keep strange birds from trying to fly out. I went at once to him, and took him off. He scolded, fluttered, and pecked, and, when I had released him, flew directly against another curtain and caught again. I went over to him, and this time he understood that I was helping him; he neither struggled nor pecked, and flew quietly when I set him free.

The bluebird never showed any curiosity about the room or the world outside the windows, but sat on his door perch for hours, with a sharp eye to the worm supply. The appearance of the cup that held them was a signal for him to come down and beg for them, but his little mate never dared trust herself on the desk, though when I threw a worm on the floor she invariably secured it. So fond was she of this delicacy that she once played a saucy trick upon a scarlet tanager. Having received a worm, he went into the first open door he saw, — which happened to be the bluebird's, — to find a place to manipulate the morsel, which he never swallowed whole. Madam stood on the perch just above the entrance, and as he came in she leaned over and snatched it out of his mouth, swallowed it, wiped her bill, and turned to him, ready for another. His stare of blank amazement was amusing to see, but he quickly made up his mind that it was not a safe place to eat, and when I gave him another he went to the roof of the same cage. She instantly

mounted the top perch, put up her bill and seized the worm; but he held on, dragged it away, and then retired to his own cage with it. She positively could not resist this temptation, and even from her own cherished spouse she would sometimes snatch the desired tidbit.

The bluebirds' method of bathing differed from any I have noticed. They put the head under water, and held it there, while spattering vigorously with wings and tail. On leaving the bath the female fanned herself dry, holding tightly to the perch and beating her wings with violence, while dancing back and forth the whole length of the perch, in a bewitching manner. Her mate fanned himself, also, adding a very pretty lateral shake of the wings, and raising the feathers on the crown and throat till he looked twice as big as usual. But he was very fond of sunning himself dry, in the attitude already spoken of. That position, by the way, was a not unusual one with him; he often hopped three feet across in front of a blind which stood against the wall, his legs bent, head nearly touching the floor, and tail thrust almost straight up. A droll figure he made. After hopping to the end of the blind, he would dash around behind it, as if he expected or hoped to find something.

After moulting, the birds feathered out beautifully, and their spirits rose in proportion. They delighted in flight, making long, sweeping circles around the room, again and again, without stopping. A few weeks later, as spring approached, they grew somewhat belligerent towards the other inhabitants of the place; driving every bird away from their cage, even following them to their chosen resting-places, insisting on their right to every perch in the room. Then, too, began signs of courtship between the lovely pair. The first thing I noticed was at worm-feeding time. One day I had given each of them their portion. The female swallowed hers instantly,

and I turned to another cage, when I heard a low, coaxing cry, many times repeated. I looked around. The male stood on the upper perch, still holding his worm, which he usually dispatched as quickly as his mate did hers; and she was on a lower perch, looking up at him, mouth open, wings fluttering, asking for it. While I looked, he hopped down beside her, she opened her mouth wide, and he fed her as if she were a nestling. He was more amiable than a wild bluebird I once saw, who had brought up a long earth-worm, and was beating it on the top of a post, preparatory to swallowing it, when his little spouse — who was sitting at the time — came to the fence rail below him, and asked in the same way for a bit. So far from sharing it with her, this greedy bird simply took a fresh hold of his prize, flew to a tree, and gobbled it down with difficulty himself. Not so my generous captive. The next day he complied with her request again, and after that it was he who did the tender coaxing, begging her to accept the slight offering of his love. Soon, too, she grew coquettish in manner, often turned a cold shoulder to him, opened her mouth at him, and scolded in the sweetest and softest voice; and one night, after they had settled on their perch, I heard gentle talk, and saw a little peck or two on her part. He did the talking, and she delivered the playful peck or push as reply. Now, too, in his desire to manifest his affection, he could not always wait for worms, but picked dainty bits from the food-dish, and tendered them in the same pretty way. She always accepted, though often she went at once to the food-dish and ate for herself; for with all this sentiment and love-making her appetite did not fail. Once she was outside and he inside the cage, when he began to call and offer her something out of his mouth. She did not wish to go in, so she flew to a perch that ran through the cage, and stood close to the wires, while he went to the same

perch inside, and fed her through the wires.

About this time, too, the bluebird talk nearly ceased, and instead of it the lovely song of three notes was heard all day, and a little change they made in it — throwing in a “grace note” between the second and third — greatly added to its charm. Now, too, spring had really come, and I waited only for warm days to let them go and set up their homestead in freedom. The first mild day in May the window was opened for them. The female flew first, to a tree in front of the house, where she was greeted in the rudest manner by the bird-tramps which

infest our streets, — the house-sparrows. They began to assemble around her, no doubt prepared for attack, when she gave a loud cry of distress, and out flew her valiant knight to her aid. After a moment’s pause by her side, they both flew and we saw the gentle pair no more.

This true chronicle began with a quotation from Lanier; it shall end with one from Harriet Prescott Spofford: —

“A bit of heaven itself, he flew,
When earth seemed heaven with bees and bloom,
South wind, and sunshine, and perfume;
And morning were not morn without him.
Winging, springing, always flinging,
Flinging music all about him.”

Olive Thorne Miller.

TWO MOODS OF FAILURE.

I.

THE LAST CUP OF CANARY.

(SIR HARRY LOVELOCK, 1645.)

So, the powder’s low, and the larder’s clean,
And surrender drapes, with its blacks impending,
All the stage for a sorry and sullen scene:
Yet indulge me my whim of a madcap ending!

Let us once more fill, ere the final chill,
Every vein with the glow of the rich canary!
Since the sweet hot liquor of life’s to spill,
Of the last of the cellar what boots be chary?

Then, hear the conclusion: I’ll yield my breath,
But my leal old house and my good blade never!
Better one bitter kiss on the lips of Death
Than despoiled Defeat as a wife forever!

Let the faithful fire hold the walls in ward
Till the roof-tree crash! Be the smoke once riven
While we flash from the gate like a single sword,
True steel to the hilt, though in dull earth driven!

Do you frown, Sir Richard, above your ruff,
In the Holbein yonder? My deed insures you!

For the flame like a fencer shall give rebuff
 To your blades that blunder, you Roundhead boors, you!

And my ladies, a-row on the gallery wall,
 Not a sing-song sergeant or corporal sainted
 Shall pierce their breasts with his Puritan ball,
 To annul the charms of the flesh, though painted!

I have worn like a jewel the life they gave;
 As the ring in mine ear I can lightly lose it.
 If my days be done, why, my days were brave!
 If the end arrive, I as master choose it!

Then fill to the brim, and a health, I say,
 To our liege King Charles, and I pray God bless him!
 'T would amend worse vintage to drink dismay
 To the clamorous mongrel pack that press him!

And a health to the fair women, past recall,
 That like birds astray through the heart's hall flitted;
 To the lean devil Failure last of all,
 And the lees in his beard for a fiend outwitted!

II.

THE YOUNG MAN CHARLES STUART REVIEWETH THE TROOPS ON BLACK- HEATH.

(PRIVATE CONSTANT-IN-TRIBULATION JOYCE, *May*, 1660.)

We were still as a wood without wind; as 't were set by a spell
 Stayed the gleam on the steel-cap, the glint on the slant petronel.
 He to left of me drew down his grim grizzled lip with his teeth, —
 I remember his look; so we grew like dumb trees on the heath.

But the people, — the people were mad as with store of new wine;
 Oh, they cheered him, they capped him, they roared as he rode down the
 line:

He that fled us at Worcester, the boy, the green brier-shoot, the son
 Of the Stuart on whom for his sin the great judgment was done!

Swam before us the field of our shame, and our souls walked afar;
 Saw the glory, the blaze of the sun bursting over Dunbar;
 Saw the faces of friends, in the morn riding jocund to fight;
 Saw the stern pallid faces again, as we saw them at night!

“O ye blessed, who died in the Lord! would to God that we too
 Had so passed, only sad that we ceased his high justice to do,
 With the words of the psalm on our lips that from Israel's once came,
 How the Lord is a strong man of war; yea, the Lord is his name!

"Not for us, not for us! who have served for his kingdom seven years,
Yea, and yet other seven have we served, sweating blood, bleeding tears,
For the kingdom of God and the saints! Rachel's beauty made bold,
Yet we bear but a Leah at last to a hearth that is cold!"

Burned the fire while I mused, while I gloomed; in the end came a call;
Settled o'er me a calm like a cloud, spake a voice still and small:

"Take thou Leah to bride, take thou Failure to bed and to board!
Thou shalt rear up new strengths at her knees; she is given of the Lord!

"If with weight of his right hand, with power, he denieth to deal,
And the smoke-clouds, and thunders of guns, and the lightnings of steel,
Shall the cool silent dews of his grace, in a season of peace,
Not descend on the land, as of old, for a sign, on the fleece?"

"Hath he cleft not the rock, to the yield of a stream that is sweet?
Hath he set in the ribs of the lion no honey for meat?
Can he bring not delight to the desert, and buds to the rod?
He will shine, he will visit his vine; he hath sworn, he is God!"

Then I thought of the gate I rode through on the roan that's long dead, —
I remember the dawn was but pale, and the stars overhead;
Of the babe that is grown to a maid, and of Martha, my wife,
And the spring on the wolds far away, and gave thanks for my life!

Helen Gray Cone.

OUR HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE.*

VIII.

My reader was fairly forewarned that this narrative was to be more like a chapter of autobiography than the record of a tourist. In the language of philosophy, it is written from a subjective, not an objective, point of view. It is not exactly a "Sentimental Journey," though there are warm passages here and there which end with notes of admiration. I remind myself now and then of certain other travellers: of Benjamin of Tudela, going from the hospitalities of one son of Abraham to another; of John Bunce, finding the loveliest of women under every roof that sheltered him;

sometimes, perhaps, of that tipsy adventurer whose record of his good and bad fortunes at the hands of landlords and landladies is enlivened by an occasional touch of humor, which makes it palatable to coarse literary feeders. But in truth these papers have many of the characteristics of private letters written home to friends. They *are* written for friends rather than for a public which cares nothing about the writer. I knew that there were many such whom it would please to know where the writer went, whom he saw and what he saw, and how he was impressed by persons and things.

If I were planning to make a tour of

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the United Kingdom, and could command the service of all the wise men I count or have counted among my friends, I would go with such a retinue summoned from the ranks of the living and the dead as no prince ever carried with him. I would ask Mr. Lowell to go with me among scholars, where I could be a listener; Mr. Norton to visit the cathedrals with me; Professor Gray to be my botanical teacher; Professor Agassiz to be always ready to answer questions about the geological strata and their fossils; Dr. Jeffries Wyman to point out the common objects which present themselves to a sharp-eyed observer; and Mr. Boyd Dawkins to pilot me among the caves and cairns. Then I should want a better pair of eyes and a better pair of ears, and, while I was about it, perhaps a quicker apprehension and a more retentive memory; in short, a new outfit, bodily and mental. But Nature does not care to mend old shoes; she prefers a new pair, and a young person to stand in them.

What a great book one could make, and how many would fling it down, and take up anything in preference, provided only that it were short enough; even this slight record, for want of something shorter!

Not only did I feel sure that many friends would like to read our itinerary, but another motive prompted me to tell the simple story of our travels. I could not receive such kindness, so great evidences of friendly regard, without a strong desire, amounting to a positive necessity, for the expression of my grateful sense of all that had been done for us. Individually, I felt it, of course, as a most pleasing experience. But I believed it to have a more important significance as an illustration of the cordial feeling existing between England and America. I know that many of my countrymen felt the attentions paid to me as if they themselves shared them with me. I have lived through many strata

of feeling in America towards England. My parents, full-blooded Americans, were both born subjects of King George III. Both learned in their early years to look upon Britons as the enemies of their country. A good deal of the old hostility lingered through my boyhood, and this was largely intensified by the war of 1812. After nearly half a century this feeling had in great measure subsided, when the war of secession called forth expressions of sympathy with the slaveholding States which surprised, shocked, and deeply wounded the lovers of liberty and of England in the Northern States. A new generation is outgrowing that alienation. More and more the older and younger nations are getting to be proud and really fond of each other. There is no shorter road to a mother's heart than to speak pleasantly to her child, and caress it, and call it pretty names. No matter whether the child is something remarkable or not; it is *her* child, and that is enough. It may be made too much of, but that is not its mother's fault. If I could believe that every attention paid me was due simply to my being an American, I should feel honored and happy in being one of the humbler media through which the good-will of a great and generous country reached the heart of a far-off people not always in friendly relations with her.

I have named many of the friends who did everything to make our stay in England and Scotland agreeable. The unforeseen shortening of my visit must account for many disappointments to myself, and some, it may be, to others.

First in the list of lost opportunities was that of making my bow to the Queen. I had the honor of receiving a card with the invitation to meet her Majesty at a garden-party; but we were travelling when it was sent, and it arrived too late.

I was very sorry not to meet Mr. Ruskin, to whom Mr. Norton had given me a note of introduction. At the time

when we were hoping to see him it was thought that he was too ill to receive visitors, but he has since written me that he regretted we did not carry out our intention. I lamented my being too late to see once more two gentlemen from whom I should have been sure of a kind welcome, — Lord Houghton and Dean Stanley, both of whom I had met in Boston. Even if I had stayed out the whole time I had intended to remain abroad, I should undoubtedly have failed to see many persons and many places that I must always feel sorry for having missed. But as it is, I will not try to count all that I lost; let me rather be thankful that I met so many friends whom it was a pleasure to know personally, and saw so much that it is a pleasure to remember.

I find that many of the places I most wish to see are those associated with the memory of some individual, generally one of the generations more or less in advance of my own. One of the first places I should go to, in a leisurely tour, would be Selborne. Gilbert White was not a poet, neither was he a great systematic naturalist. But he used his eyes on the world about him; he found occupation and happiness in his daily walks, and won as large a measure of immortality within the confines of his little village as he could have gained in exploring the sources of the Nile. I should make a solemn pilgrimage to the little town of Eyam, in Derbyshire, where the Reverend Mr. Mompesson, the hero of the plague of 1665, and his wife, its heroine and its victim, lie buried. I should like to follow the traces of Cowper at Olney and of Bunyan at Elstow. I found an intense interest in the Reverend Mr. Alger's account of his visit to the Vale of Llangollen, where Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby passed their peaceful days in long, uninterrupted friendship. Of course the haunts of Burns, the home of Scott, the whole region made sacred by Wordsworth and

the group to which he belongs, — these would be so many shrines to which I should make pilgrimages.

But there are twenty different Englands, every one of which it would be a delight to visit, and I should hardly know with which of them to begin.

The few remarks I have to make on what I saw and heard have nothing beyond the value of first impressions; but as I have already said, if these are simply given, without pretending to be anything more, they are not worthless. At least they can do little harm, and may sometimes amuse a reader whom they fail to instruct. But we must all beware of hasty conclusions. If a foreigner of limited intelligence were whirled through England on the railways, he would naturally come to the conclusion that the chief product of that country is *mustard*, and that its most celebrated people are Mr. Keen and Mr. Colman, whose great advertising boards, with yellow letters on a black ground, and black letters on a yellow ground, stare the traveller in the face at every station.

Of the climate, as I knew it in May and the summer months, I will only say that if I had any illusions about May and June in England, my fireplace would have been ample evidence that I was entirely disenchanted. The Derby day, the 26th of May, was most chilly and uncomfortable; at the garden-party at Kensington Palace, on the 4th of June, it was cold enough to make hot drinks and warm wraps a comfort, if not a necessity. I was thankful to have passed through these two ordeals without ill consequences. Drizzly, or damp, or cold, cloudy days were the rule rather than the exception, while we were in London. We had some few hot days, especially at Stratford, in the early part of July. In London an umbrella is as often carried as a cane; in Paris "*un homme à parapluie*" is, or used to be,

supposed to carry that useful article because he does not keep and cannot hire a carriage of some sort. He may therefore be safely considered a person, and not a personage.

The soil of England does not seem to be worn out, to judge by the wonderful verdure and the luxuriance of vegetation. It contains a great museum of geological specimens, and a series of historical strata which are among the most instructive of human records. I do not pretend to much knowledge of geology. The most interesting geological objects in our New England that I can think of are the great boulders and the scratched and smoothed surface of the rocks; the fossil footprints in the valley of the Connecticut; the trilobites found at Quincy. But the readers of Hugh Miller remember what a variety of fossils he found in the stratified rocks of his little island, and the museums are full of just such objects. When it comes to underground historical relics, the poverty of New England as compared with the wealth of Old England is very striking. Stratum after stratum carries the explorer through the relics of successive invaders. After passing through the characteristic layers of different races, he comes upon a Roman pavement, and below this the weapons and ornaments of a tribe of ancient Britons. One cannot strike a spade into the earth, in Great Britain, without a fair chance of some surprise in the form of a Saxon coin, or a Celtic implement, or a Roman fibula. Nobody expects any such pleasing surprise in a New England field. One must be content with an Indian arrowhead or two, now and then a pestle and mortar, or a stone pipe. A top dressing of antiquity is all he can look for. The soil is not humanized enough to be interesting; whereas in England so much of it has been trodden by human feet, built on in the form of human habitations, nay, has been itself a part of preceding generations of human beings, that it is

in a kind of dumb sympathy with those who tread its turf. Perhaps it is not literally true that

One half her soil has walked the rest
In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages;

but so many of all these lie within it that the whole mother island is a *campo santo* to all who can claim the same blood as that which runs in the veins of her unweaned children.

The flora and fauna of a country, as seen from railroad trains and carriages, are not likely to be very accurately or exhaustively studied. I spoke of the trees I noticed between Chester and London somewhat slightly. But I did not form any hasty opinions from what happened to catch my eye. Afterwards, in the oaks and elms of Windsor Park, in the elms of Cambridge and Oxford and Salisbury, in the lindens of Stratford, in the various noble trees, including the cedar of Lebanon, in which Tennyson very justly felt a pride as their owner, I saw enough to make me glad that I had not uttered any rash generalizations on the strength of my first glance. The most interesting comparison I made was between the New England and the Old England elms. It is not necessary to cross the ocean to do this, as we have both varieties growing side by side in our parks, — on Boston Common, for instance. It is wonderful to note how people will lie about big trees. There must be as many as a dozen trees, each of which calls itself the "largest elm in New England." In my younger days, when I never travelled without a measuring-tape in my pocket, it amused me to see how meek one of the great swaggering elms would look when it saw the fatal measure begin to unreel itself. It seemed to me that the leaves actually trembled as the inexorable band encircled the trunk in *the smallest place it could find*, which is the only safe rule. The English elm (*Ulmus campestris*) as we see

it in Boston comes out a little earlier, perhaps, than our own, but the difference is slight. It holds its leaves long after our elms are bare. It grows upward, with abundant dark foliage, while ours spreads, sometimes a hundred and twenty feet, and often droops like a weeping willow. The English elm looks like a much more robust tree than ours, yet they tell me it is very fragile, and that its limbs are constantly breaking off in high winds, just as happens with our native elms. Ours is not a very long-lived tree; between two and three hundred years is, I think, the longest life that can be hoped for it. Since I have heard of the fragility of the English elm, which is the fatal fault of our own, I have questioned whether it can claim a greater longevity than ours. There is a hint of a typical difference in the American and the Englishman which I have long recognized in the two elms as compared to each other. It may be fanciful, but I have thought that the compactness and robustness about the English elm, which are replaced by the long, tapering limbs and willowy grace and far-spreading reach of our own, might find a certain parallelism in the people, especially the females of the two countries.

I saw no horse-chestnut trees equal to those I remember in Salem, and especially to one in Rockport, which is the largest and finest I have ever seen.

On the other hand, I think I never looked upon a Lombardy poplar equal to one I saw in Cambridge, England. This tree seems to flourish in England much more than with us.

I do not remember any remarkable beeches, though there are very famous ones, especially the Burnham beeches.

No apple-trees I saw in England compare with one next my own door, and there are many others as fine in the neighborhood.

I have spoken of the pleasure I had in seeing by the roadside primroses,

cowslips, and daisies. Dandelions, buttercups, hawkweed, looked much as ours do at home. Wild roses also grew at the roadside, — smaller and paler, I thought, than ours.

I cannot make a chapter like the famous one on Iceland, from my own limited observation: There are no snakes in England. I *can* say that I found two small caterpillars on my overcoat, in coming from Lord Tennyson's grounds. If they had stayed on his premises, they might perhaps have developed into "purple emperors," or spread "the tiger moth's deep damasked wings" before the enraptured eyes of the noble poet. These two caterpillars and a few houseflies are all I saw, heard, or felt, by day or night, of the native fauna of England, except a few birds, — rooks, starlings, a blackbird, and the larks of Salisbury Plain just as they rose, for I lost sight of them almost immediately. I neither heard nor saw the nightingales, to my great regret. They had been singing at Oxford a short time before my visit to that place. The only song I heard was that which I have mentioned, the double note of the cuckoo.

England is the paradise of horses. They are bred, fed, trained, groomed, housed, cared for, in a way to remind one of the Houyhnhnms, and strikingly contrasting with the conditions of life among the wretched classes whose existence is hardly more tolerable than that of those *quasi*-human beings under whose name it pleased the fierce satirist to degrade humanity. The horses that are driven in the hansoms of London are the best I have seen in any public conveyance. I cannot say as much of those in the four-wheelers.

Broad streets, sometimes, as in Bond Street, with narrow sidewalks; *islands* for refuge in the middle of many of them; deep areas; lofty houses; high walls; plants in the windows; frequent open spaces; policemen at near intervals, always polite in my experience, —

such are my recollections of the quarter I most frequented.

Are the English taller, stouter, lustier, ruddier, healthier, than our New England people? If I gave my impression, I should say that they are. Among the wealthier class, tall, athletic-looking men and stately, well-developed women are more common, I am compelled to think, than with us. I met in company at different times five gentlemen, each of whom would be conspicuous in any crowd for his stature and proportions. We could match their proportions, however, in the persons of well-known Bostonians. To see how it was with other classes, I walked in the Strand one Sunday, and noted carefully the men and women I met. I was surprised to see how many of both sexes were of low stature. I counted in the course of a few minutes' walk no less than twenty of these little people. I set this expression against the other. Neither is convincing. The anthropologists will settle the question of man in the Old and in the New World before many decades have passed.

In walking the fashionable streets of London one can hardly fail to be struck with the well-dressed look of gentlemen of all ages. The special point in which the Londoner excels all other citizens I am conversant with is the hat. I have not forgotten Béranger's

*"Quoique leurs chapeaux soient bien laids
*** moi, j'aime les Anglais;"*

but in spite of it I believe in the English hat as the best thing of its ugly kind. As for the Englishman's feeling with reference to it, a foreigner might be pardoned for thinking it was his fetich, a North American Indian for looking at it as taking the place of his own medicine-bag. It is a common thing for the Englishman to say his prayers into it, as he sits down in his pew. Can it be that this imparts a religious character to the article? However this may be, the true Londoner's hat is cared for as reveren-

tially as a High-Church altar. Far off its coming shines. I was always impressed by the fact that even with us a well-bred gentleman in reduced circumstances never forgets to keep his beaver well brushed, and I remember that long ago I spoke of the hat as the *ultimum moriens* of what we used to call gentility, — the last thing to perish in the decay of a gentleman's outfit. His hat is as sacred to an Englishman as his beard to a Mussulman.

In looking at the churches and the monuments which I saw in London, and elsewhere in England, certain resemblances, comparisons, parallels, contrasts, and suggestions obtruded themselves upon my consciousness. We have one steeple in Boston which to my eyes seems absolutely perfect; that of the Central Church, at the corner of Newbury and Berkeley streets. Its resemblance to the spire of Salisbury had always struck me. On mentioning this to the late Mr. Richardson, the very distinguished architect, he said to me that he thought it more nearly like that of the Cathedral of Chartres. One of our best living architects agreed with me as to its similarity to that of Salisbury. It does not copy either exactly, but if it had twice its actual dimensions would compare well with the best of the two, if one is better than the other. Saint-Martin's-in-the-Fields made me feel as if I were in Boston. Our Arlington Street Church copies it pretty closely, but Mr. Gilman left out the columns. I could not admire the Nelson Column, nor that which lends monumental distinction to the Duke of York. After Trajan's and that of the Place Vendôme, each of which is a permanent and precious historical record, accounting sufficiently for its existence, there is something very unsatisfactory in these nude cylinders. That to the Duke of York might well have the confession of the needy knife grinder as an inscription

on its base. I confess in all honesty that I vastly prefer the monument commemorating the fire to either of them. That *has* a story to tell and tells it, — with a lie or two added, according to Pope, but it tells it in language and symbol.

As for the kind of monument such as I see from my library window standing on the summit of Bunker Hill, and have recently seen for the first time at Washington on a larger scale, I own that I think a built-up obelisk a poor affair as compared with an Egyptian monolith of the same form. It was a triumph of skill to quarry, to shape, to transport, to cover with expressive symbols, to erect, such a stone as that which has been transferred to the Thames Embankment, or that which now stands in Central Park. Each of its four sides is a page of history, written so as to endure through scores of centuries. A built-up obelisk requires very little more than brute labor. A child can shape its model from a carrot or a parsnip, and set it up in miniature with blocks of loaf sugar. It teaches nothing, and the stranger must go to his guide-book to know what it is there for. I was led into many reflections by a sight of the Washington monument. I found that it was almost the same thing at a mile's distance as the Bunker Hill monument at half a mile's distance; and unless the eye had some means of measuring the space between itself and the stone shaft, one was about as good as the other. A mound like that of Marathon or that at Waterloo, a cairn, even a shaft of the most durable form and material, are fit memorials of the place where a great battle was fought. They seem less appropriate as monuments to individuals. I doubt the durability of these piecemeal obelisks, and when I think of that vast inverted pendulum vibrating in an earthquake, I am glad that I do not live in its shadow. The Washington monument is a hundred feet and more

higher than Salisbury steeple, but it does not look to me so high as that, because the mind has nothing to climb by. But the forming taste of the country revels in superlatives, and if we could only have the deepest artesian well in the world sunk by the side of the tallest column in all creation, the admiring, not overcritical patriot would be happier than ever was the Athenian when he looked up at the newly erected Parthenon.

I made a few miscellaneous observations which may be worth recording. One of these was the fact of the repetition of the types of men and women with which I was familiar at home. Every now and then I met a new acquaintance whom I felt that I had seen before. Presently I identified him with his double on the other side. I had found long ago that even among Frenchmen I often fell in with persons whose counterparts I had known in America. I began to feel as if Nature turned out a batch of human beings for every locality of any importance, very much as a workman makes a set of chessmen. If I had lived a little longer in London, I am confident that I should have met myself, as I did actually meet so many others who were duplicates of those long known to me.

I met Mr. Galton for a few moments, but I had no long conversation with him. If he should ask me to say how many faces I can visually recall, I should have to own that there are very few such. The two pictures which I have already referred to, those of Erasmus and of Dr. Johnson, come up more distinctly before my mind's eye than almost any faces of the living. My mental retina has, I fear, lost much of its sensitiveness. Long and repeated exposure of an object of any kind, in a strong light, is necessary to fix its image.

Among the gratifications that awaited

me in England and Scotland was that of meeting many before unseen friends with whom I had been in correspondence. I have spoken of Mr. John Bel-
lows. I should have been glad to meet Mr. William Smith, the Yorkshire anti-
quary, who has sent me many of his an-
tiquarian and biographical writings and
publications. I do not think I saw Mr.
David Gilmour, of Paisley, whose "*Pais-
ley Folk*" and other writings have given
me great pleasure. But I did have the
satisfaction of meeting Professor Gaird-
ner, of Glasgow, to whose writings my
attention was first called by my revered
instructor, the late Dr. James Jackson,
and with whom I had occasionally cor-
responded. I ought to have met Dr.
Martineau. I should have visited the
Reverend Stopford Brooke, who could
have told me much that I should have
liked to hear of dear friends of mine,
of whom he saw a great deal in their
hours of trial. The Reverend Mr.
Voysey, whose fearless rationalism can
hardly give him popularity among the
conservative people I saw most of, paid
me the compliment of calling, as he
had often done of sending me his
published papers. Now and then some
less known correspondent would reveal
himself or herself in bodily presence.
Let most authors beware of showing
themselves to those who have idealized
them, and let readers not be too anxious
to see in the flesh those whom they have
idealized. When I was a boy I read
Miss Edgeworth's "*L'Amie Inconnue*."
I have learned to appreciate its meaning
in later years by abundant experiences,
and I have often felt unwilling to sub-
stitute my real for my imaginary pre-
sence. I will add here that I must have
met a considerable number of persons,
in the crowd at our reception and else-
where, whose names I failed to hear,
and whom I consequently did not recog-
nize as the authors of books I had read,
or of letters I had received. The story
of my experience with the lark accounts

for a good deal of what seemed like
negligence or forgetfulness, and which
must be, not pardoned, but sighed over.

I visited several of the well-known
clubs, either by special invitation, or ac-
companied by a member. The Athe-
næum was especially attentive, but I
was unable to avail myself of the privi-
leges it laid freely open before me dur-
ing my stay in London. Other clubs I
looked in upon were: the Reform Club,
where I had the pleasure of dining at a
large party given by the very distin-
guished Dr. Morell Mackenzie; the Ra-
belais, of which, as I before related, I
have been long a member, and which was
one of the first places where I dined by
special invitation; the Saville; the Sav-
age; the St. George's. I saw next to
nothing of the proper club-life of Lon-
don, but it seemed to me that the Athe-
næum must be a very desirable place of
resort to the educated Londoner, and no
doubt each of the many institutions of
this kind with which London abounds
has its special attractions.

My obligations to my brethren of the
medical profession are too numerous to
be mentioned in detail. Almost the
first visit I paid was one to my old
friend and fellow-student in Paris, Dr.
Walter Hayle Walshe. After more than
half a century's separation two young
friends, now old friends, must not ex-
pect to find each other just the same as
when they parted. Dr. Walshe thought
he should have known me; my eyes
are not so good as his, and I would not
answer for them and for my mem-
ory. That he should have dedicated
his recent original and ingenious work
to me, before I had thought of visiting
England, was a most gratifying cir-
cumstance. I have mentioned the hos-
pitalities extended to me by various dis-
tinguished members of the medical pro-
fession, but I have not before referred
to the readiness with which, on all oc-
casions, when professional advice was
needed, it was always given with more

than willingness, rather as if it were a pleasure to give it. I could not have accepted such favors as I received had I not remembered that I, in my time, had given my services freely for the benefit of those of my own calling. If I refer to two names among many, it is for special reasons. Dr. Wilson Fox, the distinguished and widely known practitioner, who showed us great kindness, has since died, and this passing tribute is due to his memory. I have before spoken of the exceptional favor we owed to Dr. and Mrs. Priestley. It enabled us to leave London feeling that we had tried, at least, to show our grateful sense of all the attentions bestowed upon us; and if there were any whom we overlooked, among the guests we wished to honor, all such accidental omissions will be pardoned, I feel sure, by those who know how great and bewildering is the pressure of social life in London.

I was, no doubt, often more or less confused, in my perceptions, by the large number of persons whom I met in society. I found the dinner-parties, as Mr. Lowell told me I should, very much like the same entertainments among my home acquaintances. I have not the gift of silence, and I am not a bad listener, yet I brought away next to nothing from dinner-parties where I had said and heard enough to fill out a magazine article. After I was introduced to a lady, the conversation frequently began somewhat in this way:—

“It is a long time since you have been in this country, I believe?”

“It is, a *very* long time: fifty years and more.”

“You find great changes in London, of course, I suppose?”

“Not so great as you might think. The Tower is where I left it. The Abbey is much as I remember it. Northumberland House with its lion is gone, but Charing Cross is in the same old place. My attention is drawn especially

to the things which have *not* changed, — those which I remember.”

That stream was quickly dried up. Conversation soon found other springs. I never knew the talk to get heated or noisy. Religion and politics rarely came up, and never in any controversial way. The bitterest politician I met at table was a quadruped, — a lady's dog, — who refused a desirable morsel offered him in the name of Mr. Gladstone, but snapped up another instantly on being told that it came from Queen Victoria. I recall many pleasant and some delightful talks at the dinner-table; one in particular, with the most charming woman in England. I wonder if she remembers how very lovely and agreeable she was? Possibly she may be able to identify herself.

People, — the right kind of people, — meet at a dinner-party as two ships meet and pass each other at sea. They exchange a few signals; ask each other's reckoning, where from, where bound; perhaps one supplies the other with a little food or a few dainties; then they part, to see each other no more. But one or both may remember the hour passed together all their days, just as I recollect our brief parley with the brig Economist, of Leith, from Sierra Leone, in mid ocean, in the spring of 1833.

I am very far from despising the science of gastronomy, but if I wished to institute a comparison between the tables of England and America, I could not do it without eating my way through the four seasons. I will say that I did not think the bread from the bakers' shops was so good as our own. It was very generally tough and hard, and even the muffins were not always so tender and delicate as they ought to be. I got impatient one day, and sent out for some biscuits. They brought some very excellent ones, which we much preferred to the tough bread. They proved to be the so-called “sea-foam” biscuit from New York. The potatoes never came

on the table looking like new-fallen snow, as we have them at home. We were surprised to find both mutton and beef overdone, according to our American taste. The French talk about the Briton's "*bifteck saignant*," but we never saw anything cooked so as to be, as we should say, "rare." The tart is national with the English as the pie is national with us. I never saw on an English table that excellent substitute for both, called the Washington pie, in memory of him whom we honor as first in pies, as well as in war and in the hearts of his countrymen.

The truth is that I gave very little thought to the things set before me, in the excitement of constantly changing agreeable companionship. I understand perfectly the feeling of the good liver in Punch, who suggests to the lady next him that their host has one of the best cooks in London, and that it might therefore be well to defer all conversation until they adjourned to the drawing-room. I preferred the conversation, and adjourned, indefinitely, the careful appreciation of the *menu*. I think if I could devote a year to it, I might be able to make out a graduated scale of articles of food, taking a well-boiled fresh egg as the unit of gastronomic value, but I leave this scientific task to some future observer.

The most remarkable piece of European handiwork I remember was the steel chair at Longford Castle. The most startling and frightful work of man I ever saw or expect to see was another specimen of work in steel, said to have been taken from one of the infernal chambers of the Spanish Inquisition. It was a complex mechanism, which grasped the body and the head of the heretic or other victim, and by means of many ingeniously arranged screws and levers was capable of pressing, stretching, piercing, rending, crushing, all the most sensitive portions of the human body, one at a time or many at once.

The famous Virgin, whose embrace drove a hundred knives into the body of the poor wretch she took in her arms, was an angel of mercy compared to this masterpiece of devilish engineering.

Ingenuity is much better shown in contrivances for making our daily life more comfortable. I was on the lookout for everything that promised to be a convenience. I carried out two things which seemed to be new to the Londoners: the Star Razor, which I have praised so freely, and still find equal to all my commendations; and the mucilage pencil, which is a very handy implement to keep on the writer's desk or table. I found a contrivance for protecting the hand in drawing corks, which all who are their own butlers will appreciate, and luminous match-boxes which really shine brightly in the dark, and that after a year's usage; whereas one professing to shine by night, which I bought in Boston, is only visible by borrowed light. I wanted a very fine-grained hone, and inquired for it at a hardware store, where they kept everything in their line of the best quality. I brought away a very pretty but very small stone, for which I paid a large price. The stone was from Arkansas, and I need not have bought in London what would have been easily obtained at a dozen or more stores in Boston. It was a renewal of my experience with the sea-foam biscuit. "Know thyself" and the things about thee, and "Take the good the gods provide thee," if thou wilt only keep thine eyes open, are two safe precepts.

Who is there of English descent among us that does not feel with Cowper,

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee
still" ?

Our recently naturalized fellow-citizens, of a different blood and different religion, must not suppose that we are going to forget our inborn love for the mother to whom we owe our being. Protestant England and Protestant America are

coming nearer and nearer to each other every year. The interchange of the two peoples is more and more frequent, and there are many reasons why it is likely to continue increasing.

Hawthorne says in a letter to Longfellow, "Why don't you come over, being now a man of leisure and with nothing to keep you in America? If I were in your position, I think I should make my home on this side of the water, — though always with an indefinite and never-to-be-executed intention to go back and die in my native land. America is a good land for young people, but not for those who are past their prime. . . . A man of individuality and refinement can certainly live far more comfortably here — provided he has the means to live at all — than in New England. Be it owned, however, that I sometimes feel a tug at my very heart-strings when I think of my old home and friends." This was written from Liverpool in 1854.

We must not forget that our fathers were exiles from their dearly loved native land, driven by causes which no longer exist. "Freedom to worship God" is found in England as fully as in America, in our day. In placing the Atlantic between themselves and the Old World civilizations they made an enormous sacrifice. It is true that the wonderful advance of our people in all the arts and accomplishments which make life agreeable has transformed the wilderness into a home where men and women can live comfortably, elegantly, happily, if they are of contented disposition; and without that they can be happy nowhere. What better provision can be made for a mortal man than such as our own Boston can afford its wealthy children? A palace on Commonwealth Avenue or on Beacon Street; a country-place at Framingham or Lenox; a sea-side residence at Nahant, Beverly Farms, Newport, or Bar Harbor; a pew at Trinity or King's Chapel; a tomb at Mount

Auburn or Forest Hills; with the prospect of a memorial stained window after his lamented demise, — is not this a pretty programme to offer a candidate for human existence?

Give him all these advantages, and he will still be longing to cross the water, to get back to that old home of his fathers, so delightful in itself, so infinitely desirable on account of its nearness to Paris, to Geneva, to Rome, to all that is most interesting in Europe. The less wealthy, less cultivated, less fastidious class of Americans are not so much haunted by these longings. But the convenience of living in the Old World is so great, and it is such a trial and such a risk to keep crossing the ocean, that it seems altogether likely that a considerable current of re-migration will gradually develop itself among our people.

Some find the climate of the other side of the Atlantic suits them better than their own. As the New England characteristics are gradually superseded by those of other races, other forms of belief, and other associations, the time may come when a New Englander will feel more as if he were among his own people in London than in one of our seaboard cities. The vast majority of our people love their country too well and are too proud of it to be willing to expatriate themselves. But going back to our old home, to find ourselves among the relatives from whom we have separated for a few generations, is not like transferring ourselves to a land where another language is spoken, and where there are no ties of blood and no common religious or political traditions. I, for one, being myself as inveterately rooted an American of the Bostonian variety as ever saw himself mirrored in the Frog Pond, hope that the exchanges of emigrants and re-migrants will be much more evenly balanced by and by than at present. I hope that more Englishmen like James Smithson will help to build up our scientific and literary in-

stitutions. I hope that more Americans like George Peabody will call down the blessings of the English people by noble benefactions to the cause of charity. It was with deep feelings of pride and gratitude that I looked upon the bust of Longfellow, holding its place among the monuments of England's greatest and best children. I see with equal pleasure and pride that one of our own large-hearted countrymen has honored the memory of two English poets, Milton and Cowper, by the gift of two beautiful stained windows, and with still ampler munificence is erecting a stately fountain in the birthplace of Shakespeare. Such acts as these make us feel more and more the truth of the generous sentiment which closes the ode of Washington Allston, America to England: "We are one!"

I have told our story with the help of my daughter's diary, and often aided by her recollections. Having enjoyed so much, I am desirous that my countrymen and countrywomen should share my good fortune with me. I hesitated at first about printing names in full, but when I remembered that we received nothing but the most generous hospitality and the most considerate kindness from all we met, I felt sure that I could not offend by mentioning who the friends were that made England a second home to us. If any one of them is disturbed by such reference as I have made to him or to her, I most sincerely apologize for the liberty I have taken.

If I were asked what I think of people's travelling after the commonly accepted natural term of life is completed, I should say that everything depends on constitution and habit. The old soldier says, in speaking of crossing the Beresina, where the men had to work in the freezing stream, constructing the bridges, "Faut du tempérament pour cela!" I often thought of this expression, in the damp, chilly weather which not rarely

makes English people wish they were in Italy. I escaped unharmed from the windy gusts at Epsom and the nipping chill of the Kensington garden-party; but if a score of my contemporaries had been there with me, there would not improbably have been a couple of funerals or more within a week. If, however, the super-septuagenarian is used to exposures, if he is an old sportsman or an old officer not retired from active service, he may expect to elude the pneumonia which follows his footsteps whenever he wanders far from his fireside. But to a person of well-advanced years, coming from a counting-room, a library, or a studio, the risk is considerable, unless he is of hardy natural constitution; any other will do well to remember, "Faut du tempérament pour cela!"

Suppose there to be a reasonable chance that he will come home alive, what is the use of one's going to Europe after his senses have lost their acuteness, and his mind no longer retains its full measure of sensibilities and vigor? I should say that the visit to Europe under those circumstances was much the same thing as the *petit verre*, — the little glass of Chartreuse, or Maraschino, or Curaçoa, or, if you will, of plain Cognac, at the end of a long banquet. One has gone through many courses, which repose in the safe recesses of his economy. He has swallowed his coffee, and still there is a little corner left with its craving unappeased. Then comes the drop of liqueur, *chasse-café*, which is the last thing the stomach has a right to expect. It warms, it comforts, it exhales its benediction on all that has gone before. So the trip to Europe may not do much in the way of instructing the wearied and overloaded intelligence, but it gives it a fillip which makes it feel young again for a little while.

Let not the too mature traveller think it will change any of his habits. It will interrupt his routine for a while, and then he will settle down into his former

self, and be just what he was before. I brought home a pair of shoes I had made in London; they do not fit like those I had before I left, and I rarely wear them. It is just so with the new habits I formed and the old ones I left behind me.

But am I not glad, for my own sake, that I went? Certainly I have every reason to be, and I feel that the visit is likely to be a great source of happiness for my remaining days. But there is a higher source of satisfaction. If the kindness shown me strengthens the slen-

derest link that binds us in affection to that ancestral country which is, and I trust will always be to her descendants, "dear Mother England," that alone justifies my record of it, and to think it is so is more than reward enough. If this account of our summer experiences is a source of pleasure to many friends, and of pain to no one, as I trust will prove to be the fact, I hope I need never regret giving to the public the pages which are meant more especially for readers who have a personal interest in the writer.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A SECOND GLANCE BACKWARD.

THE printing of an American book in Italy, during the years 1828, 1829, and 1830, proved a formidable undertaking to the author of the *Spy*.

The summer of 1828 was passed by Mr. Cooper in Switzerland, to his great delight. From the entrance to the Canton of Neufchatel, amid the lovely mists of the Val Moustiers, throughout his many excursions in different directions, he was in a constant state of what Lord Byron called *tousy-mousy*. His first halt was at the picturesque old city of Berne. Here he remained at the principal hotel only a few days, looking about for a quieter summer home for his family. Though very social in disposition, he always disliked hotel life, and invariably placed his family in furnished lodgings as soon as possible. It is true his means were limited, and economy was an object with him. But thoroughly domestic in his tastes and habits, home life was what he most enjoyed. He found a pleasant country-house, La Lorraine, within a short distance from Berne; this was rented for the summer. It had recently been occupied by the Comte de St. Leu, Louis, the ex-King of

Holland. Uncrowned kings and queens of the Bonaparte family were, at that time, frequently met in different countries of Europe; ay, and one, King Joseph of Spain, had found a temporary home in America. The grounds of La Lorraine were cramped and uninteresting, consisting chiefly of a little trim garden, with its half-ruined fountain; but close at hand was a common, with a sort of natural terrace, higher than the house, which became a favorite evening walk, where parents, and children also, with hoops, kites, and jumping-ropes, found much enjoyment. This natural terrace formed the regular quarter-deck walk of the author; like other sailors, he never lost the habit, formed in naval life, of pacing to and fro over the same ground, either alone, or with a companion. From this common there was a very grand view of the Oberland Alps, — a view in the evening most wonderful in sunset glory. He gave the following sketch of one of those sunsets: —

"The day was clouded, and as a great deal of mist was clinging to all the lesser mountains the lower atmosphere was much charged with vapor. A wide pall

of watery cloud entirely overhung the summits of the nearer range, leaving, however, their broad sides misty, but quite visible. The vapor must have caused a good deal of refraction, for above these clouds rose the Oberland Alps, to an altitude which appeared even greater than usual. Every peak, and the whole majestic formation, was perfectly visible, though the whole range appeared to be severed from the earth and to float in the air. The line of connection was veiled; and while all below was watery, or enfeebled by mist, the glaciers above threw back the fierce light of the sun with powerful splendor. The separation from the lower world was made more complete from the contrast between the sombre tints beneath and the calm but bright effulgence above. One had some difficulty in believing that both belonged to the same orb. The effect was to create a picture of which I can give no other idea than by declaring that it resembled what one might conceive to be a glimpse through the windows of heaven at a glorious but chastened grandeur. There were moments when the spectral aspect assumed by those great glaciers, as the rosy light of sunset faded away, dimmed the lustre of the snows without impairing their forms, and no language can do justice to the sublimity of the effect. It was impossible to look at them without religious awe; I could hardly persuade myself I was not gazing at some of the sublime mysteries that lie beyond the grave."

The nearer country, hill and dale, in the immediate neighborhood of La Lorraine was also charming. The drives were of course beautiful, along narrow roads, smooth and even as garden walks, amid open fields, rich and neat with the highest degree of culture; the passing wheel almost touching the crops, so narrow were the tracks. And the Alps always in view, or at least always the hope of beholding them at the next turn, when some nearer hill or wood shut out the

grand panorama for a moment! And the cottages so exquisitely rural, and rustic, and local, with their broad projecting roofs, and low balconies, and quaint inscriptions, rude in lettering, devout in meaning! How thrifty the whole aspect of things, a dilapidated cottage or a carelessly tilled field, seeming blots on the face of the land, unknown in the good Canton of Berne! Over these beautiful scenes the eye of the American traveler, eager, observant, and appreciative, wandered with delight, gathering some fresh incident of interest from every evening drive. When harvest time came he was much interested in the poor gleaners: old and young, men, women, and children, came flocking down from the Oberland, scattering themselves through the harvest fields, many a weary mile from their mountain homes, gathering their small winter store of rye or wheat, ear by ear. Their varied costumes were faded and tattered, and yet pleasing, since the interest of inheritance and prolonged local growth lingered about them. All the Bernese peasantry, rich and poor, were in costume, at that date; even baby girls had the black gauzy framework, like butterfly wings, about their round and rosy faces. Of gleaners, Mr. Cooper on one occasion counted one hundred and twenty-nine in a field of less than six acres.

A new book was now being planned. The idea had occurred to him of laying the scene of a tale in New England, during early colonial times, thus bringing into one picture Puritans and Indians. A child, a little girl, carried away in infancy, adopted by the Indians, brought up among them, and married to a chief of their race, was to be the central figure of the romance. The idea he had probably taken from the history of the raid on Deerfield, and the fate of the daughter of the Williams family, who, when grown up, refused to return to her relations, and remained with her Mohawk family. The name he eventu-

ally gave to this novel was the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish. It was only partly written at La Lorraine. There were too many excursions to the finest points of Switzerland breaking in upon his writing-days to allow of regular work. As a rule, after he adopted literature as a profession, he wrote two or three hours in the morning, after breakfast, from ten to twelve or one. But the little study at La Lorraine was often vacant, the American writing-desk closed, the small volumes of the 32° edition of Shakespeare, his constant traveling companions, lying unopened on the table, while the traveller was wandering about the country, frequently in a *char-à-banc*, with a portion of his family. The well-made roads about Berne, smooth as those of an English park, greatly excited his admiration. Probably he enjoyed their excellent condition all the more from vivid recollections of the rough highways about his Otsego home, where at certain seasons of the year the wheels of wagon and carriage sank to fearful depths in the mud. It seemed difficult to understand how, in an Alpine climate, where frost must necessarily penetrate to such a depth in the winter, the roads could be kept in this admirable condition. On one occasion the *char-à-banc* carried the family party to Hindelbank, where Mr. Cooper was very deeply impressed with the celebrated monument of Madame Langhans. He afterwards declared that no statue had ever produced so strong an effect on him, from its powerful spiritual sentiment and its simple, truthful execution.

Many interesting excursions were also taken by the author alone, with a guide, in the heart of the Alps. He was surprised to meet no countrymen in his wanderings. It was said that during that summer only two Americans passed through Berne; and only one American family, besides that at La Lorraine, was known to be traveling in Switzerland. What a difference to-day, when thou-

sands of our people are visiting those Alpine regions every year!

Those summer months at La Lorraine passed only too rapidly. At length autumnal gusts began to whistle through the linden-trees about the cottage, and light showers of snow fell upon the little garden. It was deemed expedient to move southward ere the Alpine passes were closed. A Swiss railroad was not even dreamed of in the year of grace 1828. A couple of *voituriers* were engaged to transport the family party to Florence. Caspar, the *postillon en chef* had been a *cuirassier* of Napoleon's wars; he had many a tale of march and battle to relate. With no little intelligence, much *bonhomie*, a hearty, jovial nature; and a good manner, he was soon in high favor with his employer, who long remembered him with pleasure.

The Simplon was passed on a brilliant autumn day. The American traveler was full of admiration of the engineering power which had conquered such tremendous difficulties of road-making, and carried so successfully the track of civilization over that Alpine height.

Caspar soon trotted his fine horses into the gates of Florence. As usual, a temporary home was secured. The apartment engaged for the winter was in one of those old piles, half house, half fortalice, such as the warlike nobles of Florence were wont to build centuries ago, and which still form a severe feature in the aspect of that joyous and sunny city. Buildings which within are full of elegance and noble works of art, without throw a stern and frowning shadow over the narrow streets. The apartment selected by the American traveler had been recently occupied by Baron Poerio, the Neapolitan exile. The house was owned by the widowed Madame Ricasoli, who with her two sons, one a page of the Grand Duke, the other a half-grown boy, but already a tonsured *abbé*, occupied a portion of

the Casa Ricasoli. The elder son, a few years later, made for himself a very noble record as the distinguished Baron Ricasoli, the leader of the patriotic party. There were other exiled families, from different parts of Italy, occupying apartments in the house. Florence was then a city of refuge for political exiles, the government of Tuscany being the most liberal in the peninsula. The American author enjoyed very much his residence in Florence, and the society into which he was very kindly received. The higher Italian element of that society surpassed in intelligence, in activity of mind, and in elevated tone what he had anticipated from the general condition of the country at that period. He saw much of the Marchese Pucci and the Marchese Gino Capponi, men whom to know was to honor; through life he always remembered them with respectful regard. It was the delight of the American traveler to enliven the hearthstone of the Casa Ricasoli with the cheery glow of wood fires, such as might have done credit to his paternal home in the Otsego hills; a bright wood fire, in cool weather, was a necessity for him; he was very critical in laying the wood, and in feeding the bright blaze in which his cheerful nature rejoiced. Among those enjoying the evening firelight was a countryman in whom Mr. Cooper soon learned to feel a deep interest, — Mr. Horatio Greenough, the sculptor. There were a number of Americans in Florence during that winter.

Sight-seeing, long mornings spent in the galleries, in which he delighted, interfered somewhat with the progress of the new book, which was not written as rapidly as some others by the same pen. It soon became necessary, however, to think of printing. But here there was great disappointment. Tuscany was much the most liberal of the ten governments then ruling Italy, and there was no difficulty in procuring from the censor the necessary permission to print. Be-

fore crossing the Alps, Mr. Cooper had been led to believe that printing a book in the English language, at Florence, would be an easy task. In this he was greatly disappointed. There was no printing-office in the city which would undertake anything of the kind. There was not a single printer in Florence who could understand English. At first promises were made, hopes of assistance were held out, by the principal bookseller. But these all proved delusive. Several months passed away in fruitless negotiations. At length, despairing of success, Mr. Cooper reluctantly determined to leave his family in Florence, and endeavor to make arrangements for printing at Marseilles. During the Carnival he left the Casa Ricasoli, and set out for France, carrying the manuscript of *Wish-ton-Wish* with him. His plan was to print the book as rapidly as possible, and then return to Florence. On arriving at Marseilles, and visiting the English printing-office, he found that a different arrangement could be made. He succeeded in procuring an English compositor, willing to return with him to Florence, and work under his own direction, in an Italian office. This man, whose name was Richard Heavysides, was, unfortunately, deaf and dumb. The author returned to Florence with him. A room was found for him in that spacious dwelling, the Casa Ricasoli, and he received his meals from his employer's table, while his working-hours were passed in the Italian office. He proved, however, an indifferent printer; the work went on very slowly; he had much difficulty in reading the author's peculiar, close handwriting and the Indian names puzzled him greatly. The whole plan was suddenly brought to a close by a frenzied outbreak of temper, which terrified the Italian servants, and made the man a really dangerous member of the household. He was sent back to Marseilles. This state of things was discouraging.

Fresh suggestions were made, however, and at length some Italian friends of influence proposed an application to the librarian of the Grand Duke. This effort proved entirely successful; especial facilities were kindly granted to the American author, and a small edition of *Wish-ton-Wish* was printed in the government offices. Early sheets were sent to Paris, London, and Philadelphia, to meet the writer's obligations to his publishers. In England the book received the name of *The Borderers*. The word *Wish-ton-Wish* had been taken from an Indian vocabulary, professing to give it the meaning of "Whip-poor-Will," in one of the eastern dialects. An American work of no little interest, whose leading idea was very similar to that of the *Wish-ton-Wish*, had appeared rather earlier, — *Hope Leslie*, by Miss Sedgwick. It is simply true, however, that the idea of Mr. Cooper's book was not a borrowed one; he had, while sketching *Narra-Mattah*, never read *Hope Leslie*. The success of the *Wish-ton-Wish* was only moderate. There is, however, a vein of deep pathetic interest running through the narrative, with a purity and freshness in the general tone like the odor of the newly turned sod, the fragrance of bud and brier in the newly opened wood. Impartial justice was rendered to all that was sound and healthful in the Puritan system: to their courage, their thrifty industry, their self-denial and simple habits of life, their shrewdness, and their indomitable resolution. As a picture of pure family love, that between husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, the narrative is beautiful. The spirit of that love glows throughout; it throws a light, sweet and serene, yet clear and strong, over every page; while in no instance is there the least taint of exaggeration or conceit. Some years later, while revising the pages of the book for a new edition, the writer expressed regret that his plan had not varied in

one particular. The leading idea, the abduction of the daughter of the Puritan family, would have remained the same; but instead of bringing the young girl to her old home, with the Narragansett band, he would have carried the heart-stricken father into the wilderness, on the trail of his lost child; he would have followed the parent step by step through the forest, now led onward by some false rumor, then guided by the right clue, — wandering far and wide, along unexplored streams, over nameless lakes, through pathless valleys, until at length, in some remote wigwam of the red man, he finds her as she is now drawn, a beautiful picture of sweet natural instincts and wild grace, appearing one moment in that subdued forest light which belongs to the red man's daughter, and then again brightening under some clearer ray of her earlier Christian nurture. We can imagine something, at least, of the higher interest and the beauty of original detail which would have been given to the work under this form.

With the early heats of an Italian summer came longings for green fields. A villa, trim and spruce rather than picturesque, just without the walls of Florence, the villa St. Illario, was rented. Its chief merit lay in the fact that it was within a short walk of that most enchanting view, *Bello Sguardo*. A touch of malarial fever made a change of air necessary. A movement southward and by water was planned. There was a longing for the sea-breezes, a wish to find a dwelling somewhere within sight and sound of the blue waves of the Mediterranean.

Already another book was sketched, which was destined to add fresh difficulties to his first experience in printing an American romance in Italy. This was the *Water-Witch*, as different in character, general outline, and in detail, from the *Wish-ton-Wish* as can well be conceived. It was to be rather a drama of

the coast than a tale of the sea, the movements of the vessels being confined entirely to the waters connected with the harbor of New York.

Leghorn was the first step in the expedition southward. A characteristic passage relating to the seaport may interest the reader as a glimpse of the past:—

“The salt air was grateful, and I snuffed the air of this delightful sea with a feeling that was ‘redolent of joy and youth.’ We hurried off to the port. Here we feasted our eyes on the different picturesque rigs and peculiar barks of those poetical waters. Long years had gone by since I had seen the felucca, the polacre, the xebec, the spararara, with all the other quaint-looking craft of the Mediterranean. As we strolled along the mole and quays, we met several men from the Levant, and an Algerine Rais was calmly smoking his chibouque on the deck of his polacre. A good many Sardinians lay scattered about the harbor. Of Tuscans there were few, and these were small. Three Russians were laid up on account of the war with Turkey! Rowing under the bows of a Yankee, I found one of his people seated on the windlass, playing on the flute,—as cool a piece of impudence as can well be imagined for a Massachusetts man to practice in Italy! The delicious odors of the seaport were inhaled with a delight no language can describe. I had been living in an atmosphere of poetry for many months, and this was an atmosphere of life. The fragrance of the bales of merchandise, of the piles of oranges, of even the mud, saturated as it was with salt, to say nothing of the high seasoning of occasional breathings of tar and pitch, to me were pregnant with ‘odors of delight.’”

At a later day he confessed that the sight of the American flag at Leghorn had made his heart beat.

A Genoese felucca was engaged for

the voyage to Naples. La Bella Genovese was a craft of thirty tons, of beautiful mould, and was lateen-rigged. Her crew consisted of ten men! “I myself,” wrote the author, “have been one of eleven hands, officers included, to navigate a ship of three hundred tons across the Atlantic, and we often reefed topsails with the watch.”

The voyage in the Bella Genovese, along the coast of Tuscany, Romagna, and Naples, lasted some six days; a week of great enjoyment to one who, though now numbered among men of letters, was ever a sailor at heart, and who felt so deeply the charm of Italian nature. The very atmosphere of Italy was a perpetual delight to him. “The entire northern shore of this luxurious sea,” he wrote, “is, in summer, one scene of magnificent nature, such as perhaps no other portion of the globe can equal. I can best liken it to an extremely fine woman, whose stateliness and beauty are softened by the eloquent expression of feminine sentiment.”

On one occasion the felucca was becalmed near a small, desolate island, the Isola di Troja. The family party landed, and the most agile climbed to the ruined tower, crowning the highest point. This had no doubt been a watchtower in the long period when the Barbary pirates infested the coast of Italy,—a period then only closed some five and twenty years earlier. The flags of England and France, and of all the naval powers of Europe, were, early in this century, seen carrying tribute to the Deys of Tunis and Algiers. Our gallant American navy was the first to make those Barbary powers respect a Christian flag, by their bravery in the Bay of Tripoli.

The family party were soon housed in a most delightful temporary home, on the cliffs of Sorrento, in the Casa Tasso. Of the many pleasant weeks passed in Italy, those months at Sorrento were the most enchanting. At that time the Casa

Tasso — fondly believed by the Sorrentines to have been the birthplace of the great poet — had no other inmates than the American family and the agent of the landlord, living in some invisible portion of the vast dwelling, which has since become a hotel. There was in those days a succession of antechambers, *salons*, and *sala*, on a grand scale, with high ceilings, great windows, earthen floors, scanty furniture, a few works of classic art, and from every window views of indescribable beauty. The large *sala*, fifty feet long, faced the Bay of Naples, and opened on a terrace of the same length, built on the very brow of the tufa cliff, one hundred and fifty feet high. Below, the Mediterranean washed a narrow line of pebbly beach. The terrace became the quarter-deck of the author. Off one end was a small, tent-like room, which was the study. Here the *Water-Witch* was written. Charming excursions were made to Capri, Ischia, Pompeii, Vesuvius, and Pæstum. Nevertheless, the new book made rapid progress. The evening views from the terrace were delightful. Directly opposite, at a distance of eighteen miles, were seen the lights of Naples, and in certain states of the atmosphere the subdued murmur from the roar of a large town could be distinctly heard. To the right rose the pyramidal cone of Vesuvius, generally crowned at night by a soft rosy cloud. To the left lay the dark pile of Ischia. Fishing-boats were moving quietly to and fro, and larger craft, in shadowy outline, were seen here and there at anchor. There was no carriage-road approaching Sorrento; a rude track for horsemen or travelers on foot crossed the mountains lining the shore, westward. There was only one wheeled carriage on the whole plain of Sorrento, and that was the archbishop's. Sorrento, though little more than a large village, could boast the dignity of a cathedral, and was the see of an archbishopric. There were said to be "more than twenty

churches and convents" in the little town and its neighborhood. All communication with Naples was carried on by water. There was a pretty little felucca, the *Divina Providenza*, which crossed the bay to Naples every morning, wind and weather permitting, carrying passengers and mail, returning in the evening to its quiet landing, with the latest news of the busy world.

While watching the beautiful bay and its picturesque craft, the American traveler's imagination was busy with scenes of a very different character, which he was sketching with the pen: the movements of the beautiful *Water-Witch* and the *Coquette*, stealing along the shores of Staten Island and the Bay of New York; with the stirring chase of the smuggler through the perils of Hell-Gate, — perils very real in those days, but which in our time have all but disappeared, under the direction of skillful science. A great portion of the new romance was written on the terrace of the *Casa Tasso*. But at length the cold weather made itself felt with some severity. Not only the dark tufa mountains, but the orange groves of the plain, were powdered with snow. It became necessary to abandon a dwelling so vast and so open, in which there was but one fireplace. Braziers, after the regular Italian fashion, albeit of elegant workmanship and great size, and filled with choice charcoal of olive-wood, were not to be endured by such a votary of the Yule-log. The family party moved to Naples.

Inquiries were made as to the possibility of printing at Naples. But the idea was almost immediately abandoned. The censorship was terribly severe in the kingdom of the Sicilies. Among the many Italian governments at that date dividing Italy, that of Naples was the most tyrannical. Some of the best men of the country were at that moment wearing out body and soul, in the most gloomy dungeons. A few weeks were spent among the galleries and churches,

with renewed visits to Pompeii and Vesuvius. Mr. Cooper had a high opinion of the natural endowments of the Italian race. Familiar intercourse had raised that opinion. He always declared that, under favorable circumstances, he believed them capable of holding a high position among modern nations. At that period they were broken up into fragments; in some quarters weakened by feeble governments, in others crushed by tyranny. He considered his Sorrento sailors a brave race of men, and had even a good word for some of the beggars. He differed from the King of Naples in his opinion of the natural courage of Italians. A diplomat then at Naples told him that recently, at a cabinet council in the royal palace, where the uniform of the army was under consideration, the king had exclaimed, in the *patois* he often used, "Vesti li come vuoi, fuiranno sempre." (Dress them as you will, they will always run away.)

"Sooner or later Italy will inevitably be a single state; this is a result which I hold to be inevitable, though the means by which it is to be effected are still hidden." So wrote Mr. Cooper in 1829.

The first view of Rome filled the American traveler with deep emotion. The entire winter of 1830 was passed at Rome. Laying no claim to the honors of scholarship in the field of antiquity, the American writer was yet deeply interested in the great city and its ruins. The apartment he occupied was in the Via Ripetta, the muddy Tiber flowing beneath its windows; while in the distance beyond, St. Peter's and the Castle St. Angelo were constantly in sight. Galleries, churches, ruins, gardens, were visited with deep interest and enjoyment. He found many agreeable companions among the crowd of foreigners always haunting Rome, — Russians, English, French, Americans, Poles. Was there ever a city on earth, from remote periods to the present hour, whose streets have

been at all times so crowded with throngs of foreigners from all the peoples of the known world? The ruins of Rome have a greater power of attraction than the grandest edifices of modern nations. The author paid his respects to M. Bunsen at the Capitol, and was much interested in the information he received from him. He was also admitted to pay his homage to Madame Mère, the mother of Napoleon, a quiet, dignified old lady, who received but few foreigners. While in her salon, a young man of slight, insignificant appearance entered the room, riding-whip in hand. This proved to be Prince Louis Bonaparte, then considered a mere trifler at Rome, but later the Emperor Napoleon III. "C'est un petit freluquet!" said a French lady who saw him frequently. The words were spoken in a very contemptuous tone.

Mr. Cooper took great pleasure in riding for hours over the Campagna, on a spirited white saddle-horse, which he called the Chigi; lingering here about some ruin, now pausing to enjoy an impressive view, or dismounting perchance to examine more closely a statue or fragment of ancient days. He seldom rode alone; ever social in feeling, he generally found agreeable companions for the morning ride, among the American or European friends, who at Rome, as at Florence, took pleasure in the cheerful fireside. Among others, there was no one, perhaps, whose society was more interesting than that of the great Polish poet, Mickiewicz, a man whose appearance, manner, and conversation were full of originality and genius, while the sad fate of his country enlisted Mr. Cooper's warmest sympathies in his behalf. The two writers were frequently seen roaming together over the Campagna, or amid the ruins of Rome.

The new romance was now finished. Efforts were made to print a small edition in English. Several Italian gentlemen of influence very kindly interested

themselves in behalf of the American writer. The usual inquiries and applications to those in authority were made. Some encouragement was given at first. The nature and character of the book were explained; it was a sea tale, whose scene lay in American waters. Thus far all seemed promising; the Italian friends were quite sanguine as to the success of this little enterprise, and as such they considered it. The first chapters of the book were copied, and placed with all due form in the hands of the censor. Days passed. No answer was received. Anxious to know the result, a renewed application was made to the gentleman in authority. At length came a very polite, very dignified, but severe communication. On the second page occurred the remark that "Rome itself is only to be traced by fallen temples and buried columns." This passage was utterly condemned. The whole book must be rigidly revised, this ominous opening having excited the gravest fears as to the character of the succeeding pages. Some weeks passed in these negotiations. There was much bigotry to be overcome. Foreseeing, on this account, constant annoyance from an attempt to carry out the plan, all idea of printing at Rome was abandoned. In the spring, after the Easter holidays, the author left Rome, and commenced his migration northward, with the intention of passing the following year in Germany, where there could be little difficulty in printing.

At Venice he halted for some weeks. Here he was under the full spell of enchantment which falls upon all travelers in that marvelous city. "I had never before seen a city afloat. It was now evening, but a fine moon was shedding its light on the scene, rendering it fairy-like. Passing beneath an arch, we issued into the great square of St. Mark. No other scene, in a town, ever struck me with so much surprise and pleasure. . . . I felt as if transported to a scene in the

Arabian Nights. The moon, with its mild, delusive light, aided the deception, the forms rising beneath it still more fanciful and quaint. . . . Certainly no other place ever struck my imagination so forcibly; and never before did I experience so much pleasure from novel objects in so short a time. . . . The pavement of this church (San Marco) is undulating, like low waves, a sort of sleeping groundswell. C—— thinks it intentional, by way of marine poetry, to denote the habits of the people; but I fancy it is more probably poetical justice, a reward for not driving home the piles." The works of art gave him great delight. "Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese are seen only in Venice. Titian is here in a blaze of glory. You know the French carried away every work of art they could. They even attempted to remove fresco paintings, — a desecration that merited the overthrow of their power." "We have visited half the churches here, picture-hunting; and a queer thing it is to draw up to a noble portico in your gondola, to land, and find yourself in one of the noblest edifices of Europe. The sea-breezes fan the shrines, and sometimes the spray and surf are leaping about them, as if they were rocks on a strand."

Very deeply was the mind of the American author impressed with Venice, — that very Nereid among earth's grandest capitals, whose whole existence for long ages has been a brilliant marvel; most picturesque among municipalities; most poetical among the daughters of commerce; most thrifty, most politic, among the daughters of art; most Oriental among the children of Christian Europe; most stately, most elegant, among the proud daughters of the sea; most gay and gorgeous, most heartless, most tyrannical queen, among earth's crowning cities. For weeks the traveler went gliding along the noiseless canals, in the easy gondola, — reminding him, he said, in form and lightness, of

the Indian canoe of bark; now stepping from the graceful and shadowy skiff into the portal of some sacred pile; now springing from the boat into the hall of some old palace, all marble to the eye, between water and sky.

Erelong the idea of a romance connected with this enchanted ground suggested itself. He began to study closely works connected with Venetian history. An insight into the interior working of that political system filled him with horror. Its heartless trifling with every sacred right of individuals, its sacrifice of every righteous principle which came into conflict with its one chief object, the aggrandizement of San Marco, excited his indignation.

While the outline of the new romance was gradually assuming distinctness, the heats of summer rendered it unsafe to linger longer on those enchanted waters. The journey to Germany, to Dresden, was continued. There were pauses at picturesque Innsbrück, and at Munich, where the works of art were greatly admired. An amusing incident occurred during a night journey, at the gates of a small town between Munich and Dresden. The travelers were aroused from a midnight nap by the usual demand for the passport. The paper was handed to the soldier on duty. Presently the head official, also in uniform, ran eagerly to the carriage door, in a state of great excitement. "You come from America!" "Yes, we are Americans." "My brother Hans is in America! Did you see brother Hans Breitskopf in America?" "No; I did not see your brother. America is rather a large country."

At Dresden a pleasant apartment was found in the Alt-Markt. Measures were immediately taken for printing an edition of the *Water-Witch*. There was not the least difficulty in carrying out the plan, and that picturesque craft, which had been wrecked on the banks of the Tiber, was now successfully launched on the broader waters of the Elbe.

The quaint and busy show of homely German life in the Alt-Markt, as seen weekly at fairs, under tent and booth, so different from that of Italy, afforded amusement. The town was admired, with its fine public grounds, noble river and bridge, and above all its gallery, worthy of Italy. Still, there were regrets for the country south of the great mountains, and the author frequently remarked that every traveler should visit Germany before crossing the Alps. It was said that there was only one American in Dresden that summer, besides the author's family. There were English residents, but not in large numbers. The children of the family passed the day at a boarding-school, where they were sent to learn German. The excellent lady at the head of this establishment, after a while, confided to their parents the great astonishment excited in herself and all the school, on the first appearance of these children. "We expected them to be *black*! We supposed all Americans were *black*!" What had led to this idea? was the inquiry. "Oh, it was the general impression in Dresden that Americans were black. The idea was nothing new!" It happened also that Madame Christophe, the ex-Empress of Hayti, had recently passed some months with her daughter at Dresden, and her African complexion was of a fine ebony. It was supposed that the author of the *Spy* and his family would also prove blackamoors.

Meanwhile, the *Water-Witch* was printed. The first pages of a new romance, the *Bravo*, whose scene was laid in Venice, were written. The entire plan of the book was sketched in the author's mind. No notes were made. He never wrote from notes, unless writing history or statistics. In such cases he was very conscientious in all details, and drew up the important facts beforehand. A pleasant excursion was made to the Saxon Switzerland. A plan was being arranged for moving to Vienna

for the winter. Suddenly the tocsin of the Revolution of 1830 was heard booming from Paris! Finding the general character of the disturbance orderly, and under the control of General Lafayette, Mr. Cooper decided to return at once to Paris. He was eager to be on the ground where events of such great importance were occurring every day. He himself set out for France immediately, leaving his family to follow a few weeks later, under the care of a man-servant in whom he had confidence, and the nephew who had been traveling with him. The condition of Paris was found comparatively tranquil. There was no danger for foreigners. He secured a pleasant apartment in the Rue d'Aguesseau, and his family turned their faces westward. The journey was uneventful. After passing the frontiers of France, there was a general air of unrest and anxiety among the people, but no traces of violence. The elder women, poor creatures, at the different *auberges*, shook their heads, looking very sad, and hoped there would be no return of those dreadful *Cosaques* of 1815. One poor old crone, whose recollection carried her further back, to the terrors of the first Revolution, sat on a doorstep, weeping bitter tears and wringing her hands. She cried constantly, "*La Révolution est déchainée! La Révolution est déchainée!*" — as if the Revolution were a living monster! Alas, no doubt it has often proved so. The American family endeavored to comfort her, but in vain: she remained sitting on the doorstep, weeping and wringing her hands, and crying like a sibyl, "*La Révolution est déchainée! La Révolution est déchainée!*"

The Bravo was written to martial music. The reviews and movements of the garrison and National Guard of Paris were very frequent, and frequently also the beat of the *rappel*, calling the military out to quell some fresh disturbance, was heard even in the most quiet

streets. Who that has ever listened to that fearful roar of a frenzied mob can think of those sounds without horror! The growls of wild beasts are as nothing to the demoniac yells of men maddened by infuriate passion. The wild creatures, the beasts of prey, have but one nature, that of animals; but men, when forgetful of their humanity, rival fiends in the expression of intelligent cruelty. Still, the Revolution of 1830 was much the least disorderly of any of the long series of violent disturbances which have afflicted unhappy France during the last century. Foreigners were not molested. There were few days when ladies and children could not walk with safety in the Tuileries. Mr. Cooper followed every movement of the Revolution with deep interest, — in the streets, in the public press, in society, and in the Chambers. From the first he mistrusted the sincerity of the king. That impression increased with every year. And when the echoes of another outburst of the volcano in Paris reached him across the ocean, in his quiet village home, eighteen years later, he was prepared for it, had expected it. Meanwhile, however, during those first years after the Revolution of July he led his usual life, deeply interested in all public events of importance, whether at home or abroad, and spending two or three hours every morning in writing. He soon moved his family to the Faubourg St. Germain, to a small, quiet *hôtel, entre cour et jardin*, 59 Rue St. Dominique, where he continued to live until he left Europe. It was in the *cabinet* of that very pleasant home that the last chapters of the Bravo were written, and the book prepared for publication.

The task the author had allotted himself was thoroughly carried out. A picture of the heartless cruelty and treachery of the Venetian oligarchy, in its secret working, is laid before the reader; it is a picture which in no particular surpasses in the darkness of its coloring

what history has revealed on the same subject. It was the opinion of Mr. Cooper that an aristocracy must, from its very nature, be a dangerous form of government; as a general rule, he believed a prolonged aristocracy more likely to prove coldly selfish, tyrannical, and treacherous than either a monarchy or a democracy. This danger he conceived to flow from its irresponsible character, united to the great strength to which such a form of government may attain by the concentration of talent, wealth, intelligence, legislative and executive power, within a circle sufficiently narrow for the most decisive action, while, like all corporate bodies, it is lacking in the restraints of individual responsibility.

The *Bravo* was received with acclamation in France and Germany. In America it was disparaged. It was said the author had copied the novel of Lewis, the *Bravo* of Venice. This book he had never read.

The reader may remember the jailer's daughter, with the sweet Italian name of Gelsomina. The name was a real one, and possibly something in the general character may have been drawn from life. While the American family were living on the cliffs of Sorrento, a young peasant girl of the neighborhood became one of the household, half nurse, half playfellow, to the children of the party. She bore the name of Gelsomina. Simple and childlike, yet singularly faithful to duty, Gelsomina was soon in high favor with great and small, and, in charge of the young flock, made one of every family party in the little excursions about the bay. On these occasions she was always in gay costume: a light blue silken jacket trimmed with gold lace, a flowery chintz skirt, her dark hair well garnished with long golden pins and bodkins, a gold chain of many strands encircling her throat, and drops, long and heavy, hanging from her ears. It chanced one afternoon that, while playing with her young charge in the

orange grove of the garden, Gelsomina went for a draught of water to the well in the court, — that picturesque marble well. There, while bending over the curbstone and drawing up the bucket, like Zara of Moorish fame, she dropped one of the heavy ear-rings into the water. Great was the grief of the simple creature! Warm was the sympathy of the household! The ear-rings, like most of the jewelry of the Italian peasants, were as much an heirloom, a family treasure, as the diamonds of a duchess. But the well was one of great depth; the jewel was irretrievably lost. Gelsomina's tears, like those of Moorish Zara, fell on the marble curbstone in vain.

"The well is deep, — far down they lie beneath the cold blue water;

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! O luckless, luckless well!"

The warm-hearted and faithful Gelsomina would gladly have followed her American friends northward; but there was a portly aunt, a washerwoman, stately and dignified as a Roman matron, who would not trust her so far away from the orange groves of Sorrento. When the hour of parting came, she received from her mistress a fine pair of new ear-rings, of the peasant fashion, as a reward for her simple fidelity; and tears of gratitude and of sorrow fell upon the trinkets, as she kissed the hand of the giver. Something of the simplicity, innocence, and excellence of this young creature would seem to have been given, with her name, to the jailer's daughter, in the *Bravo*.

A most audacious and extraordinary attempt at literary forgery, one of the most flagrant on record, is connected with the *Bravo*. Mr. Cooper had lain but a few weeks in his grave, in the parish churchyard of the village which was his home, when there appeared in Paris, in a French periodical, a very flattering notice of his works, purporting to be written by an intimate personal friend,

and bearing the signature of a literary man of a degree of local reputation, a *feuilletoniste* of the day. Allusion was made to the years passed by the American author in France. The writer of the article declared himself to have been on terms of the closest intimacy with Mr. Cooper; deplored in his death the decease of a friend, — one who for years had been his constant companion, one who was in the habit of going almost daily with him to this *café* and that theatre! But it was not only a friend whom the French *littérateur* had lost; he had also been deprived of a constant correspondent, one whose letters filled his portfolio. A few of these letters he now lays before the public; a volume of them should shortly be published. While traveling in Italy these letters had been particularly interesting. At Venice, however, where Mr. Cooper wrote his celebrated romance of the Bravo, the *littérateur* was so fortunate as to have been his constant companion; he had visited with him the jailer's dwelling in which Gelsomina lived, the Piombi

where the wretched father of Jacopo died, and the spot marked for the death of Antonio. Remarks made by Mr. Cooper on these occasions were given; extracts from several letters purporting to be his were printed. Would it have been thought possible that such an article, from the first to the last line, was a most daring fabrication? It was falsehood throughout. Mr. Cooper had no French friend bearing the name of this writer. It is probable that he never wrote one line to that person. It is very doubtful if that individual ever crossed his threshold. The *cafés* alluded to Mr. Cooper never frequented as a habit. Rarely, indeed, did he go to a theatre, unless for some performance of more than usual intellectual attraction. The only gentlemen who accompanied him to the prisons of Venice chanced to be all Americans; he had on those occasions no European companion whatever. A brief denial of this most flagrant falsehood was immediately published by the family of Mr. Cooper. The volume of forged letters was never printed.

Susan Fenimore Cooper.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

SAYER of sooth, and Searcher of dim skies!
 Lover of Song, and Sun, and Summertide,
 For whom so many roses bloomed and died!
 Tender Interpreter, most sadly wise,
 Of earth's dumb, inarticulated cries!
 Time's self cannot estrange us, nor divide;
 Thy hand still beckons from the garden-side,
 Through green vine-garlands, when the Winter dies.

Thy calm lips smile on us, thine eyes are wet;
 The nightingale's full song sobs all through thine,
 And thine in hers, — part human, part divine!
 Among the deathless gods thy place is set,
 All-wise, but drowsy with Life's mingled Wine,
 Laughter and Learning, Passion and Regret.

Graham R. Tomson.

THE SECOND SON.

XXXII.

STEPHEN'S ANSWER.

THIS terror which seized Edmund did not come upon him for the first time: he had already perceived the supreme danger of making known his suspicions of Stephen to Roger; but there had been enough in the inquisition which was forced into his hands, and the question whether or not Stephen were really guilty, to distract his thoughts. Now, however, that he must carry back to Roger Stephen's disavowal, a disavowal which could, he said to himself, convince nobody, and which was of something quite different from the simple question which Roger had intended to put, a real panic seized upon him. Lily's disappearance was not an event which could be forgotten. It was not a thing of the moment, which could pass out of recollection, with all its attendant circumstances, when its novelty was exhausted. Had it been the father and mother alone, poor, helpless, miserable people, they might have been silenced somehow, and the cause of this misfortune concealed. But Roger would leave no stone unturned; he would resolutely clear up the mystery, and seek the girl whom he had loved, so bitterly to his own cost, until at least he had found that the Lily of his dreams was lost forever. Edmund shuddered to think what would befall his brother when he made this discovery: but more terrible still was the thought of what would happen when, in that search, Roger was brought face to face with the man who bore his own name, his father's son, his own flesh and blood.

In a state of distraction, the third of the sons of Melcombe, he who must stand between the two thus made dead-

ly enemies, divided by a wrong which could never be forgotten or forgiven, dwelt upon this inevitable discovery, and hurrying through the streets, unconscious of the crowd, turned over and over in his confused mind every expedient by which it could be averted. A thousand schemes passed wildly before him, only to be rejected. He laughed within himself at the futile suggestion that Roger might be persuaded to go away, to withdraw from the scene of his loss, that first thought which occurs to every Englishman in trouble. It was not so long since he had himself hurried his brother over the *banal* road into the commonplace resorts of weariness and wretchedness. That was not to be done again; and on what pretense, till Lily was proved unworthy, could Roger be driven from the new life he had planned? And how was Lily to be accounted for without the unveiling of that most horrible complication of all, and the revelation of the destroyer of Roger's hopes and dreams in his brother?

Edmund felt himself paralyzed by this terror, which he saw no way of escaping. He was as helpless as he was panic-stricken, and wandered about for the rest of the day, with no aim but to keep out of Roger's way, and no power to originate any expedient by which he might stave off the danger.

At last the moment came which could not have been long avoided. He met Roger at the end of the street in which their rooms were, about the hour of dinner, and for a moment hoped that he was going out to fill some engagement, and that there might still be a breathing time.

Roger had just come out, dressed for dinner, with a light overcoat over his evening clothes; and it seemed to Ed-

mund, who was still in his country suit, not fit for London, and sadly worn out and wretched, that the mere fact of his careful dress showed that his brother had shaken off the impression of the bad news. But when he saw more distinctly, by the uncertain evening light, Roger's face, white and rigid, with the upper lip closed down upon the lower, as if made of iron, he was quickly undeceived. As soon as they met, Roger put his arm within Edmund's, and turned him round in the direction in which he was himself going, with that ignoring of his brother's inclinations, even of his weariness and bodily needs, which is in some cases the highest compliment one man can pay to another.

"Ned," he began, without any preface, "the more I think of it, the more wretched it makes me. Was she a girl to disappear like that, leaving her people in anxiety? Besides, what motive was there for any such mystery? She might have let them know somehow, — she must have done so. Ned, my Lily has been spirited away!"

Edmund was taken by surprise. "No, no — who would do that?" he asked, bewildered by the suggestion.

"Who? Any one. Some madman who had seen her. We think we have outlived such things, but we haven't, Ned. Passion is as mad as ever it was. Or even to get her out of my way, my father" —

"Impossible! Such a thing would never enter his mind!"

"There is nothing impossible!" returned Roger, with nervous heat, "except that my Lily should go — should consent" — The deep murmur of his voice ceased in something inarticulate, a note of such immeasurable pain, of horrible doubt hidden under words of certainty, that Edmund felt all his fears realized. Then Roger gave himself a shake, as if to get rid of some nightmare, and asked, with an air of sudden awakening, "Did Stephen see her? Did

he notice anything — which way she went?"

"No, he noticed nothing."

Something in Edmund's tone made Roger look at him keenly. "He must have seen her. I could bring it to his recollection, — the night we met and the circumstances, which of course you did not know."

"Don't, Roger, for Heaven's sake! Why should you ask him again? Don't you believe me? He knows nothing. Don't let us bring in any one more."

"There is something in that," said Roger, with momentary acquiescence; then, after a pause, he asked, "Did he know her — at all?"

"I can't tell you," replied Edmund hastily, feeling that the intolerableness of the situation began to affect his nerves and temper. "I suppose he must have known her by sight: I don't know. What is the use of bringing him into it? He can tell us nothing."

Roger looked at his brother with a dawning suspicion in his eyes. "I don't think you are just to Stephen," he remarked. "I am going to see for myself."

"Roger," said Edmund, making use, like a woman, of the weariness and exhaustion which he felt, — though, like a woman, he could have disguised and suppressed them, had not the other way afforded a possibility of deliverance, — "I wish you could come with me first, and get me some dinner. I am fairly worn out. It has not been a good time for me, these last few days, and I have been wandering about from one place to another" —

"How selfish I am," interrupted Roger, "forgetting all you have been doing, and even to ask you — Come along, Ned; we'll get something at the club."

The penalty of this expedient was, that Edmund had to eat a prolonged dinner, which he needed, indeed, but for which he had no appetite, and which he

allowed to linger on, through course after course while Roger sat opposite to him, eating nervously a piece of bread, drinking the wine that was poured out for him without even observing what it was, sending away dish after dish with a half shudder of disgust, and with the wonder of a preoccupied mind that his brother should be capable of dining in so prolonged a way at such a moment. Edmund had to pay this penalty, and accepted it with what fortitude he could. He calculated, while he sat having everything handed to him, that by this time, probably, Stephen was disposed of for the evening; dining out, perhaps; or, which was more likely, — the horrible thought obtruded itself, even though it was so essential that he should give Roger no clue to the nature of his thoughts, — that Stephen might be at this moment by the side of the deceived and lost creature to whom Roger, with his white face of anxiety, was still holding loyally as his bride.

"Now," said Roger, with a faint smile, "if you are satisfied, Ned, don't you think we might go?"

If he were satisfied! He tried to laugh, too, and answered, "I had eaten nothing all day. Don't you think it is a little too late now?"

"I think — You shall go home and go to bed, Ned. You're worn out: and it cannot have the same overwhelming interest for you as for me, — though you're very good," said Roger. It was Edmund's rôle to have good intentions attributed to him. He took care not even to smile, not to groan, as he got up from the table at which he had been working so hard to make the meeting he dreaded impossible.

"No," he answered, "I'm not going to bed. I'm going with you, Roger, wherever you go, — provided it is not among any of your fine friends, in this garb."

"My fine friends!" exclaimed Roger, with indignant astonishment. "Can you

suppose me capable of going anywhere — anywhere! I thought you knew better what this is to me. Do you know what it is? It is life or death! If anything has happened to *her* — My God!"

The most tragic scenes, the most tragic words, are often mixed up in our strange life with the most petty and common, and desperate appeals to the last Arbiter of all things rise out of the depths of wretched hearts over the broken meats of a disordered table. There is something more heart-rending in them, under such circumstances, than when there is no jar of the ignoble matters of every day in the despair and passion. Roger standing over the table at which his brother had dined, in his correct evening dress, with his miserable face; the brown bread which he had been crumbling to pieces before him; his overcoat, which he had not cared to take off, hanging open; the background of cheerful parties dining; the murmur of cheerful talk around, made such a combination as would have smitten the hardest heart. He had come to that, that he had begun to acknowledge the possibility of something having happened to Lily: something which could not but be disastrous, horrible; something which might make an end of that which no other power on earth could have ended, for which he had been prepared to sacrifice everything that could be called life. There was a tremor in him which was visible, even though he was nervously erect and steady, in the outline of his figure, — a faint, nervous trick of movement which he could not restrain, and of which, indeed, he was unconscious. He put his hand hastily upon Edmund's arm, as they went out together. It was dry and burning, and he did not see the step at the door, and stumbled as they went out into the noise and bustle of the street.

Provided only that Stephen might not be found when they sought him at his

club! — for happily they could not seek him elsewhere. Edmund estimated the chances hurriedly, as they went along, and felt them to be all in his favor. If Lily were somewhere in London awaiting her lover, it was not possible that Stephen should spend the evening at his club. But Edmund was too anxious and too unhappy to take the comfort out of this which he felt to be justified; for every one knows how perverse circumstances are, and how a chance which would have no importance on another occasion will often detain a man, when his detention for that uncalculated moment means a catastrophe. So inscrutable, so little to be reckoned upon, is this strange life, which seems the sport of accidents, which is at least so little in our hands to arrange or settle! These thoughts went through Edmund's mind in a confused torrent, as he walked with Roger to Stephen's club, once more along that crowded pavement of Piccadilly, where so many men like themselves were hurrying on to all manner of engagements, and close to which so many carriages, coming and going, conveyed the fairest and the brightest and the most distinguished from one scene of pleasure to another, — of pleasure woven with so many threads of suffering, of festivity, and of tragedy. When the mind is full of distress and anxiety, such ideas come naturally. It is perhaps a little aid in bearing our own burdens to think how others are weighed down, and how little any one can know from the exterior.

It would have been, however, but a poor observer who could not have perceived that the two brothers walking along from one club to another were bound on no common errand. The faint yet almost palsied thrill of nervous movement about Roger, and Edmund's fever of anxiety, were not sufficiently veiled to be imperceptible to any keen eye. Neither of them seemed to breathe, as they approached the place. Edmund,

who knew how well his own excitement was justified, could not quite understand how it should have so communicated itself to Roger, who so far as he knew was unaware of any foundation for it. He pressed his brother's arm, as they went up to the open door. "Roger! you'll take care not to let him pick a quarrel? He was very impatient of my question; he may be still more so to have it repeated. A row in the family, between brothers" —

"Why should we quarrel? What reason is there for any row?" Roger said sternly, and Edmund had no answer to give.

Stephen was there, — up-stairs. They went in together, Roger first, Edmund scarcely able to breathe. A group of men were descending as they went up, and on the landing the two brothers perceived Stephen, the last of the band. His companions were talking and laughing, but he was coming down silently, with an angry cloud on his face. The two young men waited for him on the landing, which gave them full time to note his aspect and the unusual gravity of his looks; but he did not observe them, so occupied was he with his own thoughts, till he was close upon them. Then Roger put out his hand, and touched him on the arm. Stephen started, and raised his eyes with a sudden gleam of impatience: evidently he was not in a temper to be disturbed. But when he saw who it was a look of fury came into his eyes, — they were very light eyes, which looked sinister in excitement. "Hallo!" he cried, "you there again!" He passed over Roger with intention, and fixed his look upon Edmund, who stood behind.

"Stephen," said Roger, "I have a question to ask you." He was drawing his breath quickly and with difficulty.

"I presume," said Stephen slowly, scowling, drawing back a little, "it's the same question as that fellow put to me to-day. What the — is it your

business whether I know or whether I don't know? I told him I'd break any man's head that asked me that again!"

"Nevertheless, you must give me an answer," returned Roger, making a step forward. The question had not been put into words; there seemed no need between them for any such details. Neither of his brothers was in the least aware what it was which brought such fury into Stephen's eyes and tone. Roger, who accused him of nothing, whose question was in reality of the most simple character, was irritated by an opposition which appeared so uncalled for. He advanced a little as Stephen drew back. "If you have any light to throw upon the matter, for Heaven's sake answer me," he said, putting up his hand, as Stephen thought, to seize him by the coat.

There was in the younger brother a fury which had no means of utterance, which caught at the first possibility of getting vent. He pushed Roger back with a violence of which he was himself totally unaware. "I warned him — the first man that asked me that question again" — he cried savagely, thrusting his brother from him with all his force. They were all three on the edge of the heavy stone stairs, none of them conscious or thinking of any danger. Perhaps there would have been no danger if Roger had been in his ordinary condition of health. As it was, before a word could be said or a breath drawn, before Stephen was aware of the violence of the thrust backward which he had given, Roger went down like a stone. There was a breathless, horrible moment, while the two who were left looked involuntarily into each other's faces: then Edmund, with a spring, reached the bottom of the stairs, where all huddled upon himself, like a fallen house, his brother lay. In a moment, — it was no more: as if a flash of lightning had come out of the sky and struck him down there.

XXXIII.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

There is something in the atmosphere of a sick-room in which a man lies under the shadow of death, especially when that awful shadow has come upon the sky in a moment, which changes the entire aspect of the world to those who stand at the bedside. There had been a moment of horror and dismay, in which Stephen's bewilderment and terror-stricken compunction had obliterated all feeling of guilt on his part from his brother's mind. Indeed, the catastrophe was so unlooked for, and seemed so entirely beyond any cause that could have brought it about, that the two brothers bent over Roger with equal anxiety, equal alarm and astonishment, forgetting everything but the sudden shock as of a thunderbolt falling, striking him down at their feet. Edmund had no time or power to think, during the turmoil and horrible pause which ensued, which might have lasted, so far as he knew, a day or ten minutes, in which Roger was examined by a grave doctor, who said little, and was then painfully transported to his own rooms and laid on his own bed. He had not recovered consciousness for a moment, nor did he during the long, terrible night which followed, in the course of which Edmund sat like a man paralyzed, within sight of the motionless figure, for which there was nothing to be done. none of those cares which keep the watcher from despair. The doctor had sent in a nurse, who, after vainly endeavoring to induce Edmund to withdraw ("For he does n't know you, or any one, nor won't, perhaps, ever again, poor gentleman! And what's the good of wearing yourself out, when you can do nothing for him?" she had said, with that appalling reasonableness which kills), had herself retired to the next

room, provident, as her class always are, of the rest which would be so needful to her, in face of whatever might occur to demand her watchfulness afterwards. Her words, her look, made Edmund's heart sick, and the realization of the fact that there was nothing to be done, and that, whether for always or only for a time, Roger was beyond all possibility of succor, came over him with a sudden blankness of desolation. He knew nothing of illness, especially of illness so extraordinary and terrible. He felt that he could not tell from moment to moment what might be accomplishing itself on the curtainless bed, where Roger's profile, stern in the silence, showed itself against the faintly colored wall. He sat there himself in a sort of trance of despair and anguish and deadly fear. His brother might die at any instant, for anything Edmund knew; the life which was already hidden and veiled might depart altogether, without a hand being held out to save. The horror of doing nothing, of sitting still, and perhaps seeing the precious life ebb away without putting out a finger, without an effort, as Edmund felt, was almost beyond bearing. He himself could do nothing, — he knew nothing that could be done. If the doctor had but remained, who knew! but the doctor had said that to watch the patient was all that was possible; and Edmund was watching, Heaven knew how anxiously! yet in his ignorance feeling that some change might occur which he would not observe, would not understand, and on which might hang the issues of life and death. Half a dozen times he had risen to call the nurse, that there might be some one who would know; then had restrained himself and noiselessly sat down again, remembering what she had said, and half afraid of crossing or irritating the attendant on whose services, for aught he knew, Roger's life might depend. He felt like a fool, or a child, so ignorant, so helpless, so ready to be

seized with unreasonable panic, — surely unreasonable, since both doctor and nurse had felt themselves at liberty to go away. It was about nine o'clock when the catastrophe had occurred, and by midnight it seemed to Edmund as if years had passed over him in that awful stillness, and as if everything in life had receded far away. By the bed where Roger lay unconscious there was no longer anything worth thinking of, except whether he would open his eyes, whether the hardness of his breathing would soften, whether any sign of life would break through that blank. Lily Ford? — who was she, what was she? If her name swept, in the current of his thoughts, over Edmund's mind at all, he was impatient of it, and flung it from him, like something intrusive and impertinent. All the associations that had occupied his thoughts for days past went from him like vanities. He remembered them no more, or, if they recurred, brushed them from his mind, with indignant astonishment that such nothings could ever have occupied it. What was there to think of in all the world but that Roger lay there, an image of death in life, wrapped in darkness, and perhaps — perhaps — a horror that made his heart stand still — might never come out of it again?

At midnight Stephen came in, trying, no doubt, to walk softly and speak softly; opening the door with a creak, and stepping upon some loose plank in the flooring, which shivered and jarred under his foot. "How is he now?" he asked in a rough whisper, which seemed to Edmund's strained faculties more penetrating, more disagreeable, than any ordinary noise. Stephen made a step forward elaborately, and looked at the face upon the pillow. "Don't look much better, does he?" he said. In reality Stephen was very uncomfortable, — more than uncomfortable. He had not meant to do his brother any harm, — he had repeated that assurance to himself a

hundred times within the last hour. He never meant to harm him, — why should he? He had no motive for injuring his brother; they had always been good friends. What had happened about their father's will was nothing. There was no possible reason in that for quarreling with Roger, for he was quite out of it, and had nothing to say in the matter. Nobody would do Stephen the wrong to say that he had any bad meaning. How could he know that a man, a man as big as himself, would go down like that at a touch? It was no fault of his: there must have been something the matter with the poor old fellow, or he must have been standing unsteadily, or — but certainly it was not Stephen who was to blame. He had repeated this to himself all the way, as he went along the streets. How could he be to blame?

"For God's sake, be quiet, — don't disturb him!" said Edmund, with an impatience that was uncontrollable. Disturb him! He would have given everything he had in the world to be able to disturb Roger, — to draw him out of that fatal lethargy; but the sound of Stephen's jarring step, and the whisper which whistled through this sacred place, roused Edmund to a fever of suppressed passion.

"Oh, nothing disturbs a man in that state. I've seen 'em," Stephen said, taking less precautions as he became familiar with the darkened room, the aspect of everything, "when you might have fired a cannon-ball close to their ears, and they would have taken no notice. When is the doctor to come back? Are you going to sit up all night? I thought he had sent in a nurse. Then what's the use of you sitting up? You can't do him any good."

"I can't talk," Edmund answered; "don't ask me any questions. We can only wait and see what the morning brings."

Stephen nodded in assent. He stooped

over the bed, looked at the motionless figure, and shook his head. "Poor chap!" he said, "he looks very bad." Stephen was very uncomfortable, but he did not know how to express it. He stood swaying from one foot to the other, looking blankly about him. "I don't suppose I can be of any use," he said.

"None, none!" replied Edmund. "Nobody can be of any use."

"You'd rather I should go?" asked Stephen, glad to escape, yet reluctant to show it. "I should n't if I could be of any use; but if I can't — Look here, Ned, call the woman, and go to bed yourself; you can't do him any good, either."

"Oh, go, go!" Edmund said.

"And, Ned — as for what he asked me, poor chap! You may think it is n't true, but it is true. I declare to you" —

"Oh, for Heaven's sake," cried Edmund, under his breath, "go away, go home, go to bed! What does it matter? What does anything matter? Do I care whether it is true or not? Go, go!"

"You speak as if I had n't as good a right — as if you thought I meant to — to do him harm. I never meant to do him harm, so help me" —

"Go now, Stephen, go home and go to bed. He may be better in the morning."

"Poor chap!" Stephen said once more, shaking his head; and then creaking more than ever, like his father, making the boards jar and the room shake, he went away.

And again that awful silence came over the place, — a silence which thrilled and vibrated with dreadful meaning, till even the interruption of Stephen's presence seemed to have been a gain. Edmund sat still and motionless, his heart within him in a fever of suspense, and fear and agitation indescribable rioting in his bosom with an independent, mad life of unendurable pain. How he kept still, how he did not cry out, spring up

from his watch, drag back by any violent means the dead, dumb, marble image which was his brother to life, to life, to any kind of conscious being, even if it were agony, he could not tell. But something, whether it was reason, whether it was the mere solidity of flesh and blood, which bound the raging anxiety of the soul, kept him almost as still as Roger; watching, wondering what was to come and how he was to live through this awful night.

The morning brought little hope; and then ensued days upon days, of which Edmund knew nothing except that they came and passed and brought no change. Stephen appeared from time to time, stealing in with elaborate precautions, making every board creak, — as if it mattered! And presently the Squire arrived, like a larger Stephen, looking at the patient in the same helpless way, shaking his head. The father's sanction was necessary before the dangerous operation, which was the only thing in which there was a glimmer of hope, could be attempted. Mr. Mitford was far from being without feeling. To see his son, his first-born, of whom he had been proud, lying on that bed, which was too evidently a bed of death, affected him deeply. He had asked a great many questions at first, and had been inclined to blame everybody. "Why did you let him question Steve? Steve never would stand questioning, from a child. Why did n't you warn Steve that he was ill? He must have been ill, or a mere push could not have harmed him. Was it only a push? It must have been more than a push. They had a scuffle, I suppose, on the stairs! By —! how could you be such a fool as to let two men in the heat of a quarrel meet on the stairs?" Thus he talked, in his large voice, with an angry cloud upon his face, as he came up-stairs. But when he entered Roger's room the Squire was silenced. He stood and looked at his son with angry, helpless wretchedness,

making a little sound of half-remonstrant trouble with his tongue against his palate. What could he do? What could be done? To know that it was all over would have been nothing compared to the misery of seeing him there, and not knowing what might happen at any moment. Mr. Mitford was glad to go away, making his progress audible by that faint sound of inarticulate perplexity and remonstrance, and by the unsubduable tread which shook the house. He had no objection to try the desperate expedient of the operation, though he did not in the least believe in it. "He's a dead man! he's a dead man! I don't believe they can do anything," he said, in the hurried family council which was held in an adjoining room. And Stephen also shook his head. He was very like his father. He had the same expression of perplexed and irritated seriousness. He had taken up almost eagerly the same note of remonstrance. If Ned had only kept him quiet, kept him in-doors that night, when anybody might have seen he was out of sorts, and not fit to give and take, like other men. His discomfort as to his own share in the matter was wearing off, and he began to feel that he was an injured person, and had a right to complain.

Ah! if Edmund had but been able to keep his brother in-doors that night! He said it to himself with a far more tragic sense of the impossibility than the others were capable of. If only — if! — how lightly, it now seemed, all the miseries that existed before could have been borne. It gave him a pang indescribable to think, as he immediately did, of how simple it might have been, — how life might have flowed on quite smoothly: Roger miserable, perhaps, himself weighed down by the pressure of a secret never to be revealed; but what of that, what trifles, what nothings, in comparison with this!

He was the only one who had any

hope in the operation, though he was the last to consent to it. The others, no doubt, would have been glad if Roger had recovered, but they were almost as anxious to be freed from the dreadful pressure of the situation as to save his life: his life, if possible; but if not, that these paralyzing circumstances might come to an end. It was with the hope that one way or other this release might be accomplished that Mr. Mitford and Stephen awaited the result. They would not remain in the room, — it was too much for them: they remained close by, in Roger's sitting-room, with all its scattered traces of his presence. Geraldine and Amy were there, too, with a little feminine rustle, crying from time to time, yet not unconscious of a curiosity about the photographs on the tables, which were not all family photographs, and about such other revelations as might be gleaned of the young man's independent life; but ready to cry again, to give back all their attention to the one absorbing subject, whenever a door opened or a sound was heard. The Squire walked about the room with his heavy tread, taking up and throwing down again such articles as caught his eye, a whip, a cane, a cigar-case, little luxuries such as in some cases he despised. Stephen stood with his back to the others, looking out, with a curious mingling of compunction and resentment and self-defense in his mind. Nobody could say he was to blame, — how could he be to blame? Was he to know that a man might be as weak as a cat, not fit to stand against a push? Nobody could be expected to think of that.

Edmund alone stood by his unconscious brother, while the doctors were doing their work. He alone received the dazed, bewildered look which Roger cast round him in the first moment of relief, like a man awakening, yet with something awful in it, as if the awakening were from the dead. When that vague gaze fell upon Edmund, the suf-

ferer recognized him for a moment, smiled, made a motion as if to put out his hand, and said something, which was audible only as a murmur in his throat. He was not allowed to do any more. The doctors interfered to ordain perfect quiet, perfect rest, the closest watch, and no excitement or movement. The operation had been successful, quite successful. Twenty-four hours' perfect quiet, and then — The great operator, whose every minute was worth gold, looked in to the adjoining room himself, to relieve the anxiety of the family. "As an operation entirely satisfactory; everything now depends on the strength of the patient," he said. The relief of the strain which had been upon their nerves was great. The girls got up from the corner with that pleasant rustle of their skirts, and uttered little cries of pleasure and thankfulness. Geraldine stood up before the glass over Roger's chimney-piece to put her bonnet straight, which had been a little disarranged, she thought, by her crying. Amy made a little dart to a table, where there was a photograph of a woman which she had never seen before, and turned it over to see if there were any name or inscription. The Squire threw down a cane with a curious silver handle which he had been examining, and breathed forth a great sigh of relief. "That's all right!" he said. It seemed to all of them that the incident was over, and that perhaps they had been unduly excited, and it had not been so important, after all.

But Edmund did not move from his brother's room. His heart was sick with that deferred hope which it is so hard to bear. He too had thought the incident was over, for the first minute. He took his brother's hand and pressed it in his own, and thought he felt a faint response. But when he was dismissed again to his watch, and forbidden to speak or touch the patient still hanging between life and death, his heart sank. The room relapsed once more, after all

the silent strain and excitement, into absolute quiet. Presently the nurse came to Edmund's side, and whispered, "He's going to sleep, sir, — the very best thing; and you should go and take a bit of rest. Nobody in this world can do without a bit of natural rest."

Edmund scarcely understood what the woman said. He did not move; he could not have risen had his life depended upon it, nor withdrawn his eyes from the sleeper. Was it sleep? Was it death? How could he tell? No more than if he had been dying himself could he have moved from his brother's side.

And in that sleep Roger died.

XXXIV.

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY.

It is needless to say that this event, so unlooked for, coming with such a shock upon them all (though the two brothers-in-law, the husbands of Geraldine and Amy, declared that they had never for a moment looked for any other termination), produced a great effect upon the family. A death in a family always does so. There was a jar and startling stop of all the machinery of life. The two gay young houses in London, and the great house at Melcombe, were shut up. Geraldine and Amy, retired from all their pleasures, and with a good deal of sorrow for themselves, thus withdrawn from existence, as it were, so early in the season, crossed by a real transitory pang, more perhaps for the horror of the catastrophe than for the brother lost, made an occupation and distraction for themselves in the ordering of their mourning, which gave them a great deal to do, and a little much-desired novelty. They had never been in mourning before; it was a new sensation; they did not know whether it would be becoming or the reverse. Roger had not been much to them at any time, and if they

cried a little now and then, when they remembered, and felt a sharp little sting of that almost remorseful pain with which simple minds contemplate the sweeping away of another life, while they still continue to enjoy the sunshine, it was all that could have been expected from these two untrained and uncherished girls. It is to be doubted even whether Roger would have felt so much for them. Women are more capable of having the feelings they ought to have, and responding to the exigencies of their position, than men.

At Melcombe the household lived, for the days which elapsed between the death and burial, in a pause of suspended excitement, with a great deal to talk about and think about, and a solemnity which was not unpleasant. Some of the old servants were truly grieved for Mr. Roger, but the subdued bustle in the funereal house, the continual succession of events, the comparison of facts and reports, the making out so far as they could of an extremely exciting story, and even the new mourning into which they were all put, men and women, with a fullness of provision which they felt showed the most real respect for the dead, occupied their minds and aroused their interest, — quickened, in short, their entire mental being. They all knew — though how nobody could have told — that Stephen was somehow connected with his brother's death; they all speculated as to what Lily Ford had to do with it. Was it jealousy? What was it? It was known by this time that Lily Ford was no longer in her father's house. Indeed, Mrs. Ford proclaimed the fact to everybody, saying that her daughter was staying with some of her grand friends, and that she was glad of it, for Lily was very tender-hearted, and would have felt Mr. Roger's death dreadful. The Fords, indeed, entirely confounded the ingenuity of the servants' hall. Larkins, who was aware of that distracted visit to Edmund, had put on

his most sympathetic face the next time he had met the gamekeeper's wife. "I hope, ma'am, that you've better news," he had said in the most mournful and confidential tone. "Oh, thank you, sir, I've had the best of news, and just as happy as can be," she had responded cheerfully, taking him much by surprise. There was a mystery, but no one had even a guess what the mystery was.

The family, as was natural, assembled at Melcombe for the funeral, filling the house with guests and a kind of gloomy entertainment for three or four days. Poor Roger was laid, with "every respect," with all honor, in the family vault, a black-robed group of mourners, with respectfully bowed heads, standing round the coffin, which was concealed from sight, it need not be said, by wreaths of the most beautiful flowers, sent, according to the fashion of the time, from far and near. Father, brothers, brothers-in-law, cousins, old neighbors of all degrees, followed the melancholy train. More respect could not have been shown to a prince; and some went away saddened by thoughts of the promising life cut short, and some with relief to think that at last all was over, which was scarcely a less human sentiment. In Melcombe perhaps the feeling of relief predominated. To be able to have the blinds drawn up, to look at the papers, to enter without self-reproach into ordinary subjects, after such a long and distressing break in all usual habits, was a welcome change. Poor Roger! it could not do him any good, poor fellow, that anybody should be ill at ease. All the crying in the world would not bring him back. Everything had been done that could be done, — more, far more than people in general were able to do; and now that it was all over it was a relief to return to ordinary themes and ordinary habits once more.

The Squire was a man who did not feel very much except when he was put out

and his habits were interfered with; but yet as much as was possible he had felt this. A man does not lose his eldest son by a sudden and almost violent death without feeling it; especially when he has just made a family revolution in consequence of that son's proceedings, and altered the succession in a way that becomes ridiculous the moment the culprit disappears. He had put Roger out of his natural place, and he had put Stephen in it. And now that he had time to think, the arrangement struck him not only as very ridiculous, a thing that naturally everybody would think they had a right to demand explanations of, but also as unjust and unjustifiable. The wrong to Edmund had not troubled him, so long as Edmund's refusal to carry out his wishes had stood between them. But now that these wishes had dropped, now that fate had ended all Roger's chances, there was no doubt that to cut off Edmund for no reason at all was an injustice. He was now the eldest son, — there was no doubt on that point, — the natural heir, the head of the family after his father; whereas Stephen must bear the mark of cadency, however completely endowed he might be with the family honors. This troubled the Squire greatly, and prolonged the existence of the cloud which had arisen with Roger's death. That event put everything out. It stultified him; it made him do what he had never intended to do. There was nothing, indeed, nothing in the world against Edmund. He had given his father no offense. He would, all things considered, probably make a better Squire of Melcombe than a man who had got a great deal too much of the messroom in him. The Squire was certainly uncomfortable, and yet he did not like to make again an exhibition of himself by another change. Pouncefort would say, "I told you that you would regret it;" he would say with his eyebrows, if not in words, that the Mitfords were hot-headed fools. He would

perhaps talk of the risk, of which he had warned the Squire, of dying before dinner. Mr. Mitford was afraid of Stephen, too, who would not willingly part with the inheritance which he had accepted so readily. It requires a strong inducement to make a man expose himself to all these disagreeables, and in face of this paraphernalia of death and burial the Squire felt with a recoil the force of his own life and strength. Why should he hurry himself, expose himself to the remonstrances of Stephen and the jeers of Pouncefort? But he was very uncomfortable, and troubled with an angry sense that his eldest son, whom he had so remorselessly cut out, had repaid him very summarily, almost shabbily, for this ill turn, and that Roger might have helped it if he would.

Stephen too was very uncomfortable, so uncomfortable that in one respect it did him good. It put Lily and the rage and the humiliation which her escape from his hands had caused him out of his mind. He forgot that he had been made a fool of, cheated, deceived, *planté là*, which was how he represented it to himself. There are different standards of pride and honor. Stephen had felt himself wronged, insulted, put to shame, by Lily. He would have thrown up his commission, abandoned all his occupations and pleasures, left England, disappeared he did not care where, had the story ever reached the ears of his set. It would have covered him with ridicule and shame; it made him ridiculous to himself, even, while he brooded furiously over it during the first day. He had spent half the night in the streets, like Lily, but not in the same streets, as it happened, and had not given up the search for twenty-four hours after; not, indeed, until the morning on which Edmund found him, coming back, suspicious and on the watch for any look or hint that might show a consciousness of his secret. It was this rage of shame and terror of ridicule which had made him repulse his

brothers, one after the other, in the latter case with such fatal effects. But the catastrophe delivered Stephen: he thought of Lily no more; he forgot that disgusting episode, as he called it in his thoughts; the shock of this new and dreadful event drove her and the fury with which he had been regarding her out of his mind altogether. He was not very sensitive nor tender-hearted, but the sight of Roger's fall would not go out of his eyes or his mind. When he was by himself it came back to him, — the sudden disappearance, the sound, so heavy, so horrible, so unlike any other sound. He could not forget it. Presently something of the same feeling with which he had regarded Lily when she escaped came into his thoughts of Roger, a sense of anger, as if he had been taken at a disadvantage, put into a position in which he could not but show badly, although he was not really to blame. Certainly he was not to blame. He had done nothing that the gentlest-tempered man might not have done. He did not strike nor knock down his assailant, as a hot-headed fellow would have done. He only pushed him back a bit; anybody would have done that. He meant no harm. How could he tell that Roger was weak, or unsteady, or excited? He had done nothing wrong, but somehow he was put in the wrong, and he knew people would look at him askance. Edmund did, for one. They had walked together after the coffin, but Edmund had not said a word to him, had greeted him only with a hurried nod, had turned his eyes away, as if he could not bear the sight of him, which was unjust, — by Jove! abominably unjust. For he had done nothing, — nothing that any man would not have done in the circumstances. He was not to blame. He had not meant to hurt Roger. Why should he? Roger was not in his way. Still, it is a disagreeable thing to have anything to do with the killing of your brother: no one likes to be mixed up in

such a catastrophe, — and again Stephen would seem to see the face of Roger disappear from before him, and the mass all huddled up at the bottom of the stairs.

And this funeral party was very disagreeable to him. To act company with Statham and Markham, whose spirits were only temporarily subdued, and who seemed to think they should be taken over the stables (a duty which Edmund, retiring to his own rooms as soon as the funeral was over, would take no part in), and to show the civility of a son of the house, almost of a host, to the departing guests, who, he felt sure, must be commenting upon everything that had happened, — all that was wearisome. A man who has been so unfortunate as to shoot his father or his brother, as they push through the covert together, is pitied, though probably it is all due to his carelessness; but a man who pushes his brother down-stairs, his brother whose rightful place he has just usurped! Stephen felt that circumstances were very hard upon him; for it was no fault of his, — he was not to blame.

He would have liked above all things to leave Melcombe with the Stathams and the Markhams, next day; they were unfeignedly glad to go, and so was Nina, who had persuaded Geraldine to take her “for a change.” “Everybody goes for a change, when there has been a death,” Nina said, and the sisters acknowledged the justice of the statement. They all went away with serious looks, giving little pinches and pats to each other’s crape, which, being so stiff and new, would not “sit;” but by the time they got to the station they had all cheered up wonderfully, and begun to talk about what they had better do. The season was lost to them, but still the world was not without delights. “It would be just the time to go for a little run abroad,” Geraldine had said, laying to heart that suggestion of Nina’s about a change after a death. Lady Statham had so far recovered her spirits

as to suggest this, as they reached Molton Junction, whither they had driven to catch the express train.

Stephen turned back, with a sigh of angry pain. He could not go away, nor go abroad, nor even return to his regiment. His father had angrily insisted that he should remain. “If you’re going to be the head of this house, you’d better give up the regiment,” he said. *If*, again! — that *if* did Stephen a little good. It showed him that he might have to fight for his rights, which was exhilarating, and gave him something to think of. *If*! It was the governor’s own doing to put him in that place, but he was not going to give it up, — it would be the greatest folly to give it up. He was not one of those who could chop and change with every wind, he said to himself; and if the governor meant to go back from his word he should not find it so easy as he had done with Roger. When a thing was settled, it was settled. The chance of a fight again did Stephen good. It kept him up after the others had gone away. To be left alone in the house with his father and Edmund was not a cheerful prospect, but if there were going to be a fight!

He had need of this little spark of pugnacity to sustain him, for it would be difficult to imagine anything more miserable than the dinner-table at Melcombe, on the first evening after the Stathams and Markhams had gone. Roger’s empty chair stood at the foot of the table, but no one took it; neither Edmund, who had the natural right as the eldest surviving son, nor Stephen, who had the acquired right as the heir. They took their places on either side of their father, with a sense of desolation. Presently Edmund started up, pushing against the astonished Larkins, and himself put away the chair against the wall. No one said a word; the father and Stephen looked on, with a feeling that something of reproach to them was in this rapid movement, but they were too

much cowed to protest or remonstrate. Larkins, following Edmund, cleared away very solemnly the knives and forks and glasses from the table, which had been laid as usual for that fourth who would never take his place there again. Larkins felt the reproach, also, though in a different way; but he had the support of feeling that he had done it for the best, not knowing which Mr. Edmund would prefer: to assume the place which was now his, or, for convenience, as there was so small a party, to keep his former position at the side. The butler put all the silver and crystal upon the tray which John Thomas held behind him, very slowly, and with great solemnity and just but suppressed indignation; and they all looked on in silence, not saying a word. And so the last traces of Roger's presence were swept away.

They were all glad when the meal was over, and they were at liberty to separate. Even Nina's presence would have been a little relief. The three, each other's nearest relations in the world, felt among them a *sourd* antagonism. To Stephen and his father Edmund's silence was as a disapproval of both; Mr. Mitford was angry with his youngest son for having gained a promotion to which he had no right, and Stephen was all in arms against any possible repentance of his father. How glad they were to rise, a few moments after Larkins, who was a sort of protection to them, left the room! Each was afraid of what the other might say. Another night of repose, of postponement, before any explanation could be made, was the greatest gain which was possible. Mr. Mitford and Edmund retired quickly, taking different directions, the moment they rose from the table, to their own apartments. Stephen strolled out into the park with his cigar. He had no den within doors, no occupation to which he could withdraw. He did not read; he could not play billiards or anything else without a companion; and the billiard-room, to which he would

have gone on an ordinary occasion, was full of the memory of Roger, so that Stephen felt with a shudder that he might see his dead brother, or imagine he saw him (for he was well aware that ghosts were but optical illusions), in the present disturbed state of his nerves, if he went there. But he had forgotten, when he stepped outside into the soft air of the summer night, that here were other associations not much more salutary for his nerves than a fancied apparition. How often had he gone forth, complacent, expanding his broad chest, pulling down his cuffs, with all the pleasure of a conqueror, to meet the little beauty, the admiring girl, who was ready to burn incense to him as much as he would, ready to drop into his arms as soon as he should hold up a finger! (Stephen took no pains to keep his metaphors clear.) But now the very thought of Lily filled him with rage. He could not put her out of his mind, now that he had come back. He seemed to see her advancing towards him under the trees, hurrying to meet him. By George! she wished she could now, he did not doubt. She would give her ears that she had not been such a fool. She ran to be chased, to be sure; the last thing in her mind was to be lost, to be allowed to get away. He caught eagerly at this idea, which occurred to him for the first time. Women always run away that men may run after them, but she had succeeded better than she wanted, this time. By Jove! if she had ever supposed he would not have caught her up, she would not have been in such a hurry to run away: and then he began to compliment himself on his skill in missing Lily. What a life she would be leading him now, if he had found her, if he had seized her round some corner and brought her back, as no doubt she intended!

This was the way in which Stephen tried to subdue the furious recollections of that failure, when he brought the

whole business back to his mind by strolling out into the park ; but the attempt was not very successful. He did not smoke his cigar out, but whirled it away into the twilight, as if it were a missile thrown at Lily, and went in again, discontented, sulky, miserable, to fall into his father's hands.

XXXV.

PATERNAL ADVICE.

Mr. Mitford, also, was sulky, miserable, and discontented. Perhaps in him it was grief taking another aspect, different from that of common grief. He was out of heart with himself and everything round. Roger was in his grave,—all his own fault, his obstinacy and folly, setting himself against his father and everything that was sensible ! But, however it came about,—and it was a faint satisfaction to think that it was Roger's own fault,—the boy was in his grave. There was nothing more to discuss about him or to find fault with,—he was in his grave. The Squire had a dull sort of consciousness in his mind that Roger might meet his mother thereabouts, and that it would be a little triumph to her to find out that he had not succeeded with the boy,—for he had never agreed with his wife about education, and never would let her have her own way. She would say, "This would not have happened if he had taken my advice." Mr. Mitford had not thought of his wife for a long time, and he wondered how it was that this recollection should seize him now. It was not cheerful in the library, where he suddenly remembered that all the boys had been in the habit of meeting, the drawing-room being so little used after their mother's death. All the boys!—and now one of them was in his grave ; and another keeping apart, tacitly blaming his father (though how any man in his

senses could think him to blame!) ; and the third, whom he had himself set above the others, made the master ! Stephen had never been very kind, always a selfish fellow, taking his own way. Well, well ! The Squire said to himself, with a sigh, that this was how children treated one, after all the trouble they were to bring up : went against you ; contradicted you ; died if they could not have their own way otherwise, and thought that was the thing that would annoy you most ; or sulked, making you believe that you were to blame. He found the silence of his room intolerable, that lingering, slow evening : the house was so quiet. He could remember when it had made him very angry to hear steps and voices about, and he had said that the servants were altogether forgetting themselves, and that Larkins and Mrs. Simmons must have lost their heads ; but he would have been glad to hear something moving to-night.

By and by he saw a red speck in the distance, in the evening gray, coming towards the house, and made out that it was Stephen chiefly by that hasty motion of flinging his cigar from him, which Stephen, on his side, had been driven to do by the hurry and stinging of his thoughts. Mr. Mitford was glad to see some one to whom he could talk, some one who had no right to be sulky ; who, if there were any blame, was worse than he was, far more deeply involved, and to whom he could furnish matter for thought such as perhaps Stephen would not like.

Short of getting rid of our own discomfort, there are few things so soothing as making other people uncomfortable, and the Squire felt that to plant Stephen's pillow with thorns would restore a certain zest to life. He opened his door, accordingly, as his son came in, and said, "If you've nothing better to do, you may as well come in here for half an hour. I want to talk to you."

"I have nothing whatever to do," re-

turned Stephen resentfully, "except to write some letters," he added as an afterthought, perceiving the snare into which he had fallen.

"You can write your letters any time, but me you may n't have — you may n't have — so very long" — Mr. Mitford had not at all intended to say anything of this lugubrious description, but it came to his lips unawares.

"Why, you are as hale and hearty as any man could wish to be!" said Stephen, surprised.

"Perhaps so, — perhaps not," remarked the Squire oracularly. "Don't vapor about, but sit down, for Heaven's sake! Don't stand and swing about. It's a thing I cannot bear, as I always told" — He would have said "Roger," with one of those curious returns upon a dead name which so constantly occurs when the void is fresh; and though his feelings were not deep, he was touched by it in spite of himself. "I'll never say that or anything else to him again, poor fellow! Sit down. I have a great many things to say." But though Stephen sat down with more than usual docility, perhaps moved in a similar way, it was some time before his father spoke. When he did, it was in the tone of a man who has been awaiting a tardy response. "Well! you know what I said about sending in your papers?"

"There can't be any such dreadful hurry about it, I suppose?"

"There is a hurry. You've stepped into the place, and you must fill it. I am not going to have a fellow here who is at home only when he pleases, or never at home at all. There's no objection to that on the part of a younger son, who is of no particular account. But when you come to be the eldest, or at least to stand in the place of the eldest" —

"There's many an eldest son who is as much away from home as I am. When the man of the house is as well and lively as you are" —

"Lively, — with my poor boy in his grave!" said the Squire; and then he abandoned this subject curtly. "There's a great deal more for you to do," he added. "I'll take nothing off your hands. You'll have to give your attention to Pouncefort and the rest. I've come to a time of life when I don't choose to be troubled. I say when I don't *choose*, — I don't mean that I'm not able enough to do whatever's wanted: but I don't choose to bind myself. You'll have to stay at home and look after things."

"You know very well that you would n't let me look after things, if I were to try."

"I know nothing of the sort," returned Mr. Mitford, angrily. "And more than that, you must marry and settle. It's not decent to go on as we've been doing, without a woman in the house."

"Marry!" said Stephen, with a low whistle of ridicule and surprise.

"Yes, marry. You may laugh, — that's part of your libertine messroom ways; but in my day, as soon as a young man knew how he was going to live he married, — it was the first thing that was thought of. If you are to have Melcombe, you must arrange your life accordingly."

"If I laughed, — and I did not laugh, — it was to think of such a piece of advice from you, when we're all in the deepest of mourning."

"Well! getting married is n't fun, is it?" said the Squire. "It's not a frolic; and besides, it's not a thing that can be done in a moment. You can't be introduced to a girl now, and propose to her in a week, and marry her, — in your mourning, as you say. Mourning does n't last long nowadays. If you wear a hat-band for six months, I suppose it's about as much as you'll do. Dead people are soon shoved out of the way." Mr. Mitford was not thinking now of Roger, but the summary way in which

he himself would be disposed of, supposing such an unlikely thing to happen as that he should die. The thought recurred to him against his will.

"You talk," remarked Stephen, taking his cigar-case from his pocket, choosing a cigar, looking at it all round, and then returning the case to his pocket, in order to show by this expressive pantomime how hard a thing it was to sit and talk or be talked to without the help of smoke, — "you speak," he said, poisoning the cigar in his fingers, "as if you had settled it all; not only the marrying, but whom I'm to marry. Oh, I'm not going to smoke. It's absurd in a man's room, but I know there's no smoking allowed here."

"In my day a man could listen to what his father had to say to him with a little respect, without tobacco; or else he ran the risk of being turned out of the house."

"Ah! there's been about enough of that, you must think," Stephen said, with cool impatience. He began to examine his nails as he spoke, and took out a pen-knife to scrape off a sharp corner, with the air of finding this much more interesting than anything his father could have to say. And his words rendered Mr. Mitford speechless, partly with rage, which was an effect Stephen frequently produced upon him, and also because what he said was true. Turning out-of-doors was not an experiment to try again. The Squire had not found it a successful method. He could make no reply, though the taunt was hard to bear. There was a moment of silence, which Stephen was the first to break. "Well, sir," he said, after he had finished the little operation on his nail, holding it up to the lamp to see that it was even, "and who may the damsel be?"

The Squire sat up in his chair, red, with the pulses throbbing in his temples. It was very bad for him. The doctors had told him so a dozen times, — that to

let himself get angry and excited was the worst thing he could do, and put his life in danger. So easy it is for doctors to speak, who probably have no sons, or only little ones, not old enough to drive them frantic with constant contradictions. He sat still, getting the better of himself; and this not only on the consideration of health, but because he knew that his anger would have no effect upon Stephen.

A man who has an unrestrainable temper can find the means to restrain his temper when his motive is strong enough; and though it was always on the cards that the indulgence of it might bring on a fit of apoplexy, yet Mr. Mitford could hold himself in check when it was his only policy to do so. Besides, there was always that recollection of Roger coming in to stop him. Things might have succeeded better if he had fallen on some other way with Roger. When you have tried *les grands moyens* and failed, needs must that you should return to influences of a more practicable kind. But it was not for a considerable time that Mr. Mitford could prevail upon himself to reply.

"The damsel!" he said. "You'll have to mend your manners, if you're to do anything there. Ladies in the country are not hail-fellow-well-met, like some, I fear, of your fast young women in London."

"No?" queried Stephen. "I've always found them very much alike. If it's a duchess in her own right" —

"The lady I mean is a great deal too good for you, my fine fellow, whatever she is."

"I was going to say that in that case there was no difficulty at all, for they like it when a fellow shows that he forgets what swells they are."

"She's no duchess," said the father. He was a little nervous about the announcement he was going to make. "She's a very fine woman, as handsome a creature as ever I saw, and she

has money enough to buy us all out twice over, though we're not so badly off at Melcombe; and by George! I've set my heart on one of you having her, Steve! You're a man of the world; you know sentiment is n't everything, — though I give you my word she's a fine woman apart from her money, and would be a credit to the house."

"You're very warm, governor," observed Stephen, with a laugh. "Why don't you go in for her — whoever she is — yourself?"

"Pooh!" said the Squire; but the suggestion mollified him. He began to give his son a sketch of the circumstances: the great fortune all in her own hands; the old woman dependent upon her, who considered herself the mistress of the house; all the little imbroglio of facts which a husband would have to clear up. He told the story as if he were talking of a stranger, and it was not till he had gone on with rising enthusiasm to set forth the advantages of old Travers's London property and all his profitable investments that Stephen suddenly interrupted him with a little shout: —

"Why, you're talking of Lizzy Travers, the only woman I ever loved!"

"None of your slang, sir. I'm talking, it's true, of Miss Travers. What do you know of Miss Travers? I did n't know you had ever met."

"Governor," said Stephen, "all this has been too much for you; you want rest; you'll be forgetting your own name, next. Why, I've danced with her, ridden with her, flirted with her. Don't you recollect the last Christmas I spent at home? By the way, though," said Stephen, pausing, "that's three years ago, and the fair Lizzy was n't a baby then."

"She is five and twenty, — I know her age, and an admirable age, too: old enough to know a thing or two; to be aware what her money's worth, for instance, and to like to see something solid

in exchange. Now, Melcombe is all she could look for in that way, and if you see your true interest, and can show her what we might call a manly devotion" —

Stephen laughed. "Oh, I'll show her a manly devotion," he answered, "or any other sort she likes. I'll be a troubadour or anything. I'm not such a fool as not to see the use of a match like that. I'll ride over and see her tomorrow, if you like, sir. I'll tell her I've come for sympathy, and that will make a very good opening. Women are fond of giving consolation. I'll tell her" —

"Don't go quite so fast!" interrupted the Squire. He was greatly relieved to find that Stephen made no objection, — that he received the idea "in a right spirit," which was what neither Roger nor Edmund had done; but at the same time he was disgusted with his son's readiness, and with the laugh which accompanied his idea of going to seek consolation. Mr. Mitford felt at once that it was a very good idea, and that to kick Stephen for having it was the duty of every man. He could not do this himself, having found out, as already said, that *les grands moyens* were not always successful, but he felt that it ought to be done. And yet he was much satisfied with the easy conversion of Stephen, and he saw that his idea was a good one, — women *are* fond of consoling. It might be that Elizabeth (for the Squire believed women to be wholly unaccountable creatures) would at once answer to this rule; but not to-morrow, not so fast. In his mingled satisfaction and indignation he could not say any more.

"If that's all," said Stephen presently, rising and yawning broadly on the other side of the lamp, "I think I'll go off to bed. It can't be said, sir, that Melcombe is particularly amusing at this time of the year."

"Few houses are very amusing," re-

marked the Squire, with dignity, "two days after the funeral of the eldest son."

"To be sure, there's something in that. Good-night, then," said Stephen, again yawning, "if that's all you've got to say."

All he had got to say! It meant only two lives, with a background of another life sacrificed; the one scarcely cold in his grave, the others with long years before them in which very possibly to be miserable. Mr. Mitford sat and thought it all over after Stephen was gone. He thought it highly desirable that Elizabeth should listen to this dashing soldier, this tall, well-set-up, well-looking Mitford, the handsomest of all the sons. Why should n't she? The fellow was a very good-looking fellow, well born, with a good estate behind him and a good position. There was nothing so likely as that she would be charmed with him. But whether it would be quite a good thing for her, whether she would live happy ever after, was a thing the Squire would not have taken upon him to prophesy. Quite probably the pair would not be what is commonly called happy, as Stephen did not even pretend to care anything for her, nor to contemplate happiness at all in the matter: and yet he said, if that were all! His father listened to his progress up-stairs to bed with various sensations, — glad of his acceptance of the part which had been in vain pressed upon Roger, yet with an angry scorn of Stephen, in comparison with Roger, which words could not express. She would have him, — no doubt she would have him; and the Mitfords of Melcombe would increase and flourish. And yet how much better for poor Lizzy had it been Roger who had been persuaded to go a-wooing, — Roger newly laid in his grave!

Stephen paused on his way up-stairs to look out of the long staircase window. He was tickled by the turn which affairs had taken, and that he was to be the man to marry Lizzy Travers and get

all that wealth. It would be a prodigious bore, but such a lot of money made almost anything supportable. He stopped to look out upon the long stretch of the park, all indistinct and blurred in the dim summer night. There lay the glade where he had gone to meet Lily, damn her! — the little jilt, the little fool who had escaped him, who had run away to make him follow, whom he had lost in the London streets. If he could but have found her and killed her, he felt as if he would have liked to do it. He would never have killed her; but to crush her, to humble her, to cover her with scorn and shame, would have been sweet. In the middle of his laugh about Lizzy Travers, thus offered to him, whom apparently he had only to put forth his hand and take, came in this image of the other, the country girl who had outwitted him, balked him, jilted him, curse her! — the little cheat, the little designing, mercenary flirt. He clenched his hand and set his teeth when he thought of it, still. He might have got over his fancy for her, — indeed, he had got over that; but the mortification, that was not so easy to forget. As he looked out over the dim trees in the direction of Lily's home, Stephen suddenly remembered that the pleasure of revenge was now easy to be had. If he could not reach her, he could reach the father; he could crush the family, he could turn them adrift upon the world. When she found herself without a crust, without a rag, then she would repent bitterly enough, if she had not done it already. Revenge is sweet, everybody says, — at least the anticipation is sweet. It is to be hoped that Stephen would not in any case have carried out all that he intended, but it gave him a fierce satisfaction to think he could bundle Ford out of the lodge to-morrow, take his bread from him and his character, and ruin the bad lot of them! He went up to bed solaced by these thoughts, and presently laughed again when he thought of Lizzy Travers, the heiress, with all

her money. She was not bad looking, either; he did not mind taking a little trouble. But first he would have that Lily — lily, indeed! common weed that

she was — cast out upon a dunghill, to perish there. Let us hope that he could not have been in any circumstances so bad as his thoughts.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

T. B. Aldrich.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

THE MILLET EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

IN the Louvre there are only two unimportant works by Jean François Millet: a small landscape of the church of Gréville, and a study of some bathers, painted while the artist was still seeking his way. In the Luxembourg Museum there is a pastel of a woman churning, and a black-and-white drawing. From such relatively insignificant elements, and from the occasional sight of a picture passing through a public sale, the younger generations in Paris have not been able to form an opinion as to the merits of this famous Millet, about whom they have heard so much, and whose critics claim for their idol such a high and comprehensive place in the hierarchy of the great and eternal artists. The announcement that a collective exhibition of the artist's work was to be organized at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, in the months of May and June, by a committee formed for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions for the erection of a statue to the memory of Millet, was, therefore, received with satisfaction. The opening day was awaited with impatience, and during the first few weeks the public flocked eagerly to see the seventy oil-

paintings, fifty pastels, and one hundred drawings which constituted this exhibition, whose nature and object had been clearly explained in many preliminary newspaper articles. We were given to understand that the exhibition was intended to be a rehabilitation and an apotheosis of Millet, under the supreme patronage of the state, of the Institute, and of the leaders of contemporary art, whose names figured on the list of the committee; that it was a glorious compensation for the long series of wrongs which had formed the *cortège* of Millet's life; and, finally, that it marked the closing victory of the admirers of the artist over his detractors. Furthermore, we were reminded that Millet had "suffered," and copious extracts were offered from the sombre pages of his biographer.¹

But these considerations and these retrospective details are only of secondary interest at this moment. One can understand that the intelligent elder critics who praised Millet, out of conviction or out of bravado, at a time when the jury of the Salon refused his pictures, feel some satisfaction when they reflect that

¹ Millet's friend, Alfred Sensier, devoted a whole volume to the narrative of these sufferings, which, by the way, he is considered to have exaggerated in order to bring into relief the rôle of benefactor played by himself in this life-drama of art and insufficient prosperity. According to the statements of the members of Millet's family, his children never wanted bread; the table was always well

served; and their existence, though simple, was happy and abundant. In other words, while Sensier's narrative is correct as regards the facts of Millet's life, the author has been guilty of exaggeration and voluntary misrepresentations in the sombre and melodramatic aspect which he has communicated to many phases of the artist's career.

they have lived to see their hero placed on a pedestal which is, perhaps, dangerously lofty. The speculators who have forced up the market price of Millet's work must also feel flattered by this official recognition of the rectitude of their judgment and of the perspicacity of their financiering. Such sentiments, however, are entirely foreign to the real question at issue, which is the intrinsic worth of the painter whose collected work is presented to the public for the first time to face the judgment and receive the consecration of posterity. For Millet is already an old master, and the judgment of to-day is the judgment of posterity.

In such circumstances, and in presence of the artist's work displayed before our eyes, we are not tempted to pay much heed to anecdotes concerning his moral history. Indeed, the stronger the fascination of an artist, and the more single and absolute the artistic charm of his work, the briefer need be his biography. As regards Millet, it suffices us to know that he was a peasant, born of peasants at Gruchy, near Cherbourg, in 1814. After having spent his youth tilling the soil, he showed some aptitude for drawing, and, with the aid of a modest annuity paid by the municipality of Cherbourg, he was enabled to come to Paris to study art. There, at the age of twenty-two, he entered the studio of Paul Delaroche; but, disregarding the manner of his master, he tried to acquire a more solid and richer technique by studying the old masters in the Louvre. The apprenticeship of the heavy peasant was long and difficult, and it was only in 1848 that he finally abandoned the pursuit of processes and delicacies of touch, and attempted boldly to express his ideal, which he had meanwhile discovered in the figures and scenes of French rural life. In 1849 he settled at Barbizon, on the borders of the forest of Fontainebleau, where he remained down to the time of his death in 1875, living like a patriarch, and

painting the active drama of rustic life. Until during the later years of his career, Millet, it may be added, was disdained by his contemporaries in general; but nowadays his works bring fabulous prices, and the French repeat with pride that an American amateur has ineffectually offered half a million francs for the celebrated picture the *Angelus*, which measures twenty-five by twenty-one inches, and is not incontestably Millet's masterpiece.

Let us examine the exhibition, which, though incomplete as regards the number of pictures, is nevertheless complete as a historical collection of Millet's work, and fairly representative as regards the quality of the works exhibited. In short, it is sufficiently comprehensive to enable us to apply perhaps the only reasonable method of criticism, which consists in inquiring what has been the artist's aim; whether he has succeeded in that aim; whether he has succeeded in an excellent way; whether that which he aimed at was worth doing; and, finally, whether his achievement entitles him to a place beside the masters of acknowledged greatness. On entering the exhibition, we naturally look first of all at those pictures which have the greatest reputation, namely, the *Angelus*, *La Gardeuse de Moutons*, *L'Homme à la Houe*, *L'Homme à la Veste*, *La Lessiveuse*, *Les Glaneuses*, *La Tondeuse de Moutons*, *Berger au Parc la Nuit*, *La Baratteuse*, *La Baigneuse*, *Le Printemps*. The first impression is one of disappointment. What, is this the *Angelus*? Is this the reputed masterpiece of the great landscapist Millet, of the great painter of peasant life, who is described by the enthusiasts as being great amongst the very greatest? What are they doing, those two peasants who bow their heads over a basket of potatoes? Decidedly, that irreverent wit, Manet, was right: the picture represents "*la bénédiction des pommes de terre*." But what time of day is it? Is that meant for an even-

ing sky? An enthusiastic spectator, who has been reading Sensier's book, professes to hear the angelus bell ringing from the distant village steeple, and refers me to the description of the picture in the catalogue, which I refuse absolutely to decipher, animated by a spirit of logic similar to that of the *gourmet*, who, when he entered a restaurant, and the waiter handed him a voluminous bill of fare, replied, "No: I have come here to eat, not to read." So in a picture exhibition, none but lame or incomplete efforts need catalogue annotations, or printed explanations on the frame. The signification of a picture ought to be as immediately obvious as its physical charm is direct and instantaneous; and in the greatest painting the physical charm of the picture fascinates the eye before the subject or pretext of the picture becomes intelligibly visible. In the Angelus the eye is not charmed, astonished, and ravished by purely picturesque means, by the beauty of the tone, by the harmony of the colors, by the suavity or majesty of the forms. Practically, the picture is a drawing in sepia, on a background of green field and gray sky tinged with red; but these color elements are insufficiently harmonized, and each tone is neither studied carefully as color seen in the diffused light of open air, nor is it treated frankly as the conventional coloring of clothes, fields, or sky; it is something between the two, something hesitating in means and meagre in effect. As for the figures, will any one venture to find majesty in the silhouette of the spindle-legged peasant, or suavity in the uneasy pose of the woman? No; we have only to compare this composition with the Shepherdess knitting at the head of her flock, with the Gleaners, with the Diggers, with the Sower, or with the Shepherd leaning on his staff, known as the *Berger à la Limousine*, in order to feel at once that the Angelus is not the most felicitous composition which Millet ever

made, and that the two figures, whose attitude of prayer has contributed more than anything else to make the picture popular, really contain very little of that simple and impressive eloquence of gesture and of silhouette which was the artist's strong point. That the work is instinct with religious sentiment is, of course, undeniable; that it appeals immediately and powerfully to the religious sentiments of the spectators is also undeniable: but this only shows that the picture possesses in a high degree qualities and means of attraction which are not primarily and essentially artistic. In the Angelus, and in the majority of the oil-paintings in the exhibition, the eye is offended by a heavy, coarse, and painful execution, which gives to all the objects the appearance of a woolly texture, and rests satisfied with summary coloring where one expects a delicate distribution of tones and values, and a subtle application of means of light and shade, or *chiaro-oscuro*, which is nothing more than the art of rendering atmosphere visible, and of painting an object enveloped in air, — an art whose object is to create all the picturesque accidents of shade, of half-tint and light, of relief and distance, and thereby to give, whether to forms or to colors, more variety, more unity of effect, and more relative truth. The two figures in the Angelus stand out from the landscape flatly, in hard silhouette and without an envelope of air, and the landscape is laid in heavily, and without that observation of the effect of air on distances and of those delicate photometric phenomena which have occupied the attention of the great landscapists, from Claude Lorraine down to Théodore Rousseau and the moderns, who are now working with and constantly increasing the vocabulary which Rousseau created, in order to express the multitude of new sensations which his implacable and tireless eye received from nature. Modern painting, whether of

the French, the Scandinavian, or the German schools, which are alone worthy of recognition as active and vivifying influences in contemporary art, is remarkable neither for its splendor of color nor for its *culte* of beautiful forms, but for its study of the phenomena of light and shade. The vision of our painters seems to have become finer; by constant observation they have acquired a subtle notion of differences; and at the same time that their eyes and their instruments of expression have become more delicately sensitive, their souls, too, have become conscious of the gayety, the poetry, and the dramatic qualities of light. This intellectual and technical widening of the domain of art is the outcome of the landscape art of Théodore Rousseau, and of the researches of the open-air and impressionist schools which followed in the wake of this magnificent genius. Since 1830 there has been a constant progress towards light in French painting, and a constant effort to enrich the technical language, and to render it adequate to the expression of the thousand new secrets which that sphinx, Nature, has confided to those who have interrogated her with respectful yet indefatigable obstinacy. Compare a picture by Théodore Rousseau, or a landscape by J. C. Cazin or Emile Barau, for instance, with a picture of the same order by Ruysdael or Hobbema, and you will find that the differences are as great as those which exist between a page of Jean Jacques Rousseau's Confessions and a page of description by Gustave Flaubert. In the case of the modern landscapists and of the modern prose-writers the same effort will be remarked, the same breadth of studies, the same result in their works. The term is more precise, the observation more rare and sensitive, the palette richer, the color more expressive; even the construction is more scrupulous. If the old Dutch masters could come to life again, they would be astounded at such

abundance of scruples and stupefied at such faculties of analysis.

In the *Angelus* we look in vain for that direct charm of general aspect which captivates us in the works of the greatest painters, — Velasquez, Titian, Rembrandt, Leonardo, Veronese, Giorgione, Terburg, Metz, Pieter de Hooghe; we look in vain for those qualities of technique and analysis which touch us so deeply in the old Dutch masters and in contemporary work since Rousseau. The observation displayed by Millet in this picture is neither rare nor artistically sensitive; his color is neither expressive nor true; and the whole importance of the work lies in the subject, in the gesture, in the intention, and in the sentiment; or, in other words, the interest of the *Angelus* is mainly a literary interest. The drawing of the *Angelus* in black and white by Millet himself, or the etching by Charles Waltner, contains the whole essence and the entire sentiment of the picture. The oil-painting possesses no additional charm due to the color, which might more truly be called "coloring;" and, on the other hand, it lacks that quality of envelope and atmosphere which the engraver has communicated to his excellent interpretation of the work.

Without wearying the reader by analyzing one by one the most important oil-paintings in this exhibition. I will sum up my impressions briefly, in order the sooner to defend myself against the accusation of sustaining a paradox in thus running counter to opinions which have been, it is true, for the most part set forth by newspaper rhetoricians rather than by critics who have really seen the *Angelus* and who have studied Millet's painting. The first thing that strikes one, after a general examination of the exhibition, supplemented by a reference to the catalogues of Millet's entire works, is the fewness of his productions, the limited effort even of his most important pictures, the narrowness of his

range of observation, and the persistent painfulness of his artistic activity. The work of his early years betrays terrible struggles between an eager brain and an unwilling hand, and rarely is there a trace of joy in the result, except, now and then, in some fragmentary nude study, such, for instance, as the exquisite and luminous *morceau* in the collection of Mr. Albert Spencer, of New York, and several sketches in the present exhibition. Sometimes, too, in broad studies of sea and cliffs, hastily dashed off, there is promise of coming mastery, and in the blooming orchard and the rainbow sky of *Le Printemps* we find a rich and vigorous touch which seems to have been little more than a happy accident; for when, later in life, Millet paints his two most remarkable landscapes, the *Plain at Sunset* and the *Plain in Winter*, he seems to have had but a rebellious and brutal instrument wherewith to render the moving grandeur of these impressive scenes, in which there are only two mute actors, the earth and the sky. Let it not be forgotten that control of his tools is a mark of the master, and that in the work of the really great men the execution is remarkable for a directness and easy simplicity which betray no effort and offer no key to the mysterious means employed to produce the result. The characteristic of the great masters is that, like nature, they do not reveal the way in which they produce; their *facture* consists precisely in concealing their processes: so that we may say, on the authority of all the masterpieces, that a picture is finished only when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared.

Taking Millet's work as a whole, its chief interest is moral and literary rather than artistic; the qualities which predominated in the man were moral and literary rather than artistic; and it is by the intentions, by the subjects, by the preachings, of his work that he has finally captivated public attention. You cannot

talk about Millet's work without talking about the man, whose character, aspirations, and moral and social aims are deeply impressed on every picture or drawing that he made. Of peasant origin, Millet rose very high by his own unaided strength and will; but like all those whose early education has been neglected, his thought was not always unclouded, nor his mental attitude without bitter and narrowing *souvenirs*. In his first studies at Paris, while he was acquiring in the Louvre his laborious and rude *facture* of successive *impasto*, layer upon layer, he fell under the influence of Michael Angelo, whom he studied in engravings. This first influence trained his eye to magnify the silhouette and to seek excessive abbreviation in drawing, coinciding with an immense and painful accumulation of intentions and latent meaning, which were consequently rather confused. From this moment there existed a perpetual combat in Millet between his natural peasant's sincerity, which made him love reality, and his taste for idealism, which prompted him to broaden and magnify everything. After a period of hesitation, Millet found his true path, and imposed upon himself a mission; for it must not be forgotten that Millet was not only a peasant, but a Norman, and therefore half an Englishman, — a serious and contemplative man, who read his Bible with the conviction of a millenarian of the times of Cromwell. Millet had a good heart and a sad temperament. Transplanted from his natural *milieu* into more refined and intellectual surroundings, his strong personality resisted complete acclimatization, and rejected the softening influence of the amenities of existence, while his memory retained the *souvenir* only of the hardships, the melancholy, the austerity, of the life of the peasants, in whom his Bible readings inclined him to see always and everywhere the fallen creature of Genesis, condemned to eat his bread eternally in the sweat of his

brow. These creatures he depicts solely in the occupations of their daily life of drudgery. But is there no joy for the peasant? we ask, after contemplating Millet's work. It is true, we see here a mother feeding her three little children on the doorsill; here a father receiving with open arms a baby boy, who runs to meet him as he approaches his cottage; here a little peasant girl bathing on a summer afternoon; here two shepherd girls neglecting their duty for a moment, and watching with happy upturned faces the flight of birds of passage across the autumnal sky. But this is all. Is there then nothing new in this peasant life? Children are born: are there no *fêtes*? Peasants die: is there no mourning? Peasants marry and are given in marriage: are there no decorous *fêtes*? Peasants bargain and buy and sell. Peasants love; furtively, it is true, and with timid courtship, but still they love, and the exasperation of wine and of love engenders strife. Millet has omitted these animated aspects of peasant life, and confined himself almost exclusively to the incidents of the struggle between the peasant and the earth, his harsh nursing-mother. He enumerates solemnly the incidents, the scenery, and the accessories of this combat, its defeats and its triumphs, just as we find them depicted in the shepherd's calendars of the Middle Ages, and in the precious miniatures of the mediæval artists of Tours: the storm that menaces the dry hay; the sun that gilds the straw; the harvest that falls a rich prey to the sickle; the fertile earth wrapped in an icy shroud of snow; the plough paralyzed and frozen in the furrow; the black frost which condemns the laborer to abandon the fields; the mother at home tending her baby, or teaching her daughter to knit; the evening watch, when the husband weaves an osier basket and the wife stitches industriously; the weary harvesters sleeping at noon under the shadow of a rick; the return

from the fields; the shepherd, half doctor, half astronomer, guarding his sheep on the lonely moonlit plain; the sunrise glistening on the dewy grass; the autumn sky slashed by the flight of migratory birds; the falling leaves; the red sun setting in melancholy splendor on the distant horizon of a long, deserted moor.

Such are the subjects which Millet painted, choosing deliberately those of serious and superior interest, as if he had set himself the mission of rehabilitating the peasant, and of demonstrating the nobleness of the occupation of the class from which he himself had sprung. Each picture was made with the consciousness of a moral purpose, and from memory and by fixed intellectual processes; for it is a well-known fact that Millet rarely or ever used models, seldom worked in the open air, and even painted many of his pictures in a room so small that he could scarcely stand far enough away from his canvas to see the *ensemble*. Throughout it was the subject, the gesture, the sentimental intention of the landscape and of the effect, which occupied his attention. He painted with the ever-present consciousness of being the graphic poet of peasant life, who sought in nature and reality only the elements and basis of his ideal synthesis. Indeed, when I think of Millet's life at Barbizon, his persistent attachment to the garb, the accent, and even the wooden *sabots* of the peasant, his attitude of a patriarch in the midst of his family, his nightly Bible readings, his declared purpose to portray the dignity of agricultural life; and above all, when I see his collected works, and when I analyze the spirit that pervades them, I cannot help thinking that there was not a little affectation in the painter's manner of being, just a little theatrical arrangement, a mere suspicion of *pose pour la galerie*, the slightest shade of professional martyrdom. From the beginning Millet is a *révolté*. When

he enters the studio of Delaroche, then all effervescent with the passions and controversies of the Romantic movement, he remains untouched by the generous enthusiasm of his fellow-students; helpless as he is, and ignorant in the manual part of his art, he despises his master, and seeks to acquire a manner of his own by laborious and blundering contemplation of Ribera and of the old Spaniards in the Louvre. Vainly he seeks, by borrowed inspiration, to see charming visions of nature in his pictures of mythological fancies. His heavy, serious, and almost fanatical peasant nature asserts itself in spite of himself. Diaz tells him one day that his nymphs are simply red-handed Norman dairymaids. The reproach piques him, and helps to decide his future. Peasant he is; peasant he will remain; and peasants and peasant life will henceforward form the only subject of his thoughts, of his brush, and of his pencil. And so Millet becomes a sort of melancholy Burns; only his language is less clear than the racy verse of the Scotch poet. He expresses himself in formulæ where the thought has more vigor and precision than the hand. In other words, we come back to the conclusion that the chief interest of Millet's work is literary rather than properly artistic.

Take any subject treated by Millet, — the Sower, Midday Rest, the Gleaners, the Falling Leaves. In the present exhibition we find, with very few exceptions, each picture in three different presentations: a drawing in black and white, a drawing more or less heightened by pastel, and finally an oil-painting. Many of the subjects have also been treated by Millet in dry-point etchings. Now, it will generally be found that the whole of Millet's thought and sentiment is conveyed by the black-and-white drawing; so that when we have seen the drawing first, it will often happen that the painted picture disappoints. In the case of the *Angelus*,

I imagine that ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, who have become familiar with the composition from Waltner's etching, would be cruelly disappointed by the original picture. But in all Millet's compositions, whether we look at the drawing, at the pastel, or at the oil-painting, we observe that the artist attaches chief importance to the silhouette of human beings and inanimate objects, and to the generalization of the different planes of his picture; that is to say, to the elements which summarize the thought and the signification. The color plays only a secondary rôle, which we shall examine further on. Millet sees his peasants in the performance of their functions, just as he sees landscape in its characteristic aspects. The making of each picture is preceded by a preliminary process of thought, of synthesis, and of idealization. He remarks the toil of the gleaners, which bends them towards the ground and makes their backs ache, and he depicts three women gleanings with broad, sweeping gestures, their faces and arms burnt brick-red by the sun; in the background, toilers of a higher grade are binding the sheaves under the watchful eye of the farmer, who sits on his horse, personifying the sedentary ease of capital in comparison with the hopeless monotony of labor. In one composition, a shepherd, enveloped in a voluminous cloak, leans on his staff, the image of resignation and loneliness. Another composition shows us a vine-dresser, sweating, sunburnt, his feet dusty, his arms hanging loosely between his legs, his hands knotted and tortuous like an old vine-stock, his mouth open, his eye dull, his stupid brow incapable of thought; here is a sower striding along the furrow, and scattering the seed with august gesture; here are two delvers digging the field, and watering the soil with the sweat of their brow. These are indeed the idealized forms of those same peasants whom La Bruyère introduced to the court of Louis XIV.,

“those creatures who spare other men the trouble of sowing, and of tilling, and of gathering in the harvest, and so merit not to want that bread which they have sown.” Not that Millet is to be reproached with the ugliness of his figures, although there are in reality peasants fair to see, just as there are joyous aspects of peasant life. But the Biblical Millet disdains all that is charming and amiable in peasant life, or sees it only rarely, on a few sunny days, such as those when he painted the Gardeuse d'Oies bathing in a sylvan stream, and the Voyageurs Egarés, to whom an obliging shepherd indicates the lost path. In Millet's most serious work the peasant is one with nature,—a type, an ideal silhouette in the grand ensemble; and the beauty he seeks is not the beauty of feature or of epiderm, but that more abstract and ideal beauty which exists in the well-ordered proportions of the skeleton, in freedom and flexibility of limb, and in the logical and physiognomic notation of professional gesture, attitude, and costume. The drawing of Millet is truly remarkable in its abbreviation and intense signification. Generally the faces are mere types; the folds of the dress are reduced to those which mark the projection of the shoulder, the elbow, the breasts, the hips, and the knee; the whole expression of the figure is concentrated in the general silhouette. So, too, in the landscape, the foreground is treated with summary and rugged breadth; the background is indicated in the briefest notation of successive planes; the sky and light are blocked in with the fewest possible strokes and rubbings; and the whole forms a firm *résumé* by which the artist's thought is presented in the most concise and suggestive manner.

Though Millet's drawings in black and white often suffice, it cannot be denied that the thought of the artist acquires an additional charm in his pastels, which are in every respect incomparably

superior to his oil-paintings. Between 1864 and 1870 drawings in black and white and drawings more or less heightened by pastel absorbed Millet's attention almost entirely, and there is every reason to believe that the final judgment of his productions will pronounce the pastels to be the artist's most perfect mode of expression; whereas posterity will often be inclined to excuse the juries of past Salons for having refused his badly executed oil-paintings, in spite of their qualities of another kind which give them a sufficient *raison d'être*. But even in the pastels we see how truly the literary interest of Millet's work predominated over the artistic interest, even in the mind of the painter himself: in each case the primary expression of the subject is the silhouette, the gesture, the attitude, and not the effect nor the arrangement of color. That which belongs to the impalpable, like the backgrounds, the envelope, shades, and gradations, the effect of the air on the distances and of the full daylight on the colors, Millet considers only secondarily, and generally incompletely. His first care is for the silhouette, for the hieroglyphic which sums up the function, for the characteristic lines which convey the moral signification, the idea, the human sentiment, which is always expressed with extraordinary terseness and direct power. To this expression of his thought, complete in itself, Millet has added a certain abbreviated notation of color; indicating, for example, in the drawing of the Midday Rest, the color of the garments of the sleepers; and in another black-and-white drawing warming the sky with a few touches of rose, which intensify the evening effect indirectly and by suggestion. Indeed, it may be said generally that in these pastels the color is simply suggestive, much in the same manner as Millet's abbreviated drawing is suggestive. While presenting the artist's thought in its most summary and abstract form, Millet's grand sil-

houettes suffice to set the imagination of the spectator at work; and, provided we can accustom ourselves to the terse and uncouth means of expression, we find a certain literary and moral pleasure in embroidering our own thoughts and sentiments on the canvas where Millet has sketched the grandiose guiding lines. So, too, the touches of pastel color, which are disposed more or less thinly and streakily over the coarse basis of his black-and-white drawings, rarely pretend to do more than to direct the mind to the sensation of a particular color, existing as an element in the general aspect of nature, and not to the study of the real aspect of color in nature. Thus in the charming composition known as *Falling Leaves*, the shepherd sheltered behind the tree trunk is black and white; the tree trunks are slightly tinted with green, to indicate lichen and weather-stains; the ground, in black and white, is tinted with a darker green, vaguely corresponding to a faded shade of grass-green; and the clearness of the sky is indicated by a few strokes of blue and rose, which are repeated broadly, and mingled with greens and browns to indicate the fugitive *nuances* of the landscape and the horizon. In other words, the color in Millet's pastels is generally a summary notation of additional facts which could not be conveniently registered in black and white; it is not color observed and rendered for the sake of color and of the charm that color gives, or even for the sake of truly depicting the real color of nature. Millet did not frequently execute drawings wholly in colored crayons: generally his pastels are strictly black-and-white drawings, *rehaussés* or heightened with pastel; often the color applied is purely conventional, and suggests the effect of fresco painting, in which one often thinks that Millet might have excelled had the opportunity been offered to him. Millet's technical qualities in pastel work are curious and interesting; but inde-

pendent as they are, it is not in them that we must seek the lessons of this section of his work, but rather in the moral elevation of the idea and in the human eloquence of its expression. Thus once more we are reduced to the conclusion that the chief interest of Millet's work is literary, and not artistic.

In a dozen works — in the *Sower*, the *Woman Carrying Two Buckets* (in the Vanderbilt collection), the *Sheepfold by Moonlight*, the *Lessiveuse*, the *Shepherdess Knitting as she Leads her Flock*, the *Man with a Hoe*, the *Diggers* — Millet has expressed a poignant sympathy with man, and with man's misery, resignation, and weariness. By the vastness of the impression and by the profound simplicity of the scenes, he has produced something grandiose and touching, behind which the artist appears august and serene, the high priest of this ideal pastoral, in which the personages seem to be accomplishing the rites of some mystic ceremony. Compared with Paul Potter and the universal Cuyp, Millet is a profound thinker. Compared with painters like Terburg and Metz, he is a captivating dreamer. Compared with the painters of peasant life, like Jan Steen, Ostade, and Brouwer, he is incontestably noble. But it is always from the literary and moral point of view that we accord Millet his superiority. In form, in language, in that exterior envelope of style or art without which the works of the mind neither exist nor live, in picturesque faculties, or, in other words, in purely artistic qualities, Millet is far inferior to one and all of these great Dutch painters. Hitherto it would seem that the strongest leaven of thought has been able to preserve and perpetuate only such works as are in themselves plastically great. The final impression I carry away from the collective exhibition of Millet's work is that in the zeal of combat his admirers have gone beyond the mark, and attributed to the artist qualities which he did not

possess, and which he did not persistently aim at acquiring. Millet is not a great painter, worthy to be ranked with the great masters of the past; and even when we compare him with his contemporaries, Delacroix and Théodore Rousseau, he sinks to a modest level which it may be well not to attempt to qualify too precisely.

Towards the end of his life, in 1873, in a letter to a Belgian critic, Millet expressed the thought that, in matters of art, purely technical skill is of small consequence, and that the chief and all-important point is to see and approach things "*par leur côté fondamental.*" These words are not a résumé of the painter's whole life, but they express the dream which absorbed the second and the mature part of his existence, and they suffice to warn us against the vanity of seeking exquisite artistic qualities

in the work of a man who was exclusively concerned with the moral essence and significance of human actions and phases of nature. Millet's epopee of rural life is incomplete even from his own point of view, inasmuch as his mental attitude and moral temperament led him to disdain the portrayal of rural joys, even of the severe and domestic order; but with all its limitations, both technical and subjective, it is a work of undeniable intrinsic and human interest.

As has been admirably observed by James Russell Lowell, "the final judgment of the world is intuitive, and is based not on proof that a work possesses some of the qualities of another whose greatness is acknowledged, but on the immediate feeling that it carries to a high point of perfection certain qualities proper to itself."

Theodore Child.

THE SOUL OF THE FAR EAST.

II.

LANGUAGE.

A MAN'S personal equation, as astronomers call the effect of his individuality, is kin, for all its complexity, to those simpler algebraical problems which so puzzled us at school. To solve either we must begin by knowing the values of the constants that enter into its expression. Upon the *a b c*'s of the one, as upon those of the other, depend the possibilities of the individual *x*.

Now the constants in any man's equation are the qualities that he has inherited from the past. What a man does follows from what he is, which in turn is mostly dependent upon what his ancestors have been; and of all the links in the long chain of mind-evolution, few

are more important and more suggestive than language. Actions may at the moment speak louder than words, but methods of expression have as tell-tale a tongue for bygone times as ways of doing things.

If it should ever fall to my lot to have to settle that exceedingly vexed Eastern question, — not the emancipation of ancient Greece from the bondage of the modern Turk, but the emancipation of the modern college student from the bond of ancient Greek, — I should propose, as a solution of the dilemma, the addition of a course in Japanese to the college list of required studies. It might look, I admit, like begging the question for the sake of giving its answer, but the answer, I think, would justify itself.

It is from no desire to parade a fresh

hobby-horse upon the university curriculum that I offer the suggestion, but because I believe that a study of the Japanese language would prove the most valuable of ponies in the academic pursuit of philology. In the matter of literature, indeed, we should not be adding very much to our existing store, but we should gain an insight into the genesis of speech that would put us at least one step nearer to being present at the beginnings of human conversation. As it is now, our linguistic learning is with most of us limited to a knowledge of Aryan tongues, and in consequence we not only fall into the mistake of thinking our way the only way, which is bad enough, but, what is far worse, by not perceiving the other possible paths we quite fail to appreciate the advantages or disadvantages of following our own. We are the blind votaries of a species of ancestral language-worship, which, with all its erudition, tends to narrow our linguistic scope. A study of Japanese would free us from the fetters of any such family infatuation. The inviolable rules and regulations of our mother tongue would be found to be of relative application only. For we should discover that speech is a much less categorical matter than we had been led to suppose. We should actually come to doubt the fundamental necessity of some of our most sacred grammatical constructions; and even our revered Latin grammars would lose that air of awful absoluteness which so impressed us in boyhood.

An encouraging estimate of a certain missionary puts the amount of study needed by the Western student for the learning of Japanese as sufficient, if expended nearer home, to equip him with any three modern European languages. It is certainly true that a completely strange vocabulary, an utter inversion of grammar, and an elaborate system of honorifics combine to render its acquisition anything but easy. In its

fundamental principles, however, it is alluringly simple.

In the first place, the Japanese language is pleasingly destitute of personal pronouns. Not only is the obnoxious "I" conspicuous only by its absence; the objectionable antagonistic "you" is also entirely suppressed, while the intrusive "he" is evidently too much of a third person to be wanted. Such invidious distinctions of identity apparently never thrust their presence upon the simple early Tartar minds. I, you, and he, not being differences due to nature, demanded, to their thinking, no recognition of man.

There is about this vagueness of expression a freedom not without its charm. It is certainly delightful to be able to speak of yourself as if you were somebody else, choosing mentally for the occasion any one you may happen to fancy, or, if you prefer, the possibility of soaring boldly forth into the realms of the unconditioned.

To us, at first sight, however, such a lack of specification appears wofully incompatible with any intelligible transmission of ideas. So communistic a want of discrimination between the *meum* and the *tuum* — to say nothing of the claims of a possible third party — would seem to be as fatal to the interchange of thoughts as it proves destructive to the trafficking in commodities. Such, nevertheless, is not the result. On the contrary, Japanese is as easy and as certain of comprehension as is English. On ninety occasions out of a hundred, the context at once makes clear the person meant.

In the very few really ambiguous cases, or those in which, for the sake of emphasis, a pronoun is wanted, certain consecrated expressions are introduced for the purpose. For eventually the more complex social relations of increasing civilization compelled some sort of distant recognition. Accordingly, compromises with objectionable personality were ef-

fected by circumlocutions promoted to a pronoun's office, becoming thus pronouns, as it were. Very non-committal expressions they are, most of them, such as: "the augustness," meaning you; "that honorable side," or "that corner," denoting some third person, the exact term employed in any given instance scrupulously betokening the relative respect in which the individual spoken of is held; while with a candor, an indefiniteness, or a humility worthy so polite a people, the I is known as "selfishness," or "a certain person," or "the clumsy one."

Pronominal adjectives are manufactured in the same way. "The stupid father,"¹ "the awkward son," "the broken-down firm," are "mine." Were they "yours," they would instantly become "the august, venerable father," "the honorable son," "the exalted firm."

Even these lame substitutes for pronouns are paraded as sparingly as possible. To the Western student, who brings to the subject a brain throbbing with personality, hunting in a Japanese sentence for personal references is dishearteningly like "searching in the dark for a black hat *which is n't there*;" for the brevet pronouns are commonly not on duty. To employ them with the reckless prodigality that characterizes our conversation would strike the Tartar mind like interspersing his talk with unmeaning italics. He would regard such discourse much as we do those effusive epistles of a certain type of young woman to her most intimate female friends, in which every other word is emphatically underlined.

For the most part, the absolutely necessary personal references are introduced by honorifics; that is, by honorary or humble expressions. Such is a portion of the latter's duty. They do a great deal of unnecessary work besides.

¹ Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, *The Japanese Language*.

These honorifics are, taken as a whole, one of the most interesting peculiarities of Japanese, as also of Korean, just as, taken in detail, they are one of its most dangerous pitfalls. For silence is indeed golden compared with the chagrin of discovering that a speech which you had meant for a compliment was, in fact, an insult, or the vexation of learning that you have been industriously treating your servant with the deference due a superior, — two catastrophes sure to follow the attempts of even the most cautious of beginners. The language is so thoroughly imbued with the honorific spirit that the exposure of truth in all its naked simplicity is highly improper. Every idea requires to be more or less clothed in courtesy before it is presentable; and the garb demanded by etiquette is complex beyond conception. To begin with, there are certain preliminary particles which are simply honorific, serving no other purpose whatsoever. In addition to these there are for every action a small infinity of verbs, each sacred to a different degree of respect. For instance, to our verb "to give" corresponds a complete social scale of Japanese verbs, each conveying the idea a shade more politely than its predecessor; only the very lowest meaning anything so plebeian as simply "to give." Sets of laudatory or depreciatory adjectives are employed in the same way. Lastly, the word for "is," which strictly means "exists," expresses this existence under three different forms, — in a matter-of-fact, a flowing, or an inflated style; the solid, liquid, and gaseous states of conversation, so to speak, to suit the person addressed. But three forms being far too few for the needs of so elaborate a politeness, these are supplemented by many interpolated grades.

Terms of respect are applied not only to those mortals who are held in estimation higher than their fellows, but to all men indiscriminately as well. The grammatical attitude of the indi-

vidual toward the speaker is of as much importance as his social standing, I being beneath contempt and you above criticism.

Honorifics are used not only on all possible occasions for courtesy, but at times, it would seem, upon impossible ones; for in some instances the most subtle diagnosis fails to reveal in them a relevancy to anybody. That the commonest objects should bear titles because of their connection with some particular person is comprehensible, but what excuse can be made for a phrase like the following: "It respectfully does that the august seat exists," all of which simply means "is," and may be applied to anything, being the common word — in Japanese it is all a single word — for that apparently simple idea. It would seem a sad waste of valuable material. The real reason why so much distinguished consideration is shown the article in question lies in the fact that it is treated as existing with reference to the person addressed, and therefore becomes *ipso facto* august.

Here is a still subtler example. You are, we will suppose, at a tea-house, and you wish for sugar. The following almost stereotyped conversation is pretty sure to take place. I translate it literally, simply prefacing that every tea-house girl, usually in the first blush of youth, is generically addressed as "elder sister," — another honorific, at least so considered in Japan.

You clap your hands. (*Enter tea-house maiden.*)

You. Hai, elder sister, augustly exists there sugar?

The T. H. M. The honorable sugar, augustly is it?

You. So, augustly.

The T. H. M. He (indescribable expression of assent).

(*Exit tea-house maiden.*)

Now, the "augustlys" go almost without saying, but why is the sugar honorable? Simply because it is eventually

going to be offered to you. But she would have spoken of it by precisely the same respectful title, if she had been obliged to inform you that there was none, in which case it never could have become yours. Such is politeness. We may note, in passing, that all her remarks and all yours, barring your initial question, meant absolutely nothing. She understood you perfectly from the first, and you knew she did; but then, if all of us were to say only what were necessary, the delightful art of conversation would soon be nothing but a science.

The average Far Oriental, indeed, talks as much to no purpose as his Western cousin, only in his chit-chat politeness replaces personalities. With him self is suppressed, and an ever-present regard for others is substituted in its stead.

A lack of personality is, as we have seen, the occasion of this courtesy; it is also its cause.

That politeness should be one of the most marked results of impersonality may appear surprising, yet a slight examination will show it to be a fact. Looked at *a posteriori*, we find that where the one trait exists the other is most developed, while an absence of the second seems to prevent the full growth of the first. This is true both in general and in detail. Courtesy increases, as we travel eastward round the world, coincidently with a decrease in the sense of self. Asia is more courteous than Europe, Europe than America. Particular races show the same concomitance of characteristics. France, the most impersonal nation of Europe, is at the same time the most polite.

Considered *a priori*, the connection between the two is not far to seek. Impersonality, by lessening the interest in one's self, induces one to take an interest in others. Introspection tends to make of man a solitary animal, the absence of it a social one. The more impersonal the people, the more will the community

supplant the individual in the popular estimation. The type becomes the interesting thing to man, as it always is to nature. Then, as the social desires develop, politeness, being the means to their enjoyment, develops also.

A second omission in Japanese etymology is that of gender. That words should be credited with sex is a verbal anthropomorphism that would seem to a Japanese exquisitely grotesque, if so be that it did not strike him as actually immodest. For the absence of gender is simply symptomatic of a much more vital failing, a disregard of sex. Originally, as their language bears witness, the Japanese showed a childish reluctance to recognizing sex at all. Usually a single sexless term was held sufficient for a given species, and did duty collectively for both sexes. Only where a consideration of sex thrust itself upon them, beyond the possibility of evasion, did they employ for the male and the female distinctive expressions. The more intimate the relation of the object to man, the more imperative the discriminating name. Hence human beings possessed a fair number of such special appellatives; for a man is a palpably different sort of person from his grandmother, and a mother-in-law from a wife. But it is noteworthy that the artificial affinities of society were as carefully differentiated as the distinctions due to sex, while ancestral relationships were deemed more important than either.

Animals, though treated individually most humanely, are vouchsafed but scant recognition on the score of sex. With them both sexes share one common name, and commonly, indeed, this answers quite well enough. In those few instances where sex enters into the question in a manner not to be ignored, particles denoting "male" or "female" are prefixed to the general term. How comparatively rare is the need of such specification can be seen from the way in which, with us, in many species, the

name of one sex alone does duty indifferently for both. That of the male is the one usually selected, as in the case of the dog or horse. If, however, it be the female with which man has most to do, she is allowed to bestow her name upon her male partner. Examples of the latter description occur in the use of "cows" for "cattle" and "hens" for "fowls." A Japanese can say only "fowl," defined, if absolutely necessary, as "he-fowl" or "she-fowl."

Now such a slighting of one of the most potent springs of human action, sex, with all that the idea involves, is not due to a pronounced mysogynism on the part of these people, but to a much more effective neglect, a great underlying impersonality. Indifference to woman is but included in a much more general indifference to mankind. The fact becomes all the more evident when we descend from sex to gender. That Father Ocean does not, in their verbal imagery, embrace Mother Earth, with that subtle suggestion of humanity which in Aryan speech the gender of the nouns hints without expressing, is not due to any lack of poesy in the Far Oriental speaker, but to the essential impersonality of his mind, embodied now in the very character of the words he uses. A Japanese noun is a crystallized concept, handed down unchanged from the childhood of the Japanese race. So primitive a conception does it represent that it is neither a total nor a partial symbol, but rather the outcome of a first vague generality. The word "man," for instance, means to them not one man, still less mankind, but that indefinite idea which struggles for embodiment in the utterance of the infant. It represents not a person, but a thing, a material fact quite innocent of gender. This early state of semi-consciousness the Japanese never outgrew. The world continued to present itself to their minds as a collection of things. Nor did their subsequent Chinese education change their view. Buddhism sim-

ply infused all things with the one universal spirit.

As to inanimate objects, the idea of supposing sex where there is not even life is altogether too fanciful a notion for the Far Eastern mind.

Impersonality first fashioned the nouns, and then the nouns, by their very impersonality, helped keep impersonal the thought and fettered fancy. All those temptings to poesy which to the Aryan imagination lie latent in the sex with which his forefathers humanized their words never stir the Tartar nor the Chinese soul. They feel the poetry of nature as much as, indeed much more than, we ; but it is a poetry unassociated with man. And this, too, curiously enough, in spite of the fact that to explain the cosmos the Chinamen invented, or perhaps only adapted, a singularly sexual philosophy. For possibly, like some other portions of their intellectual wealth, they stole it from India. The Chinese conception of the origin of the world is based on the idea of sex. According to their notions the earth was begotten. It is true that with them the cosmos started in an abstract something, which self-produced two great principles ; but this pair once obtained, matters proceeded after the analogy of mankind. The two principles at work were themselves abstract enough to have satisfied the most unimpassioned of philosophers. They were simply a positive essence and a negative one, correlated to sunshine and shadow, but also correlated to male and female forces. Through their mutual action were born the earth and the air and the water ; from these, in turn, was begotten man. The cosmical *modus operandi* was not creative nor evolutionary, but sexual. The whole scheme suggests an attempt to wed abstract philosophy with primitive concrete mythology.

The same sexuality distinguishes the Japanese demonology. Here the physical replaces the philosophical ; instead of principles we find allegorical person-

ages, but they show just the same pleasing propensity to appear in pairs.

This attributing of sexes to the cosmos is not in the least incompatible with an uninterested disregard of sex where it really exists. It is one thing to admit the fact as a general law of the universe, and quite another to dwell upon it as an important factor in every-day affairs.

How slight is the Tartar tendency to personification can be seen from a glance at these same Japanese gods. They are a combination of defunct ancestors and deified natural phenomena. The evolving of the first half required little imagination, for fate furnished the material ready made ; while in conjuring up the second moiety, the spirit-evokers showed even less originality. Their results were neither winsome nor sublime. The gods whom they created they invested with very ordinary humanity, the usual endowment of aboriginal deity, together with the customary superhuman strength. If these demigods differed from others of their class, it was only in being more commonplace, and in not meddling much with man. Even such personification of natural forces, simple enough to be self-suggested, quickly disappeared. The various awe-compelling phenomena soon ceased to have any connection with the anthropomorphic noumena they had begotten. For instance, the sun goddess, we are informed, was one day lured out of a cavern, where she was sulking in consequence of the provoking behavior of her younger brother, by her curiosity at the sight of her own face in a mirror, ingeniously placed before the entrance for the purpose. But no Japanese would dream now of casting any such reflections, however flattering, upon the face of the orb of day. The sun has become not only quite sexless to him, but as devoid of personality as it is to any Western materialist. Lesser deities suffered a like unsubstantial transformation. The thunder god, with his belt of drums, upon which he beats a devil's

tattoo until he is black in the face, is no longer even indirectly associated with the storm. As for dryads and nymphs, the beautiful creatures never inhabited Eastern Asia. Anthropoid foxes and raccoons, wholly lacking in those engaging qualities that beget love, and through love remembrance, take their place. Even Benten, the naturalized Venus, who, like her Hellenic sister, is said to have risen from the sea, is a person quite incapable of inspiring a reckless infatuation.

Utterly unlike was this pantheon to the pantheon of the Greeks, the personifying tendency of whose Aryan mind was forever peopling nature with half-human inhabitants. Under its quickening fancy the very clods grew sentient. Dumb earth awoke at the call of its desire, and the beings its own poesy had begotten made merry companionship for man. Then a change crept over the face of things. Faith began to flicker, for want of facts to feed its flame. Little by little the fires of devotion burnt themselves out. At last great Pan died. The body of the old belief was consumed. But though it perished, its ashes preserved its form, an unsubstantial presentment of the past, to crumble in a twinkling at the touch of science, but keeping yet to the poet's eye the lifelike semblance of what once had been. The dead gods still live in our language and our art. Even to-day the earth about us seems semi-conscious to the soul, for the memories they have left.

But with the Far Oriental the exorcising feeling was fear. He never fell in love with his own mythological creations, and so he never embalmed their memories. They were to him but explanations of facts, and had no claims upon his fancy. His ideal world remained as utterly impersonal as if it had never been born.

The same impersonality reappears in the matter of number. Grammatically, number with them is unrecognized.

There exist no such things as plural forms. This singularity would be only too welcome to the foreign student, were it not that in avoiding the frying-pan the Tartars fell into the fire. For what they invented in place of a plural was quite as difficult to memorize, and even more cumbrous to express. Instead of inflecting the noun and then prefixing a number, they keep the noun unchanged and add two numerals; thus at times actually employing more words to express the objects than there are objects to express. One of these numerals is a simple number; the other is what is known as an auxiliary numeral, a word as singular in form as in function. Thus, for instance, "two men" become amplified verbally into "man two individual," or, as the Chinaman puts it, in pidgin English, "two piecey man." For in this respect Chinese resembles Japanese, though in very little else, and pidgin English is nothing but the literal translation of the Chinese idiom into Anglo-Saxon words. The necessity for such elaborate qualification arises from the excessive simplicity of the Japanese nouns. As we have seen, the noun is so indefinite a generality that simply to multiply it by a number cannot possibly produce any definite result. No exact counterpart of these nouns exists in English, but some idea of the impossibility of the process may be got from our word "cattle," which, prolific though it may prove in fact, remains obstinately incapable of verbal multiplication. All Japanese nouns being of this indefinite description, all require auxiliary numerals. But as each one has its own appropriate numeral, about which a mistake is unpardonable, it takes some little study merely to master the etiquette of these handles to the names of things.

Nouns are not inflected, their cases being expressed by postpositions, which, as the name implies, follow, in becoming Japanese inversion, instead of preceding the word they affect. To make up, nev-

ertheless, for any lack of perplexity due to an absence of inflections, adjectives, *en revanche*, are most elaborately conjugated. Their protean shapes are as long as they are numerous, representing not only times, but conditions. There are, for instance, the root form, the adverbial form, the indefinite form, the attributive form, and the conclusive form, the two last being conjugated through all the various voices, moods, and tenses, to say nothing of all the potential forms. As one change is superposed on another, the adjective ends by becoming three or four times its original length. The fact is, the adjective is either adjective, adverb, or verb, according to occasion. In the root form it also helps to make nouns; so that it is even more generally useful than as a journalistic epithet with us. As a verb, it does duty as predicate and copula combined. For such an unnecessary part of speech as a real copula does not exist in Japanese. In spite of the shock to the prejudices of the old school of logicians, it must be confessed that the Tartars get on very well without any such couplings to their trains of thought. But then we should remember that in their sentences the cart is always put before the horse; and so needs only to be pushed, not pulled along.

The want of a copula is another instance of the primitive character of the tongue. It has its counterpart in our own baby-talk, where a quality is predicated of a thing simply by placing the adjective in apposition with the noun.

That the Japanese word which is commonly translated "is" is in no sense a copula, but an ordinary intransitive verb, referring to a natural state, and not to a logical condition, is evident in two ways. In the first place, it is never used to predicate a quality directly. A Japanese does not say, "The scenery is fine," but simply, "Scenery, fine." Secondly, wherever this verb is indirectly employed in such a manner, it is fol-

lowed, not by an adjective, but by an adverb. Not "She is beautiful," but "She exists beautifully," would be the Japanese way of expressing his admiration. What looks at first, therefore, like a copula turns out to be merely an impersonal intransitive verb.

A negative noun is, of course, an impossibility in any language, just as a negative substantive, another name for the same thing, is a direct contradiction in terms. No matter how negative the idea to be given, it must be conveyed by a positive expression. Even a void is grammatically quite full of meaning, although unhappily empty in fact. So much is common to all tongues, but Japanese carries its positivism yet further. Not only has it no negative nouns; it has not even any negative pronouns nor pronominal adjectives, — those convenient keepers of places for the absent. "None" and "nothing" are unknown words in its vocabulary, because the ideas they represent are not founded on observed facts, but upon metaphysical abstractions. Such terms are human-born, not earth-begotten concepts, and so to the Far Oriental, who looks at things from the point of view of nature, not of man, negation takes another form. Usually it is introduced by the verbs, because the verbs, for the most part, relate to human actions, and it is man, not nature, who is responsible for the omission in question. After all, it does seem more fitting to say, "I am ignorant of everything," than "I know nothing." It is indeed you who are wanting, not the thing.

The question of verbs leads us to another matter bearing on the subject of impersonality; namely, the arrangement of the words in a Japanese sentence. The Tartar mode of grammatical construction is very nearly the inverse of our own. The fundamental rule of Japanese syntax is, that qualifying words precede the words they qualify; that is, an idea is elaborately modified before it is so much as expressed. This prac-

tice places the hearer at some awkward preliminary disadvantage, inasmuch as the story is nearly over before he has any notion what it is all about; but really it puts the speaker to much more trouble, for he is obliged to fashion his whole sentence complete in his brain before he starts to speak. This is largely in consequence of two omissions in Tartar etymology. There are in Japanese no relative pronouns and no temporal conjunctions; conjunctions, that is, for connecting consecutive events. The want of these words precludes the admission of afterthoughts. Postscripts in speech are impossible. The functions of relatives are performed by position, explanatory or continuative clauses being made to precede directly the word they affect. Ludicrous anachronisms, not unlike those experienced by Alice in her looking-glass journey, are occasioned by this practice. For example, "The merry monarch who ended by falling a victim to profound melancholia" becomes "To profound melancholia a victim by falling ended merry monarch," and the sympathetic hearer weeps first and laughs afterward, when chronologically he should be doing precisely the opposite.

A like inversion of the natural order of things results from the absence of temporal conjunctions. In Japanese, though nouns can be added, actions cannot; you can say "hat and coat," but not "dressed and came." Conjunctions are used only for space, never for time. Objects that exist together can be joined in speech, but it is not allowable thus to connect consecutive events. "Having dressed, came" is the Japanese idiom. To speak otherwise would be to violate the unities. For a Japanese sentence is a single rounded whole, not a bunch of facts loosely tied together. It is as much a unit in its composition as a novel or a drama is with us. Such artistic periods, however, are anything but convenient. In their nicely contrived involution they strikingly resemble those curious nests

of Chinese boxes, where entire shells lie closely packed one within another, — a very marvel of ingenious and perfectly unnecessary construction. One must be antipodal to entertain the idea; for as it is, it is the idea that entertains us.

On the same general plan, the nouns precede the verbs in the sentence, and are in every way the more important parts of speech. The consequence is that in ordinary conversation the verbs come so late in the day that they not infrequently get left out altogether. For the Japanese are much given to docking their phrases, a custom the Germans might do well to adopt. Now, nouns denote facts, while verbs express action, and action, as considered in human speech, is mostly of human origin. In this precedence accorded the impersonal, element in language over the personal we observe again the comparative importance assigned the two. In Japanese estimation, the first place belongs to nature, the second only to man.

As if to mark beyond a doubt the insignificance of the part man plays in their thought, sentences are usually subjectless. Although it is a common practice to begin a phrase with the central word of the idea, isolated from what follows by the emphasizing particle "wa" (which means "as to," the French "quant à"), the word thus singled out for distinction is far more likely to be the object of the sentence than its subject. The habit is analogous to the use of our phrase "speaking of," — that is, simply an emphatic mode of introducing a fresh thought; only that with them, the practice being the rule and not the exception, no correspondingly abrupt effect is produced by it. Ousted thus from the post of honor, the subject is not even permitted the second place. Indeed, it usually fails to put in an appearance anywhere. You may search through sentence after sentence without meeting with the slightest suggestion of such a thing. When so unusual an anomaly as a motive cause

is directly adduced, it owes its mention, not to the fact of being the subject, but because for other reasons it happens to be the important word of the thought. The truth is, the Japanese conception of events is only very vaguely subjective. An action is looked upon more as happening than as being performed, as impersonally rather than personally produced. The idea is due, however, to anything but philosophic profundity. It springs from the most superficial of childish conceptions. For the Japanese mind is quite the reverse of abstract. Its consideration of things is concrete to a most primitive degree. The language reflects the fact. The few abstract ideas these people now possess are not represented by pure Japanese, but by imported Chinese expressions. The word "thing" itself exemplifies this. There are in common use two words for thing, "koto" and "mono." Mono is employed always for actual objects; koto as invariably for abstract ideas. Now mono is pure Japanese, koto an adopted Chinese term. The islanders got such notions from their foreign education, and they imported idea and word at the same time. As for mono, concrete thing, it is often applied quite without insult to men.

Summing up, as it were, *in propria persona* the impersonality of Japanese speech, the word for "man," "hito," is identical with, and probably originally the same word as, "hito," the numeral "one;" a noun and a numeral, from which Aryan languages have coined the only impersonal pronoun they possess. On the one hand, we have the German "mann;" on the other, the French "on."

Such, then, is the mould into which, as children, these people learn to cast their thought. What an influence it must exert upon their subsequent views of life we have but to ask of our own memories to know. With each one of us, if we are to advance beyond the steps

of the last generation, there comes a time when our growing ideas refuse any longer to fit the childish grooves in which we were taught to let them run. How great the wrench is when this supreme moment arrives we have all felt too keenly ever to forget. We hesitate, we delay, to abandon the beliefs which, dating from the dawn of our being, seem to us even as a part of our very selves. From the religion of our mother to the birth of our boyish first love, all our early associations send down roots so deep that long after our minds have outgrown them our hearts refuse to give them up. Even when reason conquers at last, sentiment still throbs at the voids they necessarily have left.

In the Far East, this fondness for the old is further consecrated by religion. The worship of ancestors sets its seal upon the traditions of the past, to break which were impious as well as sad. The golden age, that time when each man himself was young, has lingered on in the lands where it is always morning, and where man has never passed to his prosaic noon. Befitting the place is the mind we find there. As its language so clearly shows, it still is in that early impersonal state to which we all awake first before we become aware of that something we later know so well as self.

Particularly potent with these people is their language, for a reason that also lends it additional interest to us, — because it is their own. Among the mass of foreign thought the Japanese imitativeness has caused the nation to adopt, here is one thing which is indigenous. Half of the present speech, it is true, is of Chinese importation, but conservatism has kept the other half pure. From what it reveals we can see how each man starts to-day with the same impersonal outlook upon life the race had reached centuries ago, and which it has since kept unchanged. The man's mind has done likewise.

Percival Lowell.

ANECDOTES OF CHARLES READE.

IN a letter to a friend, twenty years ago, Charles Reade thus responded to a suggestion that he should prepare an autobiography:—

“I should like nothing better than to *contribute* to such a work. I have told a great deal about myself, at one time and another, and shall more, for nobody else can get at the root of my feelings or explain my acts. But I foresee many obstacles. I must draw lines which another might disregard. One might do worse than take a hint from Cæsar, and write his own history in the third person. . . . Autobiography opens great opportunities, but if it sets out to be complete the temptation to be dull is overwhelming. I have never run the risk of making myself unreadable, and never will. So the only true and correct life of Reade will probably not appear. . . . What I should like best would be to get a mass of anecdotes about me, written in good faith by —, and —, and —; by everybody, in fact. Smallest favors thankfully welcomed. Then edit them myself. That is one way to get at the truth. I suspect I should learn vastly more about your humble servant than I know now. Anecdotes are genuine photographs of character. Vivid or dim, they can't help reflecting some features of the original.”

Whatever value there may be in the idea thus hastily thrown out, it is certain that the experiment would not have been successful in Reade's case. No matter how ample the supply of material, the process of “editing by himself” would have left it meagre and barren. He was not the man to see himself as others saw him, and his sensitiveness was apt to be offended by any view which differed from his own. But it is, nevertheless, gratifying to believe that

faithful records of authentic incidents in his life will prolong his memory, and in some degree impart to it his own peculiar personal charm. In England the store of anecdotes is doubtless already abundant, but there may yet be room for a few recollections from a comrade who was in close intimacy with him during several years of the most active part of his career. They must, of course, be accepted with a liberal recognition of the fact that anecdotes do not always illustrate a man's heroic qualities, and that in many instances, like ripples on the surface of a lake, they afford no positive indications of the depths beneath.

My first interview with the eminent author, in 1863, left upon me an impression of breadth and amplitude which, though in a measure due to accident and artificial circumstances, remained undisturbed throughout the course of a long and unbroken friendship. The house he lived in, No. 6 Bolton Row, was of unusual magnitude, and the room in which he received his guests was of corresponding dimensions. A table which in point of size might have served for billiards was strewn with enormous sheets of tinted paper, upon which he was writing, in a bold and heavy hand, a forthcoming installment of *Hard Cash*. His portly frame completely filled an exceptionally spacious armchair, and as he rose to give greeting he was easily able to look down upon the visitors, though one of them was above the average stature. His manner, dignified, gracious, and extremely gentle, was in thorough harmony with the largeness of the surroundings, and in the conversation which ensued there was certainly nothing that indicated a narrow side to his character.

The novel upon which he was en-

gaged naturally became the topic of discussion. He was eager to know how the opening chapters had been accepted in America, and gratified to learn that the connection between this work and *Love Me Little, Love Me Long* had been promptly recognized, and had awakened fresh interest in the earlier tale. "That is my true public," he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Nobody here sees the connection; how could they? *Love Me Little, Love Me Long* is an unknown book in England." Turning presently to the gentleman who had brought me to him, he added, "I don't see how you ever left that country, Boucicault." At the moment it seemed that these pleasant speeches might be merely complimentary to the stranger, but the evidence of hearty sincerity in every expression of good will toward America was not wanting in after intercourse.

"And how does my Yankee, Fullalove, stand the test over there?" he next asked. "I suppose your sharp eyes have found him out." It was a satisfaction to inform him that all Americans regarded that personage with high favor, and were rejoiced to encounter in an English romance a fellow countryman fairly, not to say generously, conceived, instead of the conventional caricature. "Why, then, we will bring him back again, if he is welcome. To tell you the truth, I have had my doubts. There is no precedent in the books for a real Yankee; at least, the Yankees I meet are nothing like the Yankees I read about. I have been obliged to build one for myself." I told him he was much nearer the truth than any of his predecessors, and that everybody in America would be delighted to renew acquaintance with Fullalove. "Well, we must find a way to have him in again." He did so, not only in the third volume of *Hard Cash*, but, later, in other situations.

Literary society in London was just

then on the alert for an outbreak of hostilities between Charles Reade and his senior in authorship, the conductor of *All the Year Round*. The fraternal relations of Dickens and John Forster were well known. The latter was one of the Commissioners in Lunacy, against whom, as a body, Reade was bitterly inveighing in Dickens's own paper. Dickens made no concealment of his dissent from Reade's views, and it was understood that a protest of some sort was likely to appear in *All the Year Round* while the novel was still in progress. The effect of this, it was believed, would be to elicit one of the outbursts of wrath for which Reade was, unfortunately, notorious. The subject happened to be freely debated on the occasion of which I am speaking, and the utter absence of irritability on Reade's part was so singularly at variance with his reputation in this particular that I took pains to preserve a recollection of his language as well as his demeanor. He remarked, first, that there were few things he would be unwilling to yield at Dickens's desire. He had consented to a temporary change of title to please him, allowing the word *Very* to precede those which he had himself fixed upon, — *Hard Cash*. The elder novelist objected to a title so nearly resembling that of one of his own tales, previously published in the same periodical. Moreover, he thought the extra adverb would give the name a certain piquancy and intensity. Consequently, it was *Very Hard Cash* in the serial issue, but became *Hard Cash* again in book form.

But in the more serious matter of the Commissioners in Lunacy, it was impossible for Reade to set aside his own convictions. He could not destroy the purpose of his work. He had, however, especially endeavored to exonerate one member of the board (Forster), and he hoped that would be sufficient to satisfy Dickens. If not, Dickens would probably publish a note, as was expected, dis-

claiming responsibility for the opinions expressed in the romance. "That ought to be the end of it. Anybody who thinks I shall pursue the subject, or attempt to retaliate, makes a great mistake. What! quarrel with Dickens, the chief of us all? Not for any consideration. Besides, it is not conceivable that he would give me cause to be offended." And so it proved. The card of disavowal eventually appeared, but no beligerent rejoinder followed it. The scandal-lovers, happily, had failed in their reckoning.

If Reade could have had his way, he would always have dwelt in houses of similar proportions to those of the Bolton Row mansion, which so comfortably accommodated itself to his expansive nature. He hated to be cramped, and one of the principal charms of his Oxford quarters was the space at his disposal in Magdalen New College. Private habitations in London are mostly of a pinched and narrow pattern. But No. 6 Bolton Row was much too large for his needs, if not for his inclinations. He removed successively to Curzon Street, to St. George's Road, and to Albert Terrace, Knightsbridge, and was dissatisfied with every change. His migratory habit would have been inconveniently expensive but for the speculative use to which he turned it. Finding himself burdened with long leases of houses not to his taste, he conceived the idea of altering and refitting them upon novel plans, making them attractive in ways which the original designers never dreamed of, and sub-letting them at a profit. The experiment was so successful that he presently enlarged the sphere of his operations, and rented houses in Mayfair, Knightsbridge, and Belgravia with the express purpose of putting a fresh face upon them, and disposing of them to desirable tenants. In course of time he became so much interested in this business as to undertake with his own hands the more delicate work of

decoration, rearranging the upholstery, hanging the pictures anew, and brightening the furniture with lively colors. His operations in one instance were thus described by himself: "As the future occupants are married people, and of some distinction, I embellished the drawing-room with new curtains, amber-colored satin and lace, and L—— and I painted all the frames of pictures and mirrors white and gold. I also covered my favorite chairs with gilding, even to the straw seats, and the effect is superb, I do assure you. I am so pleased with this new method of ornamenting that I believe I should gild the whole front of the house, if I had time. The place looks so pretty that I hate to leave it, small and incommodious as it is. But it would stifle me to stay another quarter." It was not until he established himself near Hyde Park that he found it possible to satisfy, even partially, his longing for elbow-room. He had employed several devices, such as filling his rooms with gigantic mirrors, and tearing away partitions; but the first of these remedies lacked reality, and by the second he lost in one place what he gained in another. At Albert Terrace (afterward Albert Gate), however, he had the unusual advantage of a garden, extending from the rear of his residence to the wall of the great park. This open space he might occupy as he chose, and he did, in fact, build an addition to the house which he last occupied in that locality, giving himself a working-room much more extensive than any he had found ready to his hand. Then he was contented, — so well contented that he rarely left his pleasant abode excepting to visit Oxford, or to engage in provincial theatrical enterprises, or to undertake what he was pleased to call "voyages of discovery."

Upon many of these excursions it was my fortune to accompany him. In the voyages of discovery he did not seek recreation, but material for work. Every few years he would scour the country in

pursuit of a literary or dramatic subject, but he seldom found precisely what he wanted. His best themes came from unexpected sources. In 1867, when Griffith Gaunt was finished, and he was free to explore new fields, he summoned me to start with him upon an expedition through North Wales. The region was unknown to him, and he thought it might be fertile in suggestions. Upon arriving at Llangollen, on a gloomy and unpropitious evening, he began to generalize. The provision at supper was scanty. "Meanness of Welsh taverns," said Reade. Then, addressing a waitress, "Bring another cake, my dear, unless you think we shall devastate the principality." The chambermaids at the first inn were not personally alluring. "Welsh women hideous," said Reade; and in this particular forecast he was not so far wrong. The next day we walked to Corwen, taking a villager to guide us. Reade endeavored to seduce him into companionable conversation, but his advances met with no response. "He won't speak to me because I am an Englishman. Welsh hatred of the Saxon. You try him, H——; tell him where you come from." But it turned out that the descendant of the Cymri was capable of no dialect but his own. "What is the good of personal investigation in a country where nobody can answer your questions? I wish we had n't come."

Reade's tongue was quick at fault-finding, but he did not mean to be taken seriously in all that he said. When we reached Llanberis, at the foot of Mount Snowdon, it did indeed seem for several days that the trip would be a failure. The rain was incessant, and so violent as to keep us from stirring abroad. "No matter," he said, cheerfully, "I will get up my Welsh novel in-doors." To facilitate this task, he extracted from his portmanteau an immense collection of French dramas, certainly not less than a hundred, which he read diligently as

long as the weather held us prisoners. It was his cherished conviction that the Théâtre Contemporain contained a never-ending supply of plots, characters, and incidents; but, excepting in the conspicuous case of *White Lies*, and in one or two of his early and unimportant tales, he made no use of what he found there. His theories of composition were often widely contradicted by his practice.

After a fortnight of wandering, generally in the rain, he concluded that modern Wales would not furnish him the inspiration he required; and nothing in the ancient ruins with which the land is crowded appealed to his imagination. "I have forsworn mediæval subjects," he declared; "The Cloister and the Hearth settled that." But he found enough to interest him in other ways, for a considerable time. He was passionately fond of simple music, and listened with delight for hours together to the old Welsh lays. Immediately after settling himself in the hotel of each new town he would send for a "bard." Bards, it appeared, were always on hire, for the entertainment of travelers æsthetically inclined. There was seldom anything mysterious or legendary in their appearance, though they always wore long beards and brought with them specimens of the old-fashioned harp. Reade was very particular about their artistic rank and title. "Are you a bard?" was his first inquiry. If the harper had not been through the special training which enabled him to assume that designation, he was dismissed without a hearing. But as almost every player in Wales is a bard, few went away disappointed. Reade's enjoyment of such graceful airs as *The Rising of the Lark*, and of the more vigorous national songs, of which *The Men of Harlech* was his favorite example, could not be dulled by any amount of repetition.

For some reason which he never chose to reveal, he was exceedingly desirous to

get sight of a specimen of the tall, conical hats formerly worn by the Welsh women, but latterly displaced by a more comfortable, if less picturesque, head-gear. Wherever we went, he astonished the women folk by the persistency of his questions on this point. But no one could satisfy him. In Bangor we were told that a few of these relics still existed in Carnarvon; and in Carnarvon we were assured that if we really wanted to see them we must go back to Bangor. Everybody was confident that there were hats preserved in Wales, but nobody could help us to find them. As the search went on, I grew even more excited than my companion, though I never knew the object of his quest, and I doubt if it were anything more than a passing whim. Finally, while I was sauntering alone, one afternoon, through a fair at Aberystwith, I encountered an old peasant woman, wearing the long-desired article. I ran to the hotel for Reade, and dragged him to the spot; but the aged dame had disappeared, like the witches in *Macbeth*, and we could not trace her, though we ransacked the streets for the rest of the day. "It is fated that I am not to get anything I want in Wales," said Reade, not choosing to remember the music that enchanted him. "Let us go back to London — and civilization. I renounce the hats, and I long for a decent bed."

At the risk of descending to trivialities, I must mention that with respect to the arrangement of beds he held extreme views. I have heard them called not only extreme, but fanatical. Before going to rest for the first time in any place he visited, he generally gave the chambermaid, or the landlady, a bad quarter of an hour. Among other eccentricities, he insisted upon having the lower as well as the upper part of the mattress bolstered up, so that his feet should be raised nearly as high as his head, while his body sank gently into the valley between. He could not bear

to sleep upon anything but feathers, and would rather change his lodgings than reconcile himself to hair or springs. Above all, his sheets must be free from the faintest suspicion of dampness; and if he saw any reason to doubt that they had been thoroughly aired, he would have a fire lighted, no matter how late the hour or what the time of year might be, and wait till the linen had been dried and warmed to his satisfaction. There was never any objection to the alterations he wished for, but he would in most cases try to extort an acknowledgment that all methods of bed-making except his own were vicious, unnatural, and abominable. Here he undertook too much. As a rule, his ideas were controverted with the obstinacy of sacred conviction, and he was left to such satisfaction as he could obtain through the medium of invective.

He brought from Wales no agreeable recollection excepting of the music, which was always afterward dear to him. His taste was primitive, and he would listen to none but the plainest melodies. In these, however, he revelled with a delight which often rose to ecstacy. It was inexpressibly touching to see him sing the old-time songs which he loved best. I speak intentionally of "seeing" him sing them, for he had only the ghost of a voice, in which there was no musical quality whatever; and the charm was in the rapt expression of his countenance, which became strangely radiant and beautiful when he abandoned himself to the influence of sweet sounds. There was a look of perfect happiness upon his face when seated at the piano, and accompanying himself in a tender English ballad, or some rustic ditty which reminded him of pleasant days and nights at Ipsden. But he could not go beyond the simplest strains, and the slightest approach to complicated harmonies put him out of humor. He liked to join in an easy bass movement, and at Christmas time, in the

chapel of Magdalen College, took part in the hymns with great relish. One year the choir-master prepared a new arrangement of the well-known *Adeste Fidelis*. Reade took it extremely ill, and, stanza after stanza, persisted in singing the old familiar bass, with all the force of which he was master. This was his way of protesting against the innovation, and it is necessary to have some acquaintance with music, as well as with his personal peculiarities, to understand how ludicrous was the effect of the one discordant voice, contending vainly against the united tones of the choir and the bulk of the congregation.

It was not his habit to admit that there could be two sides to any question in which he was interested, and he would allow no virtue in any music that did not appeal to his own senses. Yet so curiously limited were his perceptions that he could not distinguish between a genuine lyric of the style that pleased him and a caricature of the same. The refrain of one of the concerted pieces in *Pinafore*, which is nothing more than an imitation of the Rule Britannia order of composition, gave him as much gratification as the original, and was praised by him with equal effusion. His appreciation of paintings was likewise confined to a restricted range. He was fervent in admiration of the artists he approved, and at one time owned many of their pictures, but he had not a word of favor for other works. Poetry, in its ordinary forms, he held in very slight esteem. Rhyme he regarded as a superfluous jingle. He admired Scott, because that author told spirited stories in verse. Tennyson attracted him by his mastery of strong emotion, as revealed, for example, in *Dora*, which Reade dramatized. He was much struck by Walt Whitman's description of one of Paul Jones's naval battles, because of the vigor and boldness of the language; but he was scarcely less pleased with a highly colored report, in the *Times*, of

a prize-fight between two noted pugilists.

Once, in 1873, it occurred to him to try his own hand at versification. He was at Liverpool, superintending the production of his theatrical adaptation of *The Wandering Heir*. He had an idea that a "popular ballad," modeled upon those which are hawked about the streets, and embodying the leading incidents of his play, would serve well as an advertisement, and he set himself to the task of producing one with an earnestness which no person unacquainted with him could have believed to be sincere. For several days it occupied the greater part of his attention, and his delight in the work was like that of a child. "I never attempted anything of this sort before," he said, "but, do you know, I think I have a knack at it. Now listen," and he would read a dozen or more lines of the most rickety metre and barbarous rhyme that ever were put together. He actually thought it was a capital thing in its way, and was as proud of it, when it was finished and printed, as of the finest chapter he had written. It seems next to incredible that the author of *The Cloister* and the *Hearth* should get so fantastic a notion into his mind, but it is a still greater marvel that none of his intimate companions saw anything incongruous in the proceeding. In truth, the ordinary rules of human judgment were not rigorously applied to him. If other men of his stamp had taken to writing doggerel, their friends would have made great fun of it, but no one ever had the heart to ridicule Reade's harmless diversions.

It was not because he cultivated Horace's art of "*nil admirari*" that he looked with indifference upon most poetic productions. One name would always kindle a flame in his soul, and, if intelligently brought forward, could change his customary taciturnity to an eloquence of which few knew him to be capable. Shakespeare was the idol

before whom he bowed with reverence and devotion. Every line of the plays and poems had been fixed in his memory since boyhood. He could recite them all, from beginning to end, and I have heard him say that he thus carried about with him a library better than most men had in their studies. It is a pity that he left no complete record of his reflections upon Shakespeare's life and works. There was no subject to which he gave deeper thought. When in the mood to discourse upon it he put away the reticence and immobility which usually characterized him, and became singularly animated and voluble. I remember, in particular, one night at Leeds, when he was excited by the successful production of his drama *Foul Play*, and at supper, in Manager Coleman's house, showed himself ready to take the lead in conversation. He had recently visited Stratford-upon-Avon, and until early morning he held his listeners fascinated by descriptions of that town; not as he had seen it a couple of weeks before, but as it was in Shakespeare's day, when the poet lived in the New Place, a flourishing citizen, free from all care but that of guarding his industriously earned prosperity. Turning his mind back two and a half centuries, Reade drew the living figures of that period with the same realistic power he had displayed in the portrayal of still earlier characters, in *The Cloister* and *the Hearth*. Shakespeare and his companions stood before us. We seemed to hear the testimony of an eye-witness, not the conjectures of a fanciful enthusiast. All that he told, indeed, was based upon thorough and accurate investigation, and the conclusions at which he arrived were supported by facts that helped to make them convincing. He carried us with him through many dark passages of Shakespeare's progress, explaining much that is commonly set aside as difficult of comprehension, and throwing the light of his brilliant imagination

upon various obscure problems of the poet's career. We felt that we had no choice but to refuse to listen or to accept the picture he gave us,—and no one dreamed of refusing to listen. When we left him, there was little question in the mind of any auditor as to the literal truthfulness of every word he had spoken; and I believe that, with respect to all important details, the impression remains undimmed to this day.

Strictly speaking, it was not the poet, but the author of great plays, whom Reade honored in his pilgrimage to Stratford. The drama and its proper home, the theatre, were always foremost in his thoughts. Yet he never attained a perfect mastery of the dramatic art, and of the theatre, in every practical sense, he was as ignorant as an infant. Whenever he undertook management on his own account, he lost money, or at best merely cleared himself. When his most successful pieces were produced under the management of others, he received only a fraction of what was his due, not knowing how to protect himself against the rapacity of those with whom he dealt. I find, by a letter written in 1865, that the receipts of *It Is Never Too Late To Mend*, at the Princess's Theatre, were larger than those of any other play brought out by Mr. George Vining up to that date,—exceeding even those of *Arrah-na-Pogue*. Reade contented himself, however, with one fourth of the net profits. As a general rule, though his terms of agreement may have entitled him to one fourth, or sometimes one third, of the profits, he received nothing approaching that proportion. He made no preparation against the manifold trickeries practiced by the majority of managers. If he took a theatre himself, he was like a lamb among jackals. But his passion for the stage was such that he would rather be fleeced out of the last farthing than abandon it. In bargaining with publishers he was sharp and shrewd, but in

theatrical speculations he was at anybody's mercy. He often allowed artistic feeling to stand in the way of his pecuniary interest. I have known him to withhold a play from a house in which success was morally certain, and give it to another, far less prosperous, in which he was sure of nothing but a faithful and sympathetic interpretation. In all theatrical enterprises he looked first to the stage itself for his reward. After that, his satisfaction was in the applause of the audience, and the financial results were considered last of all.

His dramatic experiences with *Foul Play* were peculiar. Mr. Compton Reade, in the biography of his uncle, entirely misrepresents the history of the novel thus designated, the origin and virtually the authorship of which he attributes to Mr. Dion Boucicault. The work was, in fact, laid out by Reade and Boucicault, with the understanding that the former should take charge of the story, while the latter should prepare the theatrical adaptation. Each party to the transaction being eminent in his own field, a double success was confidently hoped for. This natural expectation, however, was destroyed at an early stage of the serial publication in *Once A Week*. A misunderstanding arose, the grounds of which it is not necessary to specify, and the two authors separated, not to meet again until the results of their labors had been temporarily forgotten. Mr. Compton Reade, nevertheless, says that "this collaboration gratified Charles Reade more thoroughly than any during his lifetime." It was, in truth, one of the most unhappy episodes in his career. Mr. Boucicault's criticisms, communicated by letter while the romance was in progress, caused his partner an amount of suffering which the approval of the public could not at the time alleviate. The intimation that the popular actor was largely concerned in the composition of the book is disposed of by the circumstance that the

publishers distinctly declined to receive matter from him. They notified Reade that although they consented to the announcement of joint authorship, they looked exclusively to him for the narrative which was to appear in their periodical. Thus it turned out that the only remunerative part of the enterprise was that for which the novelist was responsible. Mr. Boucicault manifested so little interest in the business as to lead Reade to doubt whether he intended to carry through the principal task allotted to him. The doubt was not justified by the event, although the position of affairs was such that Reade thought it necessary to prepare a dramatization by himself alone. This piece was brought out at Leeds, and was received with great favor. It was defective in construction, like most of the writer's theatrical work, but was so full of stirring incidents and striking situations as to create an unusual sensation in the Yorkshire capital. In London it would probably have rivaled the success of *It Is Never Too Late To Mend*, but in Leeds it had a short life, and if it drew any money the share delivered to Reade was infinitesimal.

Mr. Boucicault produced his version at a later date, in the metropolis. It is not to be supposed that a man who lives by the stage would hazard his reputation by deliberately presenting an inferior play, but it is quite possible that he was injuriously influenced, perhaps unconsciously to himself, and that his accustomed dexterity was blunted by the unfortunate complications of the case. Whatever may have been the cause, the drama was one of the weakest and dullest of the long collection to which his name is attached. "*Foul Play*, a Drama by Dion Boucicault and Charles Reade" was not to be compared to "*Foul Play*, a Drama by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault," in spirit, vigor, or popular effectiveness. Under ordinary conditions, the opposite result

should have been expected. Nobody knew better than Reade that his collaborator far excelled him in all the arts of theatrical manipulation.

Respecting another and more recent drama in which Reade was concerned as co-author, his ill-informed biographer is again at fault. Referring to *Love and Money*, performed at the Adelphi in 1882, Mr. Compton Reade states that "whatever credit belongs to the play must be set down to the score of Mr. Pettit." The following extract from a letter written in November of the same year will serve to correct this error:—

"Messrs. Gatti and Warner (who virtually manages the Adelphi) took it into their heads that a piece by Henry Pettit and Charles Reade would combine melodrama and common sense, and fill the house. So Warner called on me three times to persuade me to this collaboration. I raised various objections, but at last succumbed. I agreed to sit on a very small egg provided by Pettit. It was a very bare outline, but Warner thought it a good nucleus. I went to work and wrote half the play. Pettit, distracted by rehearsals, had to be driven out of London to work. What he did produce, however, was melodramatic and good,—all but his last scene, which would have killed the play. We thinned everywhere, and altered each other's work, and made a tolerable play, with a powerful part for Warner," etc.

This piece, the last dramatic composition in which Reade was concerned, was "voted a great success by the journals," and was eagerly sought for by speculators in various parts of the world. The American purchasers paid ten thousand dollars for it before it was produced in London. But as it too frequently happened, his lack of practical theatrical knowledge and his reluctance to busy himself with the minutæ of management made him in the end a loser by the transaction. In spite of occasional

and fitful gleams of fortune, the theatre and its associations were destined to bring him disappointment, not to say disaster, to the very close of his life.

Perhaps he would have said that the pleasure he derived from even his adverse experiences was ample compensation for all his losses. Certainly he was never so well contented as when mixed up in the bustle and turmoil of theatrical adventure. The solid dignity and honor which he enjoyed at Oxford had less attraction for him than the glitter and sparkle of the footlights. So slight a matter as the reading of a play to actors or managers was for him an occasion of festivity. He would get together the parties concerned, always including a pretty actress or two, possibly three or four,—the more the merrier,—and drive them to Richmond, or Greenwich, or some other attractive suburban resort, where an excellent dinner generally preceded the business of the day. He was not a good reader. His voice was too thin and he had little rhetorical grace, but his intelligence and earnestness made up for many deficiencies. The effect he produced was generally to to be measured by the understanding of his hearers. Clever men and women appreciated the value of his dialogue, and enjoyed it. On the other hand, I have seen a buxom burlesque actress—a manager's daughter, who was seized with the fancy to appear in domestic drama, and who imagined she could shine in *Rachel the Reaper*—ogle herself in the glass, and survey with joyous abandon the image of her plenteous shape, while he was reciting, with true and tender feeling, one of his most pathetic scenes. "My dear," said the offended author, "be kind enough to remember that you must exploit your brains, and not your body, in my play." Needless to add that the part was not found suitable to the young woman's requirements.

At rehearsals he was so much in the

way as frequently to imperil the effect of his strongest situations. His ideas were always good, sometimes admirable, but he was totally incapable of putting them into form or communicating them to others. What Mr. Compton Reade says about "his rare ability as a stage manager" is sheer nonsense. When *The Double Marriage* was in preparation at the Queen's Theatre, he became quite exasperated, one morning, because of his inability to arrange certain groups as he desired. Mrs. Wigan, the wife of the manager, a very stately person, whose authority was well understood to be supreme in the establishment, and who seldom permitted herself to be interested in the business of the stage, stepped forward, with an air of gracious condescension, to assist in unraveling the confusion. Her intention was excellent, and her coöperation would have been valuable, but Reade was not at all inclined to accept it. "Madam," he said, "I beg you not to interfere with my actresses. If you do, I shall direct the prompter to request you to retire." The company stood aghast, and no public performance in that house ever equaled the wonderful pantomime of Mrs. Wigan's indignant withdrawal.

Actors were warmly welcomed at his home, and especially American actors, — partly because they were more familiar with his plays than their English brethren. Several of his minor pieces, which seldom lasted beyond a single season in his own country, have kept a place in the regular repertory of our theatres, and no one who had taken part in any of these needed to wait for an invitation from him. But his acquaintance with representatives of our stage dated back much farther than the time of his entrance into public life. He knew Charlotte Cushman and Forrest, and for the latter he retained a good deal of admiration, chiefly on account of the stalwart tragedian's ingenuity in inventing suggestive "business" and by-

play. Reade insisted that Macready, who affected to see nothing but what was contemptible in the boisterous competitor for popular favor, studied Forrest closely, and actually adopted many of his strong effects. This was especially noticeable, Reade declared, after the English actor had witnessed the American's performance of *Macbeth*. To mention a single example, Forrest was the first, so far as Reade knew, to cover his face and avert his head when rushing upon the ghost of Banquo; and the point was at once seized and always made use of by Macready. When Edwin Booth called at Albert Gate, in 1881, Reade took great pleasure in recalling his visitor's father, whom he had seen in the days of ambitious rivalry between the elder Booth and Edmund Kean. Reade was too infirm to attend many of Edwin's performances at the Princess's Theatre, but he bore earnest testimony to the merit of what he did witness. His praises showed, in some particulars, a curious minuteness of observation. "See Booth in *Lear*," he remarked to certain friends, "and be sure you call him before the curtain; if you don't, you will lose a fine sensation. There is nothing like his advance and retirement for dignity, and his salutation has the majesty of the old king in person."

Reade's desire that the title of "journalist" should appear in the epitaph upon his tombstone was a surprise to many, but not to those who knew how often he had seriously contemplated engaging in newspaper work. It is not forgotten that he wrote upon various topics, in his later years, for the *Pall Mall Gazette* and other journals, but the fact that he more than once proposed establishing a daily or weekly of his own has escaped general notice. There are still remaining, I presume, some *attachés* of the *Telegraph* who can recall the negotiations which promised, at one time, to enlist him on the staff of that paper. It was in 1863, when the *Telegraph* had

just started upon a career of independent energy which seemed destined to realize Reade's conception of what modern journalism ought to be. A trifling circumstance made me acquainted with his willingness to put himself upon terms of more direct communication with the reading public than was possible in his capacity of novelist. He had witnessed the memorable prize-fight of Heenan and King, in company with Nicholas Woods, of the Times, and myself, and, on his return to London, had left us at my lodgings, where Woods was to prepare his description of the combat. But the fatigue of the journey and the numerous excitements of the day had completely exhausted the clever Irish reporter. After writing perhaps a column and a half, he declared himself totally unable to continue, and called upon me to finish the task. Perceiving that he was really prostrated, I proposed to send for Reade, who lived close at hand, and ask his coöperation. To this, however, Woods did not consent. He was ready to receive assistance from an old associate, but not from a comparative stranger.

When Reade heard of this, he said that he had not much inclination for reporting, but would have been pleased to write a leader upon the subject, and would not object to the opportunity of speaking his mind, in a daily paper, upon various matters in which he felt an interest. I repeated his statement to Mr. J. Prowse, who then supplied the Telegraph's "social" leaders, and the result was that Mr. Thornton Hunt visited Reade on behalf of the proprietors, with a view to securing him as a regular contributor. But the arrangement was not carried out, principally because of Reade's persistence in demanding a privilege which could not properly be conceded. He had been much irritated, not long before, by the alterations that Mr. Lucas, the editor of *Once a Week*, had made in the manuscript of *A Good Fight*; which novel Reade had brought

to an abrupt close, rather than allow it to be disfigured by mutilations. Failing, or not choosing, to recognize the difference between a work of fiction published under his name and a series of anonymous articles for which the newspaper, and not himself, must be responsible, he stipulated that his "copy" for the Telegraph should be subject to no change or modification. He was assured that the editor's rights would be exercised with discretion, and that there would probably be no occasion for ever varying a line of his matter; and every effort was made to reconcile his susceptibilities with the necessity of submission, in a daily paper, to one central authority. He refused to be convinced, and a leader which he had prepared, and which had been put in type, was sent back to him, with expressions of more than formal regret. There was reason for regret. The article dealt with a subject which Reade was treating at the same time, under the guise of a serial romance, in *All the Year Round*; namely, the abuses of lunatic asylums. It was in his best style, and the Telegraph could ill afford to lose it, and with it the prospect of publishing a succession of essays which would have been a striking feature in current journalism. But the point of dissension was one that could not be yielded, as Reade subsequently acknowledged. He never again came so near to direct connection with an established journal, although in 1881 the proprietors of a "society" weekly offered him something like six thousand dollars a year for nothing more than the bare use of his name as conductor.

I am aware that I have thus far recorded little in support of my early statement that the impression of breadth and loftiness produced by the first meeting with Reade was never obliterated; and I fear that the evidence could not be given satisfactorily in any reminiscences of the kind that the public cares to read. The finer attributes of a man seldom re-

veal themselves in actions which can be lightly or briefly narrated. It is undoubtedly possible to explain how I know that Reade was rarely endowed with intense humanity, just principle, and generous magnanimity, but not very easy to illustrate those qualities by relating detached incidents. The details which make up a mass are not always imposing when inspected separately. My judgment is founded upon a long and continuous, but not necessarily eventful, experience. Yet I will endeavor to recall one or two instances of his readiness to set aside prejudices, both instinctive and cultivated, in obedience to his sense of justice or his impulses of sympathy and compassion.

He was accustomed to look at society through conventional glasses, and his careless indifference frequently made him appear illiberal and harsh. He accepted, rather than formed, a poor estimate of "the lower orders," whom he spoke of, comprehensively, as "a bad lot." This was entirely a matter of habit. A little reflection would sometimes cause him to change his attitude with amusing rapidity. He had adopted, without consideration, the English theory that servants are the natural enemies of their employers, and was content to keep them at the distance prescribed by common usage. On one occasion he was informed by his associate in housekeeping, Mrs. Seymour, a third party being present, that a maid had been detected in a grievous fault.

"She *reads*, Charles!" said that lady, with the air of one who brings tidings of dire import.

"That's a bad job," answered Reade, perfunctorily, as if replying to a remark about the weather.

At first, the observation and the response conveyed no clear meaning to the American listener, but it was presently explained that the girl had been found, after her appointed bedtime, reading by candle-light a copy of *It Is*

Never Too Late To Mend. Incredible as it may seem to persons unfamiliar with the insular idea of a servant's duties, this was regarded as a grave misdemeanor. Nothing commendable was seen in the housemaid's intelligence and ambition, nor in her willingness to give up an hour or more of her nightly rest to make herself acquainted with one of her master's books. Mrs. Seymour was as kind-hearted a creature as ever lived, and would have grudged neither money nor toil to befriend a fellow-being; but she was an Englishwoman, and could not be brought to acknowledge that this girl was honest. It was true that she read at a time when her work for the day was ended, and that the candle which she used was her own; but she deprived herself of some of the rest which was needed to enable her to start fairly upon her morning tasks, and her untrustworthiness was proved by her secret indulgence in a practice not befitting her station.

A somewhat lively discussion followed, in which Reade took no part, further than to say, when appealed to for confirmation or denial of sundry propositions, "I think Seymour gives you the general opinion," or, "I believe that is our way of looking at it." He sat and listened, biting his nails industriously, as was his habit when contemplating a trite subject from a new point of view. A day or two later he brought from his study a package of manuscript, which he threw down with the remark, "There, perhaps that will suit your republican highness." It was an elaborate argument on behalf of domestic servants, defining their position, defending their rights and privileges, and charitably extenuating their follies and weaknesses. Portions of this document were afterward introduced into his novel, *A Simpleton*. As for the aspiring housemaid, she underwent some sort of examination, and, being found capable of better things than kitchen drudgery,

was suddenly translated, by her employer's influence, to the position of an assistant nurse in a hospital, with the suggestion that she might be occupied, at odd times, in reading novels to the patients.

There was one class of humble public servants, as unpopular in London as elsewhere, for whom Reade had no toleration. These were the cab-drivers. He abominated them collectively, and he never took a long ride without detesting individually the man who drove him. Many a time he stopped his four-wheeler — he would not use a hansom if he could help it — in the middle of a course, and engaged another, for no reason but that the appearance of "that beggar on the box" had become offensive to him. One night I accompanied him to a dinner party in Half Moon Street. It rained violently, and the curbstone was slippery with mud. As our cab-driver opened the door of the vehicle, he missed his footing, and fell heavily between the wheels. "Drunk," said Reade, sententiously; but when he saw the man's face he sprang out, and lifted him to a sitting position on the sidewalk. "Are you hurt, my poor fellow?" he inquired; but his poor fellow could only gasp for breath. Reade called a servant from the house we were about to enter, and asked her to bring a glass of spirits, — that being his notion of a panacea for all the woes of the populace. The woman hesitated, and seemed to think it was not quite in her line. There are gradations of caste in England, down to the bottom of the social ladder. Then Reade managed to get the injured man partly into the cab, with his feet resting upon the sidewalk, and after satisfying himself that the position was safe, and that the horse would not stir, ran to a bar-room on the corner of the street, ordered a shilling's worth of brandy, hot, — a quantity sufficient to make any cabman delirious, — and carried it back to his *protégé*, whom

he did not leave until the latter was able to mount his seat and move slowly away. That was the only time I ever knew Reade to conquer one of his most cherished antipathies so far as to go into a drink-shop. He told the driver to report, next day, at Albert Terrace. The driver did so, and I suppose I am bound to add that Reade would not see him. He was equal to any sudden demand upon his good feeling, but he could not face a cabman in cold blood. So he sent out a consolatory coin, and the four-wheeler went on its way rejoicing.

In the autumn of 1869, Reade was about to gather an unusually large number of friends and acquaintances, to celebrate an event of interest in literary and theatrical circles. Among the proposed guests was one, an editor of standing and influence, whose presence was undoubtedly desirable, but whom he had been extremely reluctant to invite. This individual's son, a juvenile and immature journalist, had written, not long before, an anonymous satirical attack upon the sensitive author, wantonly abusive, and sufficiently pungent to give him great annoyance. Reade had positive information of this fact, but it was understood that the father knew nothing about it, — otherwise he would not have been included in the party. A few days previous to the entertainment, Reade was disturbed and angered by the receipt of a note from the editor, requesting as a special favor that an invitation be extended to the offending son. This seemed to call for decisive action. Arming himself with the evidence of what the young writer had done, Reade hastened to the father's office, intending to unburden his mind freely, and quite prepared to revoke the invitation already given, even at the cost of incurring the hostility of an important newspaper. But before he could collect himself for the onset, the editor began explaining that he was conscious of having tres-

passed to an extent which nothing could wholly justify, but for which the peculiar circumstances might furnish a partial excuse. The son was on the point of embarking in an enterprise the fortune of which largely depended upon the good will of such men as Reade was about to bring together. If he could meet them once, the benefit would be unspeakable. With considerable feeling, the father pledged his word that he would not have asked this privilege if he did not know his son to be thoroughly worthy of it. The youth was the soul of courtesy, delicacy, honor, — all that a fond father could wish. No one who was acquainted with his merits would think that the liberty which had been taken was altogether unpardonable. This, and much more, was poured into the ears of the man who had in his pocket the proof of what he, at any rate, regarded as a gross and flagrant personal outrage, committed by the object of the paternal eulogy.

In the midst of the exhortation, the son came unexpectedly upon the scene. He showed embarrassment and agitation, but the father saw nothing amiss, and was delighted at the opportunity of presenting his paragon to the distinguished author. The sincerity and proud confidence of the elder journalist were too much for Reade, and the hostile purpose of his call was straightway forgotten. He could not shatter so happy an illusion. Lifting his hands and dropping them upon his knees, — a gesture which with him meant unconditional surrender, — he turned to the young man, spoke of what he had just heard concerning the projected enterprise, and told him that the best foundation for success was a resolution to deal fairly and uprightly with all men, to avoid the mean tricks of his profession, and to “stick fast to the golden rule as a guide for life.” “Do no writing with a dirty pen, my young friend,” he added. The father looked puzzled, but was

relieved when Reade concluded by saying that the son would be welcome at the coming dinner. “You will meet some gentlemen worth knowing, — some gentlemen of very high character. I will put you near them. A young man starting in your course cannot do better than to take them as models.” Again the editor opened his eyes, for Reade was not addicted to preaching, and this style of address was far away from his ordinary line. But the satisfaction of having obtained his desire blinded the father to the singularity of the conversation.

By the next morning’s mail a letter came to Reade from the young writer, frankly avowing his act, and stating that he did not feel warranted in accepting an invitation which he was sure would not have been offered if the truth had been known. He had been guilty of great folly and impertinence, but he would not add to the offense by imposing upon the kindness of a gentleman whom he had injured. He expressed a hope that his father might be kept in ignorance of his misdeed; not that he wished to escape the consequences to himself, but because the exposure would give grief and pain to an innocent person, who was one of the novelist’s warmest admirers. Reade answered immediately, saying that all the facts had been for some time in his possession, as would appear from a document which he inclosed, and which he trusted would be destroyed, since its existence could now serve no good purpose; that the invitation could not be canceled, and that he should be disappointed if it were disregarded. The young man presented himself at the designated time, in a state of mind which indicated a disposition to put his head under Reade’s foot, if that were required of him; and from that day he was one of the author’s most devoted adherents and disciples.

I might recount an almost endless series of occurrences in which Reade

was similarly concerned, and every aspect in which I think of him is brightened with the memory of his kindness and generosity. A gracious charity shone through all the serious actions of his life. His hospitality was boundless, and his sympathy with suffering was as quick and tender as his hatred of injustice was fiery and uncontrollable. The armor of eccentricity in which he encased himself was easily penetrated, and a tale of sorrow or distress always found the way to his heart. If I give no further illustrations of his gentler traits, it is because they would soon begin to appear like repetitions of almost identical

examples. My desire in offering these desultory anecdotes has been to represent him in the familiar and informal guise which, to my recollection, most naturally belongs to him. This could not be done without allowing his quaint and peculiar characteristics to appear more freely than if I were endeavoring to erect a memorial of massive and unreal proportions; but there was little in his life that called for concealment, and I have no fear of evil results from the harmless disclosures which I have made. No one can possibly understand them to imply a lack of affection for the friend, or of respect for the man of letters.

E. H. House.

PAUL PATOFF.

XVIII.

[Continued.]

WHILE Balsamides dismissed the coachman, I led Alexander quickly into the house and up the narrow stairs. In a few minutes Gregorios joined us, and coffee was brought.

"I think you could wear my clothes," he said, looking at Alexander with a scarcely perceptible smile. "We are nearly the same height, and I am almost as thin as you."

"If you would be so very kind as to send for a barber," suggested Patoff. "I have never been allowed one, for fear I should get hold of his razor, and kill myself or somebody else."

"I will go and send one," said I. "And I will rouse your brother, and bring him back with me."

"Stop!" cried Balsamides. "You cannot go like that!" I had forgotten that I still wore the adjutant's uniform. "Take care of our friend," he added, "and I will go myself."

We should probably have felt very

tired, after our night's excursion, had we not been sustained by the sense of triumph at having at last succeeded beyond all hope. It was hard to imagine what the effect would be upon Madame Patoff, and I began to fear for her reason as I remembered how improbable it had always seemed to me that we should find her son alive. I was full of curiosity to hear his story, but I knew that he was exhausted with fatigue and emotion, so that I put him in possession of my room and gave him some of my friend's clothes. In a few moments the barber arrived, and while he was performing his operations I myself resumed my ordinary dress.

Balsamides found Paul in bed and fast asleep, but, pushing the servant aside, he walked in and opened the windows.

"Wake up, Patoff!" he shouted, making a great noise with the fastenings.

"Holloa! What is the matter?" cried Paul, opening his sleepy eyes wide with astonishment as he saw Balsamides standing before him, white as death with

the excitement of the night. "Has anything happened?"

"Everything has happened," said Gregorios. "The sun is risen, the birds are singing, the Jews are wrangling in the bazaar, the dogs are fighting at Galata Serai, and, last of all, your brother, Alexander Patoff, is at this moment drinking his coffee in my rooms."

"My brother!" cried Paul, fairly leaping out of bed in his excitement. "Are you in earnest? Come, let us go at once."

"Your costume," remarked Balsamides quietly, "smacks too much of the classic for the Grande Rue de Pera. I will wait while you dress."

"Does my mother know?" asked Patoff.

"No," replied Balsamides. "Your brother had not been five minutes in my house when I came here." Then he told Paul briefly how we had found Alexander.

Paul Patoff was not a man to be easily surprised; but in the present case the issue had been so important that, being taken utterly unawares by the news, he felt stunned and dazed as he tried to realize the whole truth. He sat down in the midst of dressing, and for one moment buried his face in his hands. Balsamides looked on quietly. He knew how much even that simple action meant in a man of Paul's proud and undemonstrative temper. In a few seconds Paul rose from his seat, and completed his toilette.

"You know how grateful I am to you both," he said. "You must guess it, for nothing I could say could express what I feel."

"Do not mention it," answered Balsamides. "No thanks could give me half the pleasure I have in seeing your satisfaction. You must prepare to find your brother much changed, I fancy. He seemed to me to be thin and pale, but I think he is not ill in any way. If you are ready, we will go."

Meanwhile, Alexander had had his hair cut short, in the military fashion, and had been divested of the immense beard which hid half his face. A tub and a suit of civilized clothes did the rest, even though the latter did not fit him as well as Gregorios had expected. Gregorios is a deceptive man, and is larger than he looks, for his coat was too broad for Alexander, and hung loosely over the latter's shoulders and chest. But in spite of the imperfect fit, the change in the man's appearance was so great that I started in surprise when he entered the sitting-room, taking him for an intruder who had walked in unannounced.

He was very beautiful; that is the only word which applies to his appearance. His regular features were ethereal as the face of an angel in their extreme thinness, but he had not the painful look of emaciation which one so often sees in the faces of those long kept in confinement. He was very thin, indeed, but there was a perfect grace in all his movements, an ease and self-possession in his gestures, a quiet, earnest, trustful look in his dark eyes, which seemed almost unearthly. I watched him with the greatest interest, and with the greatest admiration also. Had I been asked at that moment to state what man or woman in the whole world I considered most perfectly beautiful, I should have answered unhesitatingly, Alexander Patoff. He had that about him which is scarcely ever met with in men, and which does not always please others, though it never fails to attract attention. I mean that he had the delicate beauty of a woman combined with the activity and dash of a man. I saw how the lightness, the alternate indolence and reckless excitement, of such a nature must act upon a man of Paul Patoff's character. Every point and peculiarity of Alexander's temper and bearing would necessarily irritate Paul, who was stern, cold, and manly before all else,

and who readily despised every species of weakness except pride, and every demonstration of feeling except physical courage. Alexander was like his mother; so like her, indeed, that as soon as I saw him without his beard I realized the cause of Madame Patoff's singular preference for the elder son, and much which had seemed unnatural before was explained by this sudden revelation. Paul probably resembled his father's family more than his mother's. Madame Patoff, who had loved that same cold, determined character in her husband, because she was awed by it, hated it in her child, because she could neither bend it nor influence it, nor make it express any of that exuberant affection which Alexander so easily felt. Both boys had inherited from their father a goodly share of the Slav element, but, finding very different ground upon which to work in the natures of the two brothers, the strong Russian individuality had developed in widely different ways. In Alexander were expressed all the wild extremes of mood of which the true Russian is so eminently capable; all the overflowing and uncultivated talent and love of art and beauty, which in Russia brings forth so much that approaches indefinitely near to genius without ever quite reaching it. In Paul the effect of the Slavonic blood was totally opposite, and showed itself in that strange stolidity, that cold and ruthless exercise of force and pursuance of conviction, which have characterized so many Russian generals, so many Russian monarchs, and which have produced also so many Russian martyrs. There is something fateful in that terrible sternness, something which very well excites horror while imposing respect, and especially when forced to submit to superior force; and when vanquished, there is something grand in the capacity such a character possesses for submitting to destiny, and bearing the extremest suffering.

It was clear enough that there could

never be any love lost between two such men, and I was curious to see their meeting. I wondered whether each would fall upon the other's neck and shed tears of rejoicing, or whether they would shake hands and express their satisfaction more formally. In looking forward to the scene which was soon to take place, I almost wished that Paul might have accompanied us in the disguise of a second adjutant, and thus have had a hand in the final stroke by which we had effected Alexander's liberation. But I knew that he would only have been in the way, and that, considering the whole situation, we had done wisely. The least mistake on his part might have led to a struggle inside the Khanum's house, and we had good cause to congratulate ourselves upon having freed the prisoner without shedding blood. There was something pleasantly ludicrous in the thought that all our anticipations of a fight had ended in that one solemn kick with which Balsamides had consigned Selim to the prison whence we had taken Alexander.

I was giving the latter a few more details of the events of the night, when Paul and Balsamides entered the room together. Paul showed more emotion than I had expected, and clasped his brother in his arms in genuine delight at having found him at last. Then he looked long at his face, as though trying to see how far Alexander was changed in the twenty months which had elapsed since they had met.

"You are a little thinner, — you look as though you had been ill," said Paul.

"No, I have not been ill, but I have suffered horribly in many ways," answered Alexander, in his smooth, musical voice.

For some minutes they exchanged questions, while they overcame their first excitement at being once more together. It was, indeed, little less than a resurrection, and Alexander's ethereal face was that of a spirit returning to earth

rather than of a living man who had never left it. At last Paul grew calmer.

"Will you tell us how it happened?" he asked, as he sat down upon the divan beside his brother. Balsamides and I established ourselves in chairs, ready to listen with breathless interest to the tale Alexander was about to tell.

"You remember that night at Santa Sophia, Paul?" began the young man, leaning back among the cushions, which showed to strong advantage the extreme beauty of his delicate face. "Yes, of course you remember it, very vividly, for Mr. Griggs has told me how you acted, and all the trouble you took to find me. Very well; you remember, then, that the last time I saw you we were all looking down at those fellows as they went through their prayers and prostrations, and I stood a little apart from you. You were very much absorbed in the sight, and the kaváss, who was a Mussulman, was looking on very devoutly. I thought I should like to see the sight from the other side, and I walked away and turned the corner of the gallery. You did not notice me, I suppose, and the noise of the crowd, rising and falling on their knees, must have drowned my footsteps."

"I had not the slightest idea that you had moved from where you stood," said Paul.

"No. When I reached the corner, I was very much surprised to see a man standing in the shadow of the pillar. I was still more astonished when I recognized the hideous negro who had knocked off my hat in the afternoon. I expected that he would insult me, and I suppose I made as though I would show fight; but he raised his finger to his lips, and with the other hand held out a letter, composing his face into a sort of horrible leer, intended to be attractive. I took the letter without speaking, for I knew he could not understand a word I said, and that I could not understand him. The envelope contained a sheet

of pink paper, on which, in an ill-formed hand, but in tolerably good French, were written a few words. It was a declaration of love."

"From Laleli?" asked Balsamides, with a laugh.

"Exactly," replied Alexander. "It was a declaration of love from Laleli. I leave you to imagine what I supposed Laleli to be like at that time, and Paul, who knows me, will tell you that I was not likely to hesitate at such a moment. The note ended by saying that the faithful Selim would conduct me to her presence without delay. I was delighted with the adventure, and crept noiselessly after him in the shadow of the gallery, lest you should see me; for I knew you would prevent my going with the man. We descended the stairs, but it was not until we reached the bottom that I saw we had not come down by the way I had ascended. Selim was most obsequious, and seemed ready to do everything for my comfort. As we walked down a narrow street, he presented me with a new fez, and made signs to me to put it on instead of my hat, which he then carefully wrapped in a handkerchief and carried in his hand. At a place near the bridge several caiques were lying side by side. He invited me to enter one, which I observed was very luxuriously fitted, and which I thought I recognized as the one in which I had so often seen the woman with the impenetrable veil. I lay back among the cushions and smoked, while Selim perched himself on the raised seat behind me, and the four boatmen pulled rapidly away. It was heavy work for them, I dare say, tugging up-stream, but to me the voyage was enchanting. The shores were all illuminated, and the Bosphorus swarmed with boats. It was the last time I was in a caique. I do not know whether I could bear the sight of one now."

"So they took you to Laleli's house?" said Paul, anxious to hear the rest.

"Yes, I was taken to Laleli's house, and I never got out of it till last night," continued Alexander. "How long is it? I have not the least idea of the European date."

"This is the 29th of March," said I.

"And that was the end of June, — twenty-one months. I have learned Turkish since I was caught, to pass the time, and I always knew the Turkish date after I had learned their way of counting, but I had lost all reckoning by our style. Well, to go on with my story. They brought me to the stone pier before the house. Selim admitted me by a curiously concealed panel at one end of the building, and we found ourselves in a very narrow place, whence half a dozen steps ascended to a small door. A little oil lamp burned in one corner. He led the way, and the door at the top slid back into the wall. We entered, and he closed it again. We were in the corner of a small room, richly furnished in the worst possible taste. I dare say you know the style these natives admire. Selim left me there for a moment. I looked carefully at the wall, and tried to find the panel; but, to my surprise, the wainscoting was perfectly smooth and even, and I could not discover the place where it opened, nor detect any spring or sign of a fastening. Laleli, I thought, understood those things. Presently a door opened on one side of the room, and I saw the figure I had so often watched, beckoning to me to come. Of course I obeyed, and she retired into the room beyond, which was very high and had no windows, though I noticed that there was a dome at the top, which in the day-time would admit the light."

"The Khanum was waiting for you?" I asked.

"Yes. I was surprised to see her dressed in the clothes she wore out-of-doors, and as thickly veiled as ever. There were lights in the room. She held out her small hand, — you remem-

ber noticing that she had small white hands?"

"Like a young woman's," replied Balsamides.

"Yes. I took her hand, and spoke in French. I dare say I looked very sentimental and passionate, as I gazed into her black eyes. I could see nothing of her face. She answered me in Turkish, which of course I could not understand. All I could say was *Pek güzel*, very beautiful, which I repeated amidst my French phrases, giving the words as passionate an accent as I could command. At last she seemed to relent, and as she bent towards me I expected that she was about to speak very softly some Turkish love word. What was my horror when she suddenly screamed into my ear, with a hideous harsh voice, my own words, *Pek güzel*! In a moment she threw off her black *ferigee*, and tore the thick veil from her head. I could have yelled with rage, for I saw what a fool I had made of myself, and that the old hag had played a practical joke on me in revenge for the affair in the Valley of Roses. I cursed her in French, I cursed her in Russian, I cursed her in English, and stamped about the room, trying to get out. The horrible old witch screamed herself hoarse with laughter, making hideous grimaces and pointing at me in scorn. What could I do? I tried to force one of the doors, and twisted at the handle, and tugged and pushed with all my might. While I was thus engaged I heard the door at the other end of the room open quickly, and as I turned and sprang towards it I caught sight of her baggy, snuff-colored gown disappearing, as she slammed the door behind her. Before I could reach it the lock was turned, and I was caught in the trap, — caught like a mouse."

"What a spiteful old thing she was!" I exclaimed. "She might have been satisfied with keeping you there a day instead of two years."

"Nearly two years. I did everything humanly possible to escape. I gave all I possessed to Selim to take a message to Paul, to anybody, but of course that was useless. At first they kept me in the room where I had been caught. My food was brought to me by the Turkish porter, a brawny fellow, who could have brained me with his fist. He was always accompanied by another man, as big as himself, who carried a loaded pistol, in case I attacked the first. I had no chance, and I wished I might go mad. Then, one night, they set upon me suddenly, and tied a handkerchief over my mouth, and bound me hand and foot, in spite of my struggles. I thought I was to be put into a sack and drowned. They carried me like a log out into the garden, and put me into that cell where you found me, which had apparently been just built, for the stones were new and the cement was fresh. There, at least, I could look through the gratings. I even thought at one time that I could make myself heard, having no idea of the desolate position of the place. But I soon gave up the attempt and abandoned myself to despair. There it was that Selim used to come occasionally, and talk to me through the bars. That was better than nothing, and the villain amused his leisure moments by teaching me to speak Turkish. One day he brought me a book, which I hailed with delight. It was an old French method for learning the language. I made great progress, as I studied from morning till night. Selim grew more familiar to me, and I confess with shame that I missed his visits when he did not come. The men who brought my food seemed absolutely mute, and I never succeeded in extracting a word from either of them. Even Selim was a companion, and talking to him saved me from going mad. I asked him all sorts of questions, and at last I guessed from his answers that the Khanum had been terrified by the disturb-

ance my disappearance had created, and was afraid to set me free lest I should take vengeance on her. She was also afraid to kill me, for some reason or other. The result was that, from having merely wished to revenge upon me the affair in the Valley of Roses by means of a practical joke, she found herself obliged to keep me a prisoner. I used every means of persuasion to move Selim. I told him I was rich, and would make him rich if he would help me to escape. I promised to take no steps against the Khanum. It was in vain. I assure you I have conceived a very high opinion of the fidelity of L alas in general, and of Selim in particular."

"They are very faithful," said Balsamides gravely. I have since fancied that he had some reason for knowing.

Alexander afterwards told us many more details of his confinement, but this was his first account of it, and embraced all that is most important to know. The whole affair made a very strong impression on me. The unfortunate man had fallen a victim to a chain of circumstances which it had been entirely impossible to foresee, all resulting directly from his first imprudent action in addressing the veiled lady in the Valley of Roses. A little piece of folly had ruined two years of his life, and subjected him to a punishment such as a court of justice would have inflicted for a very considerable crime.

The remainder of the day was occupied by the meeting of Alexander with his mother and his introduction to his English relations, upon which it is needless to dwell long. I never knew what passed between the mother and son, but the interview must have been a very extraordinary one. It was necessary, of course, to prepare Madame Patoff for the news and for the sight of the child she seemed to love better than anything in the world. Hermione performed the task, as being the one who understood her best. She began by hinting vaguely

that we had advanced another step in our search, and that we were now confident of finding Alexander before long, — perhaps in a few hours. She gradually, in talking, spoke of the moment when he would appear, wondering how he would look, and insensibly accustoming Madame Patoff to the idea. At last she confessed that he had been found during the night, and that he was ready to come to his mother at any moment.

It was well done, and the force of the shock was broken. The old lady nearly swooned with joy, but the danger was past when she recovered her consciousness and demanded to see Alexander at once. He was admitted to her room, and the two were left alone to their happiness.

The rest of the family were mad with delight. John Carvel grew ten years younger, and Mrs. Carvel fairly cried with joy, while Chrysophrasia declared that it was worth while to be disappointed by the first impression of Constantinople, when one was consoled by such a thrilling tale with so joyous a termination, — or happy end, as I should have said. Hermione's face beamed with happiness, and Macaulay literally melted in smiles, as he retired to write down the story in his diary.

"Oh, Paul!" Hermione exclaimed, when they were alone, "you never told me he was such a beauty!"

"Yes," he answered quietly, "he is far better looking than I am. You must not fall in love with him, Hermey."

"The idea of such a thing!" she cried, with a light laugh.

"I should not be surprised if he fell in love with you, dear," said Paul, smiling.

"You only say that because you do not like him," she answered. "But you will like him now, won't you? You are so good, — I am sure you will. But think what a splendid thing it is that you should have found him. If aunt

Chrysophrasia says, 'Where is your brother?' you can just answer that he is in the next room."

"Yes; I am a free man now. No one can ever accuse me again. But apart from that, I am really and sincerely glad that he is alive. I wish him no ill. It is not his fault that I have been under a cloud for nearly two years. He was as anxious to be found as I was to find him. After all, it was not I. It was Balsamides and Griggs who did it at last. I dare say that if I had been with them I should have spoiled it all. I could not have dressed myself like a Turkish officer, to begin with. If I had been caught in the uniform, belonging as I do to the embassy, there would have been a terrible fuss. I should have been obliged to go away, very likely without having found my brother at all. I owe everything to those two men."

"If you had not made up your mind that he should be found, they would never have found him; they would not have thought of taking the trouble."

Hermione spoke in a reassuring tone, as though to comfort Paul for having had no share in the final stroke which had liberated his brother. In reality Paul needed no consolation. In his heart he was glad that Alexander had been set free by others, and need therefore never feel himself under heavy obligations to Paul. It was not in the strong man's nature to wish to revenge himself upon his brother because the latter had been the favored child and the favorite son. Nor, if he had contemplated any kind of vengeance, would he have chosen the Christian method of heaping coals of fire upon his head. He merely thought of Alexander as he would have thought of any other man not his relation at all, and he did not wish to appear in the light of his liberator. It was enough for Paul that he had been found at last, and that his own reputation was now free from stain.

Nothing prevented him any longer from marrying Hermione, and he looked forward to the consummation of all his hopes in the immediate future.

The day closed in a great rejoicing. John Carvel insisted that we should all dine with him that night; and our numbers being now swelled by the addition of Alexander Patoff and Gregorios Balsamides, we were a large party, — ten at table. I shall never forget the genuine happiness which was on every face. The conversation flowed brilliantly, and every one felt as though a weight had been lifted from his or her spirits. Alexander Patoff was of course the most prominent person, and as he turned his beautiful eyes from one to the other of us, and told us his story with many episodes and comments, I think we all fell under his fascination, and understood the intense love his mother felt for him. He had indeed a woman's beauty with a man's energy, when his energy was roused at all; and though the feminine element at first seemed out of place in him, it gave him that singular faculty of charming when he pleased, and that brilliancy which no manly beauty can ever have.

It was late when we got home, and I went to bed with a profound conviction that Paul Patoff's troubles had come to a happy end, and that he would probably be married to Hermione in the course of the summer. If things had ended thus, my story would end here, and perhaps it would be complete. Unfortunately, events rarely take place as we expect that they will, still more rarely as we hope that they may; and it is generally when our hopes coincide with our expectations, and we feel most sure of ourselves, that fate overtakes us with the most cruel disappointments. Paul Patoff had not yet reached the quiet haven of his hopes, and I have not reached the end of my story. It would, indeed, be a very easy matter, as I have said before, to collect all the things which hap-

pened to him into a neat romance, of which the action should not cover more than four and twenty hours of such excitement as no one of the actors could have borne in real life, any more than Salvini could act a tragedy which should begin at noon to-day and end at midday to-morrow. I might have divested Paul of many of his surroundings, have bereaved him of many of his friends, and made him do himself what others did for him; but if he were to read such an account of his life he would laugh scornfully, and say that the real thing was very different indeed, as without doubt it was.

This is the reason why I have not hesitated to bring before you a great number of personages, each of whom, in a great or a small way, affected his life. I do not believe that you could understand his actions in the sequel without knowing the details of those situations through which he had passed before. We are largely influenced by little things and little events. The statement is a truism in the eyes of the moralist, but the truth is, unfortunately, too often forgotten in real life. The man who falls down-stairs and breaks his leg has not noticed the tiny spot of candle grease which made the polished step so slippery just where he trod.

XIX.

There were great rejoicings when it was known in Pera that Alexander Patoff had been found. His disappearance had furnished the gossips with a subject of conversation during many weeks, and his coming back revived the whole story, with the addition of a satisfactory ending. In consideration of the fact that Laleli Khanum was dead, Count Ananoff thought it best to take no official notice of the matter. To treat it diplomatically would be useless, he said. Alexander had fallen a victim to his own folly, and

though the penalty had been severe, it was impossible to hold the Ottoman government responsible for what Patoff had suffered, now that the Khanum had departed this life. Alexander received permission to take three months' leave to recruit his health before returning to his regiment, and he resolved to spend a part of the time in Constantinople, after which his mother promised to accompany him to St. Petersburg.

The Carvels had very soon made the acquaintance of the small but brilliant society of which the diplomatic corps constituted the chief element; and if anything had been needed to make them thoroughly popular, their near connection with the young man whose story was in every one's mouth would alone have sufficed to surround them with interest. The adventure was told with every conceivable variety of detail, and Alexander was often called upon to settle disputes as to what had happened to him. He was ready enough at all times to play the chief part in a drawing-room, and delighted in being questioned by grave old gentlemen, as well as by inquisitive young women. The women admired him for his beauty, his grace and brilliancy, and especially for the expression of his eyes, which they declared in a variety of languages to be absolutely fascinating. The men were interested in his story, and envied him the additional social success which he obtained as the hero of so strange an adventure. Some people admired and praised his devotion to his mother, which they said was most touching, whatever that may mean. Others said that he had an angelic disposition, flavored by a dash of the devil, which saved him from being goody; and this criticism of his character conveyed some meaning to the minds of those who uttered it. People have a strange way of talking about their favorites, and when the praise they mean to bestow is not faint, the expression of it is apt to be feeble and involved.

Pera is a gay place, for when a set of men and women are temporarily exiled from their homes to a strange country, where they do not find the society of a great capital, they naturally seek amusement and pursue it; creating among themselves those pastimes which in the great European cities others so often provide for them. Politically, also, Constantinople is a very important place to most of the powers, who choose their representatives for the post from among the cleverest men they can find; and I will venture to say that there is scarcely a court in the world where so many first-rate diplomatists are gathered together as are to be met with among the missions to the Sublime Porte. Diplomacy in Constantinople has preserved something of the character it had all over the world fifty years ago. Personal influence is of far greater importance when negotiations are to be undertaken with a half-civilized form of administration, which is carried on chiefly by persons of imperfect education, but of immense natural talent for intrigue. The absence of an hereditary nobility in Turkey, and the extremely democratic nature of the army and the civil service, make it possible for men of the lowest birth to attain to the highest power. The immense and complicated bureaucracy is not in the hands of any one class of the people; its prizes are won by men of all sorts and conditions, who continue to pursue their own interests and fortunes with undiminished energy, when they ought to be devoting their whole powers to the service of the country. Their power is indeed checked by the centralization of all the executive faculties in the person of the sovereign. Without the Sultan's signature the minister of war cannot order a gun to be cast in the arsenal of Tophanè, the minister of marine cannot buy a ton of coal for the ironclads which lie behind Galata bridge in the Golden Horn, the minister of foreign affairs cannot give a reply to

an ambassador, nor can the minister of justice avail himself of the machinery of the law. Every smallest act must be justified by the Sultan's own signature, and the chief object of all diplomacy from without, and of all personal intrigue from within, is to obtain this imperial consent to measures suggested by considerations of private advantage or public necessity. The Ottoman Empire may be described as an irregular democracy, whose acts are all subject to the veto of an absolute autocrat. The officials pass their lives in proposing, and his majesty very generally spends his time in opposing, all manner of schemes, good, bad, and indifferent. The contradictory nature of the system produces the anomalous position occupied by the Ottoman Empire in Europe.

The fact that there is no aristocracy and the seclusion of women among the Mussulmans are the chief reasons why there is no native society, in our sense of the word. A few of the great Greek families still survive, descendants of those Fanariotes whose ancestors had played an important part in the decadence of the Eastern Empire. A certain number of Armenians who have gained wealth and influence follow more or less closely the customs of the West. But beyond these few there cannot be said to be many houses of the social kind. Two or three pashas, of European origin, and Christians by religion, mix with their families in the gayety of Pera and the Bosphorus. A few Turkish officers, and Prussian officers in Turkish service, show their brilliant uniforms in the ball-rooms, and occasionally some high official of the Porte appears at formal receptions; but on the whole the society is diplomatic, and depends almost entirely upon the diplomatists for its existence and for its diversions. The lead once given, the old Greek aristocrats have not been behind-hand in following it; but their numbers are small, and the movement and interest in Pera, or on the Bosphorus, centre

in the great embassies, as they do nowhere else in the world.

Small as the society is, it is, nevertheless, exceedingly brilliant and very amusing. Intimacies grow up quickly, and often become lasting friendships when fostered by such influences. Every one knows every one else, and every one meets everybody else at least once a week. The arrival of a new secretary is expected with unbounded interest. The departure of one who has been long in Constantinople is mourned as a public loss. Occasionally society is convulsed to its foundations by the departure of an ambassador to whom every one has been so long accustomed that he has come to be regarded as one of the fathers of the community, whose hospitality every one has enjoyed, whose tact and knowledge of the world have been a source of satisfaction to his colleagues in many a diplomatic difficulty, and whose palace in Pera is associated in the minds of all with many hours of pleasure and with much delightful intercourse. He goes, and society turns out in a body to see him off. The occasion is like a funeral. People send hundreds of baskets of flowers. There is an address, there are many leave-takings. Once, at least, I remember seeing two thirds of the people shedding tears, — genuine wet tears of sorrow. And there was good reason for their grief. In such communities as the diplomatic colony in Pera, people understand the value of those who not only do more than their share in contributing to the pleasantness of life, but who possess in an abundant degree those talents which delight us in individuals, and those qualities which are dear to us in friends. It would be easy to write a book about society in Pera, and it would be a pleasant book. But these are not the days of Samuel Pepys; we have hardly passed the age of Mr. George Ticknor.

In a short time after their arrival, and after the reappearance of Alexan-

der Patoff, the Carvels knew everybody, and everybody knew them. Each member of the party found something to praise and some one to like. John Carvel was soon lost in admiration of Lord Mavourneen, while Mrs. Carvel talked much with the English missionary bishop of Western Kamtchatka, who happened to be spending a few days at the embassy. She asked him many questions concerning the differences between Armenian orthodox, Armenian catholic, Greek orthodox, and Russian orthodox; and though his lordship found a great deal to say on the subject, I am bound to allow that he was almost as much puzzled as herself when brought face to face in the reality with such a variety of sects. Chrysophrasia had not come to the East for nothing, either. She meant to indulge what John called her fancy for pots and pans and old rags; in other words, she intended to try her luck in the bazaar, and with the bloodhound's scent of the true collector she detected by instinct the bricabrac hunters of society. There is always a goodly number of them wherever antiquities are to be found, and Chrysophrasia was hailed by those of her persuasion with the mingled delight and jealousy which scientific bodies feel when a new scientist appears upon the horizon.

As for Hermione, she created a great sensation, and the hearts of many secretaries palpitated in the most lively manner when she first entered the ball-room of one of the embassies, two days after her arrival. The astonishment was great when it was known that she was Paul Patoff's own cousin, and when it was observed that Paul was very often with her the cry went up that he had fallen in love at last. Thereupon all the women who had said that he was a bore, a monster, a statue, and a piece of ice, immediately declared that there must be something in him, after all, and began to talk to him whenever they got a chance. Some disappointment was felt, too, when

it was observed that Alexander Patoff also showed a manifest preference for the society of his beautiful cousin, and wise old ladies said there would be trouble. Everybody, however, received the addition to society with open arms, and hoped that the Carvels' visit might be prolonged for at least a whole year.

Many of these comments reached my ears, and the remarks concerning Alexander's growing attachment for Hermione startled me, and chilled me with a sense of evil to come. I opened my eyes and watched, as every one else was doing, and in a short time I came to the conclusion that public opinion was right. It was very disagreeable to me to admit it, but I soon saw that there was no doubt that Alexander was falling in love with his cousin. I saw, too, what others who knew them less well did not see: Madame Patoff exercised all her ingenuity in giving her favorite son opportunities of seeing Hermione alone. It was very easy to do this, and she did it in the most natural way; she affected to repent bitterly of her injustice to Paul, and took delight in calling him to her side, and keeping him with her as long as possible. Sometimes she would make him stay an hour by her side at a party, going over and over the strange story of Alexander's imprisonment, and asking him questions again and again, until he grew weary and absent, and answered her with rather incoherent phrases, or in short monosyllables not always to the point. Then at last, when she saw that she could keep him no longer, she would let him go, asking him to forgive her for being so importunate, and explaining as an excuse that she could never hear enough of a story that had ended so happily. Meanwhile Alexander had found ample opportunity for talking with Hermione, and had made the most of his time.

I have said that I had always been very fond of the young girl, and I thought that I understood her character

well enough; but I find it hard to understand the phases through which she passed after she first met Alexander. I believe she loved Paul very sincerely from the first, and I know that she contemplated the prospect of marrying him at no distant time. But I am equally sure that she did not escape the influence of that wonderful fascination which Alexander exercised over everybody. If it is possible to explain it at all, which is more than doubtful, I should think that it might be accounted for on some such theory as this. Hermione was negative as compared with Paul, but in comparison with Alexander she was positive. It is clear that if this were so she must have experienced two totally different sets of impressions, according as she was with the one or the other of the brothers.

To define more clearly what I mean, I will state this theory in other words. Paul Patoff was a very masculine and dominating man. Hermione Carvel was a young girl, who resembled her strong, sensible, and manly father far more than her meek and delicate mother. Though she was still very young, there was much in her which showed the determined will and energetic purpose which a man needs to possess more than a woman. Alexander Patoff, on the other hand, without being effeminate, was intensely feminine. He had fine sensibilities, he had quick intuitions, he was capricious and womanly in his ideas. It follows that, in the scale of characters, Hermione held the mean between the two brothers. Compared with Paul's powerful nature, her qualities were those of a woman; in comparison with Alexander's delicate organization of mind, Hermione's character was more like that of a man. The effect of this singular scale of personalities was, that when she found herself alternately in the society of the two brothers she felt as though she were alternately two different women. To a man entering a house on a

bitter winter's night the hall seems comfortably warm; but it seems cold to a man who has been sitting over a fire in a hermetically sealed study.

Now Hermione had loved Paul when he was practically the only man of those she had ever known intimately whom she believed it possible to love at all. But she had seen very little of the world, and had known very few men. Her first recollections of society were indistinct, and no one individual had made any more impression upon her than another, perhaps because she was in reality not very impressionable. But Paul was preëminently a man able to impress himself upon others, when he chose. He had come to Carvel Place, had loved his cousin, and she had returned his love with a readiness which had surprised herself. It was genuine in its way, and she knew that it was; nor could she doubt that Paul was in earnest, since a word from her had sufficed to make him curtail his visit, and go to the ends of the earth to find his brother. Hermione more than once wished that she had never spoken that word.

She now entered upon a new phase of her life, she saw a new sort of society, and she met a man who upset in a moment all her convictions about men in general. The result of all this novelty was that she began to look at life from a different point of view. Alexander amused her, and at the same time he made her feel of more importance in her own eyes. He talked well, but he made her fancy that she herself talked better. His thoughts were subtle, though not always logical, and his quick instincts gave him an immense advantage over people of slower intelligence. He knew all this himself, perhaps; at all events, he used his gifts in the cleverest possible way. He possessed the power to attract Hermione without dominating her; in other words, he made her like him of her own free will.

She liked him very much, and she felt

that there was no harm in it. He was the brother of her future husband, so that she easily felt it a duty to like him, as well as a pleasure. Alexander himself affected to treat her with a sort of cousinly-brotherly affection, and spoke always of Paul with the greatest respect, when he spoke of him at all; but he manifestly sought opportunities of expressing his affection, and avoided all mention of Paul when not absolutely necessary. The position was certainly a difficult one, but he managed it with the tact of a woman and the daring of a man. I have always believed that he was really fond of Hermione; for I cannot imagine him so vile as to attempt to take her from Paul, when Paul had done so much towards liberating him from his prison. But whatever were his motives or his feelings, it was evident to me that he was making love to her in good earnest, that the girl was more interested in him than she supposed, and that Madame Patoff was cunningly scheming to break off the match with Paul in order to marry Hermione to Alexander.

Balsamides had of course become a friend of the family, after the part he had played in effecting Alexander's escape, and in his own way I think he watched the situation when he got a chance with as much interest as I myself. One evening we were sitting in his rooms, about midnight, talking, as we talked eternally, upon all manner of subjects.

"Griggs," said he, suddenly changing the topic of our conversation, "it is a great pity we ever took the trouble to find Alexander. I often wish he were still lying in that pleasant den in Laleli's garden."

"It would be better for every one concerned, except himself, if he were," I answered.

"I detest the fellow's face. If it were not for his mustache, he might pass for a woman anywhere."

"He is as beautiful as an angel," I said, wishing to give him his due.

"What business have men with such beauty as that?" asked Gregorios, scornfully. "I would rather look like a Kurd hamal than like Alexander Patoff. He is spoiling Paul's life. Not that I care!" he added, shrugging his shoulders.

"No," I said, "it is none of our business. I liked him at first, I confess, and I thought that Alexander and Miss Carvel would make a very pretty couple. But I like him less the more I see of him. However, he will soon be going back to his regiment, and we shall hear no more of him."

"His leave is not over yet," answered my friend. "A fellow like that can do a deal of harm in a few weeks."

Gregorios is a man of violent sympathies and antipathies, though no one would suppose it from his cold manner and general indifference. But I know him better than I have known most men, and he is less reticent with me than with the generality of his friends. It was impossible to say whether he took enough interest in the Carvels or in Paul to attempt to influence their destiny, but I was sure that if he crossed Alexander's path the latter would get the worst of it, and I mentally noted the fact in summing up Paul's chances.

At that time nothing had openly occurred which suggested the possibility of a rupture of the unacknowledged engagement between Paul and Hermione. Paul several times told her that he wished to speak formally to John Carvel, and obtain his consent to the marriage; but Hermione advised him to wait a little longer, arguing that she herself had spoken, and that there was therefore no concealment about the matter. The longer they waited, she said, the more her father would become accustomed to the idea, and the more he would learn to like Paul, so that in another month there would be no doubt but that he

would gladly give his consent. But Paul himself was not satisfied. His mother's conduct irritated him beyond measure, and he began seriously to suspect her of wishing to make trouble. He was no longer deceived by her constant show of affection for himself, for she continued always to make it most manifest just when it prevented him from talking with Hermione. Alexander, too, treated him as he had not done before, with a deference and a sort of feline softness which inspired distrust. Two years ago Paul would have been the first to expect foul play from his brother, and would have been upon his guard from the beginning; but Paul himself was changed, and had grown more merciful in his judgment of others. He found it hard to persuade himself that Alexander really meant to steal Hermione's love; and even when he began to suspect the possibility of such a thing, he believed that he could treat the matter lightly enough. Nevertheless, Hermione continued to dissuade him from going to her father, and he yielded to her advice, though much against his will. He found himself in a situation which to his conscience seemed equivocal. He knew from what John Carvel had written to me that his suit was not likely to meet with any serious opposition; he understood that John expected him to speak, and he began to fancy that his future father-in-law looked at him inquiringly from time to time, as though anticipating a question, and wondering why it was not asked.

One day he came to see me, and found me alone. Gregorios had gone to the palace, and I have no doubt that Paul, who knew his habits, had chosen a morning for his visit when he was certain that Balsamides would not be at home. He looked annoyed and almost nervous, as he sat down in silence and began to smoke.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"I hardly know," he replied. "I

am very uncomfortable. I am in a very disagreeable situation."

I was silent. I did not want to invite his confidence, and if he had come to tell me anything about himself, it was better to let him tell it in his own way.

"I am in a very disagreeable position," he repeated slowly. "I want to ask your advice."

"That is always a rash thing to do," I replied.

"I do not care. I must confide in you, as I did once before, but this time I only want your advice. My position is intolerable. I feel every day that I ought to ask Mr. Carvel to give me his daughter, and yet I cannot do it."

"Why not? It is certainly your duty," said I.

"Because Miss Carvel objects," he answered, with sudden energy. His voice sounded almost fierce as he spoke.

"Do you mean that she has not accepted?" —

"I do not know what I mean, nor what she means, either!" exclaimed Paul, rising, and beginning to pace the floor.

"My dear Patoff," I said, "you made a grave mistake in making me find your brother. Excuse my abruptness, but that is my opinion."

He turned suddenly upon me, and his face was very pale, while his eyes gleamed disagreeably and his lip trembled.

"So you have noticed that, too," he said in a low voice. "Well — go on! What do you advise me to do? How am I to get him out of the way?"

"There can be no doubt that Balsamides would advise you to cut his throat," I replied. "As for me, I advise you to wait, and see what comes of it. He must soon go home and rejoin his regiment."

"Wait!" exclaimed Paul impatiently. "Wait! Yes, — and while I am waiting he will be working, and he will

succeed ! With that angel's face of his, he will certainly succeed ! Besides, my mother will help him, as you know."

"Look here," said I. "Either Miss Carvel loves you, or she does not. If she does, she will not love your brother. If she does not love you, you had better not marry her. That is the reasonable view."

"No doubt, — no doubt. But I do not mean to be reasonable in that way. You forget that I love her. The argument might have some weight."

"Not much. After all, why do you love her ? You do not know her well."

Paul stared at me as though he thought I were going mad. I dare say that I must have appeared to him to be perfectly insane. But I was disconcerted by the gravity of the situation, and I believed that he had a bad chance against Alexander. It was wiser to accustom his mind to the idea of failure than to flatter him with imaginary hopes of success. A man in love is either a hero or a fool : heroes who fail are generally called fools for their pains, and fools who succeed are sometimes called heroes. Paul stared, and turned away in silence.

"You do not seem to have any answer ready," I observed. "You say you love a certain lady. Is there any reason, in the nature of things, why some one else should not love her at the same time ? Then it follows that the most important point is this, — she must love you. If she does not, your affection is wasted. I am not an old man, but I am far from being a young one, and I have seen much in my time. You may analyze your feelings and those of others, when in love, as much as you please, but you will not get at any other result. Unless a woman loves you, it is of very little use that you love her."

"What in the world are you talking about, Griggs ?" asked Paul, whose ideas, perhaps, did not coincide with mine. "What can you know about love ?

You are nothing but a hardened old bachelor ; you never loved a woman in your life, I am sure."

I was much struck by the truth of this observation, and I held my peace. A cannibal cannot be expected to understand French cooking.

"I tell you," continued Paul, "that Miss Carvel has promised to marry me, and I constantly speak to her of our marriage."

"But does she speak to you of it ?" I asked. "I fancy that she never alludes to it except to tell you not to go to her father."

In his turn Paul was silent, and bent his brows. He must have been half distracted, or he would not have talked to me as he did. I never knew a less communicative man.

"This is a very delicate matter," I said presently. "You ask my advice ; I will give you the best I can. Do one of two things. Either go to Mr. Carvel without his daughter's permission, or else fight it out as you can until your brother goes. Then you will have the field to yourself."

"The difficulty lies in the choice," said Paul.

"The choice depends upon your own state of mind, and upon your strength, or rather upon the strength of your position. If Miss Carvel has promised to marry you, I think you have a right to push matters as fast as you can."

"I will," said Paul. "Good-by."

He left me at once, and I began to reflect upon what had passed. It seemed to me that he was foolish and irrational, altogether unlike himself. He had asked my advice upon a point in which his own judgment would serve him better than mine, and it was contrary to his nature to ask advice at all in such matters. He was evidently hard pressed and unhappy, and I wished I could help him, but it was impossible. He was in a dilemma from which he could issue only by his own efforts ; and although I

was curious to see what he would do, I felt that I was not in a position to suggest any very definite line of action. I looked idly out of the window at the people who passed, and I began to wonder whether even my curiosity to see the end could keep me much longer in Pera. The crowd jostled and elbowed itself in the narrow way, as usual. The fez, in every shade of red, and in every condition of newness, shabbiness, and mediocrity, with tassel and without, rocked, swayed, wagged, turned, and moved beneath my window till I grew sick of the sight of it, and longed to see a turban, or a tall hat, or no hat at all, — anything for a change of head-dress. I left the window rather wearily, and took up one of the many novels which lay on the table, pondering on the probable fate of Paul Patoff's love for his cousin.

XX.

Hermione found herself placed in quite as embarrassing a position as Paul, and before long she began to feel that she had lost herself in a sort of labyrinth of new sensations. She hardly trusted herself to think or to reflect, so confusing were the questions which constantly presented themselves to her mind. It seems an easy matter for a woman to say, I love this man, or, I love that man, and to know that she speaks truly in so saying. With some natures first love is a fact, a certainty against which there is no appeal, and beside which there is no alternative. To see, with them, is practically to love, and to love once is to love forever. We may laugh over "love at first sight," as we call it, but history and every-day life afford so many instances of its reality that we cannot deny its existence. But the conditions in which it is found are rare. To love each other at first sight, both the persons must be impulsive; each must find in the other exactly what each has long sought and

most earnestly desired, and each must recognize the discovery instantaneously. I suppose, also, that unless such love lasts it does not deserve the name; but in order that it may be durable it is necessary that the persons should realize that they have not been deceived in their estimate of each other, that they should possess in themselves the capacity for endurance, that their tastes should change little and their hearts not at all. People who are at once very impulsive and very enduring are few in the world and very hard to mate; wherefore love at first sight, but of a lasting nature, is a rare phenomenon.

Hermione did not belong to this class, and she had certainly not loved Paul during the first few days of their acquaintance. Her nature was relatively slow and hard to rouse. A season in society had produced no impression upon her, and if Paul had stayed only a week, or even a fortnight, at Carvel Place he might have fared no better than all the other men who had been presented to her, had talked and danced with her, and had gone away, leaving her life serenely calm as before. But Paul had been very assiduous, and had lost no time. Moreover, he loved her, and was in earnest about it; so that when, on that memorable day in the park, he had spoken at last, she had accepted his speech and had sealed her answer.

She believed that she loved him with all her heart, but she was new to love, and the waking sentiment was not yet a passion. It was only a sensation, and though its strength was great enough to influence Hermione's life, it had not yet acquired any great stability. A more impulsive nature would have been more suddenly moved, but Hermione's love needed time for its development, and the time had been very short. Since she had admitted that she loved Paul, she had not seen him until the eve of his brother's reappearance; and now, owing to Madame Patoff's skillful manage-

ment, she talked with Alexander more frequently than with Paul. Alexander was apparently doing his best to make her love him, and the world said that he was succeeding. Hermione herself was startled when she tried to understand her own feelings, for she saw that a great change had taken place in her, and she could neither account for it nor assure herself where it would end. It would be unjust to blame her, or to say that she was unfaithful. She did not waver in her determination to marry Paul, but she tried to put it off as long as possible, struggling to clear away her doubts, and trying hard to feel that she was acting rightly. After all, it is easy to comprehend the confusion which arises in a young girl's mind when placed in such a position. We say too readily that a woman who wavers and hesitates is treating a man badly. Men are so quick to jump at the conclusion that women love them that they resent violently the smallest signs of hesitation in the other sex. They do not see that a woman needs time to decide, just as a man does; and they think it quite enough that they themselves have made up their minds, as if women existed only to submit themselves to the choice of men, and had no manner of right to question that choice when once made.

Paul could not imagine why Hermione hesitated, and she herself would certainly have refused to account for the delay she caused, by admitting that Alexander had made an impression upon her heart. But she felt the charm the man exercised, and her life was really influenced by it. The strange adventure which had so long kept him a prisoner in Laleli's house lent him an atmosphere of romantic interest, and his own nature increased the illusion. The brilliant young officer, with his almost supernatural beauty, his ready tongue, his sweet voice, and his dashing grace, was well calculated to make an impression upon any woman; to a young girl who

had grown up in very quiet surroundings, who had hitherto regarded Paul Patoff as the ideal of all that a man should be, the soldier brother seemed like a being from another world. At the same time Hermione was reaching the age when she could enjoy society, because she began to feel at home in it, because the first dazzling impression of it had given way to a quieter appreciation of what it offered, and lastly because she herself was surrounded by many admirers, and had become a personage of more importance than she had ever thought possible before. Under such circumstances a young girl's impressions change very rapidly. She feels the disturbing influence and enjoys the moment, but while it lasts she feels also that she is unfit to decide upon the greatest question of her life. She needs time, because she can employ very little of the time she has in serious thought, and because she doubts whether all her previous convictions are not shaken to their foundations. She dreads a mistake, and is afraid that in speaking too quickly she may speak untruly. It is the desire to be honest which forbids her to continue in the course she had chosen before this new phase of her life began, or to come to any new decision involving immediate action, especially immediate marriage.

Herein lies the great danger to a young girl who has promised to marry a man before she has seen anything of the world, and who suddenly begins to see a great deal of the world before the marriage actually takes place. She is just enough attached to the man to feel that she loves him, but the bonds are not yet so close as to make her know that his love is altogether the dominating influence of her life. Unless this same man whom she has chosen stands out as conspicuously in the new world she has entered as in the quiet home she has left, there is great danger that he may fall in her estimation; and in those early stages of love, estimation is

a terribly important element. By estimation I do not mean esteem. There is a subtle difference between the two ; for though our estimation may be high or low, our esteem is generally high. When a young girl is old enough to be at home in society, she sets a value on every man, and perhaps on every woman, whom she meets. They take their places in the scale she forms, and their places are not easily changed. Among them the man she has previously promised to marry almost inevitably finds his rank, and she is fortunate if he is among the highest ; for if he is not, she will not fail to regret that he does not possess some quality or qualities which she supposes to exist in those men whom she ranks first among her acquaintance. Where criticism begins, sympathy very often ends, and with it love. Then, if she is honest, a woman owns that she has made a mistake, and refuses to abide by her engagement, because she feels that she cannot make the man happy. Or if her ideas of faith forbid her from doing this, she marries him in spite of her convictions, and generally makes him miserable for the rest of his days. When a girl throws a man over, as the phrase goes, the world sets up a howl, and vows that she has treated him very badly ; but it always seems to me that by a single act of cour-

age she has freed herself and the man who loves her from the fearful consequences of a marriage where all the love would have been on one side, and all the criticism on the other. It is not always a girl's own fault when she does not know her own mind, and when she has discovered her mistake she is wise if she refuses to persist in it. There is more to be said in favor of breaking off engagements than is generally allowed, and there is usually far too much said against the woman who has the courage to pursue such a course.

In comparing the two brothers, as she undoubtedly did, Hermione was not aware that she was making any real comparison between them. What she felt and understood was that when she was with Paul she was one person, and when she was with Alexander she was quite another ; and the knowledge of this fact confused her, and made her uncertain of herself. With Paul she was, in her own feelings, the Hermione he had known in England ; with Alexander she was some one else, — some one she did not recognize, and who should have been called by another name. Until she could unravel this mystery, and explain to herself what she felt, she was resolved not to take any further steps in regard to her marriage.

F. Marion Crawford.

SCHURZ'S LIFE OF HENRY CLAY.

MR. SCHURZ'S *Life of Henry Clay*¹ is by far the best of the biographies which have been brought out in the American Statesmen Series, if it be not the best work of this nature which has ever been produced in this country. The life of Henry Clay forms an exceptionally interesting study. In the first place, it

included within the period of its activity the most important part of the formative stage of the nation. Clay was a man of such intense and varied interests that in his time he came in contact with every one in this country who deserved the name of statesman, and his biographer thus has an opportunity of sketch-

¹ *Life of Henry Clay*. By CARL SCHURZ. In two volumes [American Statesmen Series],

pages 383 and 424. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ing, as he most cleverly does, nearly all those who had an influential place in public affairs in the first half of this century.

The ways in which Clay achieved, before the period of his youth had passed, a place in the foremost rank of American statesmen are very interesting. They show at once the native power of the man and the political conditions which favored the rapid advance of an audacious youth of oratorical power, however slight his training for the duties of the statesman. It seems, therefore, worth while to give a condensed account of the steps by which our author traces the progress of the youth who, in ten years from the time his scanty schooling was ended, when he was but twenty years of age, became a leader in the Senate of the United States.

Clay was born in the second year of the Revolutionary War. It is told that when his father lay dead, at the time when the lad was but four years old, "Colonel Tarleton, commanding a cavalry force under Lord Cornwallis, passed through Hanover County on a raid, and left a handful of gold and silver on Mrs. Clay's table as a compensation for some property taken or destroyed by his soldiers; but that the spirited woman, as soon as Tarleton was gone, swept the money into her apron, and threw it into the fireplace."

Clay was the fifth of seven children. His widowed mother was poor, and he had but the scantiest schooling. When fourteen years of age he was set to make a living in a retail store in Richmond. He evinced such diligence in his work, and with it so good a humor for reading the books he could secure, that, by the favor of a friend, he found his way into a place in the office of the clerk of the High Court of Chancery. There again his vigorous qualities brought him to the attention of George Wythe, chancellor of the High Court of

Virginia, who chose him as an amanuensis. It was fortunate for him that he found favor in this man's eyes, for George Wythe was one of the ablest men of Virginia; one who was singularly able to foresee the latent powers of young men, and to help them to great careers. Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall, as well as Henry Clay, were his students. We know little of Wythe save from his public acts and from his effect upon men, but much may be judged of his quality by the fact that he was one of the most determined of the Virginia abolitionists of his day. Before his death he emancipated and provided for his slaves. Through his influence it may have been that Clay came to have that noble prejudice against slavery which abided with him all his days. After four years with George Wythe, Clay was drawn into the great tide of emigration which was setting from Virginia to the West. At twenty-one years of age he entered on his new career, and found himself at Lexington, Ky., in one of the most interesting settlements which have ever been made by our race.

Although the settlement of Kentucky had been in progress but twenty-one years, the population of the State now amounted to about two hundred thousand. A great part of these people had known something of the Revolutionary War. At the end of that trying period Virginia was unable to pay her soldiers the numerous debts she owed them save with grants of land. A large portion of her people, with habits unsettled by a long-continued civil war, were glad to find a new field for their activities. Thus it came about that the Kentucky population contained a remarkable proportion of energetic men. In the first two decades of their life in the new colony, they had lived in warfare with savages, conditions likely to develop vigor rather than refinement. At the same time the economic training of the people was

great. With singular rapidity, and under very great disadvantages, they created a system of manufactures and of commerce which soon made the community relatively wealthy. In them the commercial and the military instincts were singularly blended.

When Henry Clay came to Lexington he found the tone of life singularly contrasted with that which he had left behind. In Virginia even the Revolutionary War had failed to break up the aristocratic motive which characterized that colony; in Kentucky the life was purely democratic. He was a sensitive youth, who had been on the whole delicately bred, and whose powers, though guessed at, perhaps, by the divining patron Wythe, had been in no wise exhibited. It was fortunate for him that he settled in Lexington, for to that centre the ablest and best educated men who came to the West appear to have turned. They had organized, in 1788, a seminary, which quickly grew into the Transylvania University, with a college and schools of physic and of law. Clay thus found his way into a society which was calculated to develop his peculiar talents. As was often the case with the young lawyers of his day, the first exhibition of his oratorical power was in the defense of men accused of murder. In these appeals he showed not only the mastery of human sympathies, which was the basis of his oratorical celebrity, but the amazing combination of audacity and tact in forensic contests, to which he owed, in subsequent years, his most surprising successes before the bar and Senate. Mr. Schurz cites several of these cases, one of which we may quote: "A man named Willis was tried for a murder of peculiar atrocity. In the very teeth of the evidence, which seemed to be absolutely conclusive, Clay, defending him, succeeded in dividing the jury as to the nature of the crime committed. The jurors having been unable to agree, the public prosecutor moved for a new

trial, which motion Clay did not oppose. But when, at the new trial, his turn came to address the jury, he argued that, whatever opinion the jury might form from the testimony as to the guilt of the accused, they could not now convict him, as he had already been once tried, and it was the law of the land that no man should be put twice in jeopardy of his life for the same offense. The court, having, of course, never heard that doctrine so applied, at once peremptorily forbade Clay to go on with such a line of argument. Whereupon the young attorney solemnly arose, and with an air of indignant astonishment declared that, if the court would not permit him to defend, in such a manner as his duty commanded him to adopt, a man in the awful presence of death, he found himself forced to abandon the case. Then he gathered up his papers, bowed grandly, and stalked out of the room. The bench, whom Clay had impressed with the belief that he was profoundly convinced of being right in the position he had taken, and upon whom he had in such solemn tones thrown the responsibility for denying his rights to a man on trial for his life, was startled and confused. A messenger was dispatched to invite Clay, in the name of the court, to return and continue his argument. Clay graciously came back, and found it easy work to persuade the jury that the result of the first trial was equivalent to an acquittal, and that the prisoner, as under the law he could not be put in peril of life twice for the same offense, was clearly entitled to his discharge. The jury readily agreed upon a verdict of 'not guilty.'"

"It is said that no murderer defended by Henry Clay was ever sentenced to death. . . . 'Ah, Willis, poor fellow,' he said once to the man whose acquittal he had obtained by so audacious a dramatic *coup*, 'I fear I have saved too many like you, who ought to be hanged.'" Fortunately, Clay's career as

a criminal lawyer did not long continue ; he was soon trusted in the numerous and important cases of land law which the patent system of apportioning lands developed in Kentucky. He thus obtained the means and the position which opened to him a place in politics.

His first important political work was in the convention which made the first revision of the state constitution. In this convention we find him a devoted and able advocate for the emancipation of the slaves. He failed in his effort, but in it he gave the key to the noblest of his motives. Four years afterwards he was chosen to a seat in the lower house of the state legislature, and in his service he showed once again his oratorical power. In 1806 he was thrown in contact with the notorious Aaron Burr, under circumstances which, though in no way discreditable to Clay, for a time menaced his place among men. Burr, as is well known, was arrested in Kentucky and put on trial for being engaged in treasonable enterprises. Clay was engaged as his attorney. Having doubts as to Burr's character, Clay sought and obtained an unqualified assurance as to the lawfulness and propriety of his purposes. By this statement Clay was persuaded of Burr's innocence, and thus to his subsequent great regret he became the defender of a man who at heart was a traitor.

While engaged in the defense of Burr, the post of senator from Kentucky was made vacant by the resignation of General Adair. The place which Clay had won in Kentucky during his ten years' of residence is sufficiently indicated by the fact that he was appointed for the unexpired portion of Adair's term. It is a significant fact, as our author well points out, that Clay still lacked more than three months of being thirty years of age, and therefore was not constitutionally eligible for the position. Mr. Schurz says : "It does not seem to have occurred to any member of that body

that the man who stood before them might not be old enough to be a senator. In all probability Clay himself did not think of it. He was sworn in as a matter of course, and, without the bashful hesitation generally expected of young senators, he plunged at once into the current of proceedings, as if he had been there all his life. On the fourth day after he had taken his seat, we find him offering a resolution concerning the circuit courts of the United States ; a few days later, another concerning an appropriation of land for the improvement of the Ohio rapids ; then another touching Indian depredations ; and another proposing an amendment to the Federal Constitution, concerning the judicial power of the United States. We find the young man on a variety of committees, sometimes as chairman, charged with the consideration of important subjects, and making reports to the Senate. We find him taking part in debate with the utmost freedom, and on one occasion astonishing with a piece of very pungent sarcasm an old senator, who was accustomed to subdue with lofty assumptions of superior wisdom such younger colleagues as ventured to differ from him."

It is a noteworthy fact that, during his first term in the Senate, his initial speech was in favor of a bill for a canal to facilitate the navigation at the rapids of the Ohio. This shows him at the outset of his national career as an advocate of the system of internal improvements, to which he gave so large a part of his public life.

At the close of his brief term as senator, the people of his district sent him again to the legislature of Kentucky, where he was elected speaker. At this time the discontent with Great Britain, which was to terminate in the unfortunate war of 1812, had begun. The commonwealth of Kentucky had peculiar reasons for contention with the British government, and was much disposed

to declare war against that empire on its own account. The peace which brought about the abandonment of the British claim upon the colonies had left the question of the British occupation of the northwestern country in an unsettled state. The mother country still held certain posts, which were afterwards relinquished. It retained, moreover, a certain control, or semblance of it, over the Indians, who had been constantly making depredations in Kentucky. It was the belief of the frontiersmen that this brutal warfare was incited by the British commanders, with the hope that it might serve to restrain the advance of settlements in the West. As soon as the Eastern States came into conflict with Great Britain, in the matter of neutral rights, the Kentuckians thought they saw their opportunity for vengeance.

The first step to this end in the legislature, where Clay was speaker, was to bring in a proposition that in no court of Kentucky should the decisions of the British courts or the English works of law be quoted in trials. A great majority of the legislature was in favor of this monstrous proposition. "Clay," as our author says, "was as fiery a patriot as any of them; but he would not permit his State to make itself ridiculous by a puerile and barbarous demonstration. He was young and ambitious, but he would not seek popularity by joining, or even acquiescing, in a cry which offended his good sense. Without hesitation he left the speaker's chair, to arrest this absurd clamor. He began by moving, as an amendment, that the exclusion of British decisions and opinions from the courts of Kentucky should apply only to those which had been promulgated after July 4, 1776, as before that date the American colonies were a part

of the British dominion, and Americans and English were virtually one nation, living substantially under the same laws. Then he launched into a splendid panegyric upon the English common law, and an impassioned attack upon the barbarous spirit which would 'wantonly make a wreck of a system fraught with the intellectual wealth of centuries.' His speech was not reported, but it was described in the press of the time as one of extraordinary power and beauty, and it succeeded in saving for Kentucky the treasures of English jurisprudence."¹

The debates on this and other measures directed against Great Britain brought Clay into conflict with Humphrey Marshall, a man of great ability, who marred his life by unending conflicts with his fellows. Clay "went out" with Marshall, and both he and his adversary were wounded. This was the second though, unhappily, not the last of his duels; the first, with another distinguished swashbuckler, Colonel Daviess, was bloodless. In 1809 Clay was again chosen to fill the place of another senator who had resigned. He reëntered the American Senate with two purposes firmly in his mind. One was to encourage home industry by protective tariffs, and the other to resist the domination of Great Britain. Both of these motives were doubtless congenial to him, but in adopting them for the basis of his policy he represented the leading impulses of the people of his State. Kentucky, having been the first settled of the Western States, had already become the seat of an extensive manufacturing industry, and the prospects of wealth to be gained through such employments had filled the popular mind with large schemes. Their hatred of Great Britain, as we have before noticed, was as wide "benefit of clergy" was claimed and allowed, in a case where a man had been convicted of a capital offense, was in a rural court of Kentucky, in the fifth decade of this century. (See Kentucky, Commonwealth Series, page 407. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

¹ This opposition to the English common law was but a momentary freak of an annoyed people. That law has remained the foundation of the jurisprudence of the commonwealth. So closely did its jurists adhere even to its absurdities that the last case in which the

and deep as the hatred of their allies, the Indians.

Although these motives led Clay to a large part of his legislative activity, his energy was so great that almost every question which came before that Congress received his attention. In that session the matter of the annexation of West Florida was before the Federal Legislature. That enlargement of the imagination which makes all frontiersmen filibusterish was characteristic of the Kentucky people. They conceived that Great Britain intended to get possession of West Florida; they heard, indeed, the British lion roaring through all the woods which were about them. Clay fairly represented his constituents in supporting the steps by which the federal government endeavored to possess itself of that province. The debate on this question brought Clay into conflict with the Federalists, who, as our author well says, "always had a deep-seated jealousy of the growing West." In this controversy he was matched against Pickering of Massachusetts and Horsey of Delaware, who represented the federal party in their opposition to President Madison. In the debate it was asserted that if we bore heavily upon Spain, in our efforts to get possession of this territory, we might have to deal with Great Britain. This gave Clay an opportunity to show the peculiar clarion power of his eloquence, in a blast which rang throughout the land, and did more than any one speech of his to give him a first place in the nation. This place, as Mr. Schurz says, "he won in his characteristic fashion; that is to say, he straightway seized it, and in deference to his boldness and ability it was conceded to him." The most effective part of the speech runs as follows:—

"The gentleman reminds us that Great Britain, the ally of Spain, may be obliged, by her connection with that country, to take part with her against

us, and to consider this measure of the President as justifying an appeal to arms. Sir, is the time never to arrive when we may manage our own affairs without the fear of insulting his Britannic majesty? Is the rod of British power to be forever suspended over our heads? Does Congress put an embargo to shelter our rightful commerce against the piratical depredations committed upon it on the ocean, we are immediately warned of the indignation of offended England. Is a law of non-intercourse proposed, the whole navy of the haughty mistress of the seas is made to thunder into our ears. Does the President refuse to continue a correspondence with a minister who violates the decorum belonging to his diplomatic character, by giving and repeating a deliberate affront to the whole nation, we are instantly menaced with the chastisement which English pride will not fail to inflict. Whether we assert our rights by sea, or attempt their maintenance by land, whithersoever we turn ourselves, this phantom incessantly pursues us. Already it has too much influence on the councils of the nation. Mr. President, I most sincerely desire peace and amity with England; I even prefer an adjustment of differences with her before one with any other nation. But if she persists in a denial of justice to us, or if she avails herself of the occupation of West Florida to commence war upon us, I trust and hope that all hearts will unite in a bold and vigorous vindication of our rights."

His only other important speeches in the two years of the unexpired term which he was to fill expressed his opposition to the re-charter of the National Bank of the United States. This was on some accounts the most unfortunate act of his life, for circumstances as well as the growth of his own mind led him in after years to become the ardent advocate of that institution, when of course he had to meet the often insensate cry

which is raised against the man who is not always stubbornly consistent with himself.

In the next Congress, Clay appeared as a member of the Lower House of Congress, and was elected speaker, a singular honor to a youth in his first term of service in that body. It was the Congress which was to declare the War of 1812. It is not too much to say that he went there to declare that war. To all objections that we could gain nothing by war he made one answer: "What are we not to lose by peace? Commerce, character, a nation's best treasure, honor." Although this contest was perhaps inevitable, for the reason that the Revolutionary War had not been brought to a bitterest end, and Great Britain perhaps still held some notions of re-conquest, it is to Clay more than to any other man that we owe the fact that it came when it did. His experience with legislatures and with the people in popular assemblages had given him a singular power of at once firing men's hearts, and of coercing them by his ever furious will. The war came: the country was ill prepared for it; the New England States, which had given the backbone to the combats of the Revolution, were but half hearted in the undertaking; blunder followed blunder, until, save for our successes on the sea and a trifling victory, with no fruits, over the British and Indians at the Thames, it had been disastrous. Clay's speeches in favor of continuing the war were among the most brilliant pieces of rhetoric which this country produced; but although he used all the power of his distinguished abilities and his influence as speaker to protract the combat, it was destined speedily to end. He was appointed one of the commissioners for the negotiation of peace.

The record of this negotiation is extremely interesting, especially for the reason that it brought Clay and John Quincy Adams into their first close re-

lations. It is evident that the "prim New Englander," as Schurz terms Adams, in no way fancied his arbitrary and combative colleague; indeed, he was at first his enemy, though in time he became his friend. In this portion of his biography our author makes admirable use of his materials; and although it does not show Clay in a brilliant rôle, it exhibits him in a singularly clear light. Clay's aim was to make the negotiations fail, though in the end he was influenced by reason, and signed the treaty. He was somewhat consoled by the news of the battle of New Orleans, which, as is well known, took place some time after the treaty was signed. From Ghent, the seat of the negotiations, he went to Paris and there met Madame De Staël. That complaisant woman said to him: "I have been in England, and have been battling for your cause there. They were so much enraged against you that at one time they thought seriously of sending the Duke of Wellington to lead their armies against you." "I am very sorry," replied Mr. Clay, "that they did not send the duke." "And why?" "Because if he had beaten us, we should but have been in the condition of Europe, without disgrace. But if we had been so fortunate as to defeat him, we should have greatly added to the renown of our arms."

It is hardly necessary to say that Clay reentered the next Congress and was again reelected speaker. We find him at once allied, strangely enough, with Calhoun in the advocacy of internal improvements. There is no question that in his arduous labors in this cause he was true to his own opinions, but he at the same time represented the convictions of the people from whom he came, who were for many years afterwards almost mad in their pursuit of this end. More extraordinary still is the fact that he and Calhoun, the leading representative of the Republican party, were now earnestly combating

for a Bank of the United States against the Federalists, who had previously been the supporters of that institution. It is hardly necessary to analyze Clay's reasons for this apparent inconsistency. The truth is that his national motive, that which came afterwards to be called the Whig spirit, had been greatly intensified during the progress of his career; he now saw, as he did not before, that a beneficent federalism required the control of public finance by the central government. This period in Clay's life was of momentous importance to him, for in it, for the first time, he became in his own mind and in the desires of his friends an aspirant for the presidency. Hitherto he had been a free man; henceforth he was often to be the slave of ambition. His first step towards the coveted end was to seek the place of Secretary of State under James Monroe, who had just been elected President; and this for the reason that custom had in a way determined that the Secretary of State should be the candidate of his party in the next presidential campaign. John Quincy Adams was chosen, and this was the first of the many disappointments which were afterwards to beset his life. He continued to urge the measures of public improvement to which he had devoted the energies of his earlier youth, but in all his subsequent acts we find the hateful presence of this unfortunate desire for the presidential office.

The most picturesque incident in this part of Clay's career is his advocacy of the cause of the South American republics. He sought the recognition of those sham democracies, with the conviction that their people were penetrated by the purest and most patriotic spirit. He had the strange notion that our government should give them, not only recognition, but substantial aid. We see in this, however, as well as in his subsequent advocacy of the Greek cause, an interesting side of Clay's character;

his was a singularly sympathetic mind. Though he was overbearing in the pursuit of his ends to a degree that frequently embarrassed his endeavors, the cause of a suffering people was always his cause.

In the last session of the fifteenth Congress, Clay entered upon a conflict which was to prove disastrous in his career. General Jackson had been set to watch the Indians on the borders of Florida. Quite out of his own head he resolved to make war not only upon the Indians, but upon the Spaniards as well. He summoned troops by his own call, invaded Florida, captured St. Mark's, hanged a lot of Indians, tried two Englishmen by drumhead court-martial, and summarily executed them, although in the case of one of them the sentence of the court-martial had been flogging alone.

There was an old grudge between the people of the State of Kentucky and Jackson, on account of the shabby way in which that furious commander had treated the Kentucky troops in his report on the Battle of New Orleans. Clay probably found in the debate which grew up in Congress concerning Jackson's conduct an opportunity for vengeance, though there was enough to justify his stern arraignment of the general in the illegal nature of his acts. For a man aspiring to the presidency, this assault upon Jackson, though carefully guarded, was ill-advised. As Mr. Schurz says: "A military 'hero' has an immense advantage over ordinary mortals, especially in a country where the military hero is a rare character. The achievements of statesmen usually remain subject to differences of opinion. A victory on the field of battle, won for the country, is a title to public gratitude, seldom to be questioned by anybody. . . . To many it appears almost sacrilegious to think that a man who has rendered his country service so valuable in the crisis of war should ever be able

to act upon any but the most patriotic motives." Jackson's conduct was approved by the House of Representatives, and the tide of popularity began to set against Clay. During all his service in Washington he had been somewhat given to amusing himself at the card-table. While his star was in the ascendant nothing was heard of this vice, common enough among public men of his day, but now that his popularity was waning he was denounced as a gambler; and though in later years he appears to have abandoned the habit, which indeed was probably never more than an unreasonable amusement, he was ever afterwards termed by his enemies a gamester.

It is impossible for us to condense the admirable statement which Mr. Schurz has given of Clay's legislative work in the meridian of his career. He was a part of all legislation; not always a wise part, but ever a bold and honest advocate of that which seemed to him right, save where from time to time the spectre of his ambition rose before him. His principal work in this period was connected with the Missouri Compromise. Indeed, with that effort he attained the place of the great pacificator, the man who by his skill and influence could cover up the difficulties which slavery brought upon the country, and postpone what we now know to have been an inevitable conflict. The reader will find a most interesting moral problem in considering this portion of Clay's history. From the beginning of the Missouri agitation in 1818 to the end of his political career in 1850, the lifetime of a generation, Clay's vast influence and singular parliamentary skill were devoted to this task. There can be no question that at the outset of his career he was at heart sincerely opposed to the institution of slavery. If he had had his way, the State of his adoption, which he loved with a surpassing love, would have been a free land from the beginning of the century. It is unquestionable that he retained a great dislike of

the institution to his last days. Had he dwelt in New England, he would have been in the front rank of the abolitionists, though doubtless his national motive would have saved him from some of the fanatical excesses of those people. As it was, the circumstances of his social surroundings and his desire to be President qualified his sense of the evils of slavery. Clay, owing to the intensity of his sympathies, was most keenly affected by the temper of his people. The only evidence of scanty apprehension of the conditions which determined Clay's life which we find in Mr. Schurz's admirable book arises from the fact that he does not perceive the peculiar nature of the political motives which characterized the State of Kentucky from an early stage of its history. He frequently speaks of Clay as the "fiery Kentuckian." Now "fiery" is not a term which can in any way be applied to the political conduct of that people. A more cautious, conservative, compromising humor than that which prevailed in Kentucky has never been embodied in politics. There was a measure of violence in the early history of the state affairs, but even in the Spanish intrigues we see a political shrewdness of a higher order, joined with what might be called an affectation of desperation. A large part of the Kentucky blood was of Scotch derivation; another considerable part, of Pennsylvanian-German origin. The nature of the folk and their early experiences with misrule made them a singularly careful people in all their political experiments. Early in the century they recognized the fact that slavery would be likely to disrupt the Union. Many circumstances served to make that Union peculiarly dear to the people of Kentucky. Unlike the other States, this commonwealth had almost to fight for admission to it, and its citizens treasured the relation in a remarkable manner. This political conservatism went so far that when the civil war came the State of Kentucky essayed the quix-

otic task of remaining neutral in the combat, the sole remnant of the old happy state, about which the contending factions might again be gathered in amity. She was in the end driven from the position through the invasion of her territory by the Confederates. It was natural, therefore, that Clay, who was above all a representative of his people, should have labored to postpone the conflict between slavery and freedom, which threatened to destroy the association of the States. As is well known, he was the leading spirit in the scheme of African colonization. His hope was that the slaves might be liberated, and deported to Africa. This project he greatly treasured, and to it he gave a very large share of his great energies.

As the conflict between the motives of slavery and those of freedom was gradually intensified, the people of Kentucky, who in the first place were to a great extent opposed to the institution, naturally became more and more defenders of it, and Clay himself was gradually converted to an apologist for the system, though he was never its defender. His aim was to avoid a conflict, in the hope that the people of the South might join hands with the North in some practicable scheme for the abolition of the institution. Calhoun, on the other hand, who was a more far-seeing and deliberate statesman, perceived the inevitableness of the conflict, and was constantly endeavoring to precipitate a struggle which would bring about some form of separation of North and South. Clay's peculiar place in the history of this country arises from the fact that to him more than to any other man we owe it that the political struggle between North and South did not lead to war in the first half of this century. He labored to avoid the conflict; in fact he merely postponed it; but by deferring the struggle for some decades he did a beneficent work for American institutions. It is hardly to be conceived that

a war between North and South, waged at any time between 1820 and 1850, would have led to the success of the Northern armies. It required long years of debate to educate the North to that readiness for the struggle, which existed in the South as early as 1820. Moreover, the growth of the country in these decades, during which Clay was mainly occupied with schemes of conciliation, was a great advantage to the North. It increased the disproportion between the resources of the two regions, both in population and in wealth. In so far as Clay endeavored to bring about the condition of things which would make an end of slavery, his work was well done, though he did not succeed on the lines of his intent.

We cannot follow our author in his admirable presentation of Clay's labors as a man of compromises. It is enough to say that his principal work as a statesman, that which will always insure him a place in the history of the country, is due to his prolonged and most skillful efforts to postpone the inevitable conflict between slavery and freedom. His struggle with Jackson, his denunciations of the evils of patronage, his endless effort to secure the development of the country by means of tariffs and of internal improvements, are picturesque and interesting, though on the whole unimportant incidents in his career.

Our author has shown great skill in setting forth a painful aspect of Clay's talent for compromise, where he did wrong to his own motives in his eagerness to commend himself as a candidate for the presidency. This hunger after kingly power and place has been the curse of American politicians. It has affected nearly every great man of American birth who has attained to much prominence in the state. Probably the only statesmen who ever attained to distinguished positions in federal affairs without being injured by this ambition have been those of foreign birth.

Hamilton, Gallatin, and Mr. Schurz himself have been mercifully protected by circumstances of birth from the access of this evil, which has debauched some of the noblest men of the country. It would be a great gain to our system of government if, imitating the Swiss republic, we could get rid of the peculiar power belonging in the head of the federal state; for as long as it remains the largest prize open to the statesmen of any country, we must expect it to be a menace to the integrity of purpose of our leaders.

Although Mr. Schurz maintains, as the biographer of a statesman should, a somewhat critical attitude towards the life which he is considering, his final judgment as to the character of Clay must command the approval of all who are familiar with the wonderful career of that orator. He fully recognizes the unsullied nature of his political life and the nobility of his conception of the American state.

As a whole, this biography is perhaps most interesting from the fact that it shows us how entirely an able man of foreign birth and education may come to a perfect understanding of American institutions and American men, even if

they are of another generation than his own. It indicates that our political motives are indeed cosmopolitan. It is impossible to name any one of American birth who could have written the difficult biography of Henry Clay with such a perfect understanding of the man's motives, of the political and social conditions in which his career was developed. The greatest admirers of Henry Clay would at most say that Mr. Schurz somewhat undervalued the quality of his oratory. This quality does not sufficiently appear in his printed speeches. It was the good fortune of the present writer, when but a child, to be held in the arms of a strong man, that he might not only hear, but see, "Old Harry" speak. It is forty years and more since that time, and yet the recollection of that graceful form and a memory of that marvelous voice remain as treasured memories. They serve to explain the strange love with which he was regarded by his followers,—a love which has never been given to any other American statesman. It may well be the first of Clay's titles to fame that he won from all sorts of men, from the backwoodsman as well as the most cultivated, a singular and devoted affection.

EMERSON'S GENIUS.

It is a matter for congratulation that the task of preparing the biography¹ which was to bring Emerson more distinctly into the light, and reveal him even, we suspect, to some who thought they already knew him well, should have fallen to one who could be intimate with Emerson's thought, and yet, in his own mental habit, has a strong bent toward systematizing. Mr. Cabot has not as-

sumed the function of an interpreter who conceives it his business to construct a consistent Emerson, although he has used the topical method somewhat in treating of certain marked phases of Emerson's thought and life, such as transcendentalism and religion; but he early convinces the reader of his ability and honesty in stating Emerson's thought and relations to society. His wise selec-

¹ *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*. By JAMES ELLIOT CABOT. In two volumes. Bos-

ton and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

tion of material and careful arrangement inspire confidence; in a word, Mr. Cabot shows himself to have that true historical method which marshals facts so that they carry their own inevitable conclusions. This is as valuable in biography as in history; and while the manner of much contemporary biographic work is in the effacement of the biographer, the present subject is plainly one which calls for something more than a collection of letters and diaries. It demands a clear insight, a power to follow clues, and in general a capacity to bring a natural order out of what to many would have been a chaotic mass of material.

The reader will find Mr. Cabot's memoir most serviceable for supplying that one guide to a study of Emerson's works which was most needed: the disclosure, namely, of Emerson's conscious relation to his own thought. In this respect the book before us is admirable. Mr. Cabot appears to have perceived the need, and to have lost no opportunity for adding to the image, which now stands in far clearer light than before, — the image of Emerson as he was to himself. Only as that is well apprehended may the student hope to solve some of the problems of Emerson's personality in its relation to the men and institutions of his time.

The chronicle of the poet's external life offers few incidents, and the reader is at first disposed to demur at being supplied with so little material for reconstructing the career. But a moment's reflection shows that here Mr. Cabot was in full sympathy with his subject, and very judicious in the proportionate treatment. Thus the early years of penury, of struggle, of movement, while the hero was ascertaining his proper function, are given with considerable detail; after that, the mere accidents of travel or lecturing tours are properly subordinated, and one's attention is drawn to that interior life of the

spirit which found its embodiment in words rather than in adventure. There is almost scorn for such detail in the biographer's quiet mention of the straitened circumstances of Emerson's boyhood, when he and his brother Edward had but one great-coat between them; and it is only by incidental and scarcely more than allusive references that the hard struggle for maintenance, which continued through most of Emerson's life, is intimated to the reader. We wish that this fact of the poet's narrow means had been more plainly stated: it was not necessary to give details, but a clearer presentation of the close economy of the Emerson household would have brought into stronger light that noble superiority to circumstance, that fidelity to a high calling, which were dominant elements in Emerson's nature. When he wrote,

" Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind,"

his own life was a stronger protest, even, than his words.

There is no break to be detected in the continuity of Emerson's life, scarcely any of those vacillations of purpose, those sudden wayward impulses, which are like the change of voice when a boy becomes a man. The idealist was always there, and the genuineness of a style which was peculiarly his becomes more apparent as one detects its notes in the early letters which are given. If he drew after any pattern, it was that of his aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, who seems to have entered into his life more emphatically than any one. Mr. Cabot points out one of the characteristics of her influence in forcing a certain concentration of intellectual life; and in speaking of it, he hints that all the Emerson boys suffered somewhat from the strain laid upon them. "In Ralph's case the drawback came in another shape. Want of 'that part of education which is conducted in the nursery and the playground, in fights and frolics, in business and politics,' — leaving him

without the help of the free-masonries which these things establish, — no doubt exaggerated the idealist's tendency to fence himself off from contact with men, and made it an effort for him, in after-life, to meet them on common terms in every-day intercourse." Yet this was but a miniature of his whole life. Once and again in his writings, as instanced by the brief quotation just given, Emerson looks wistfully toward the solid ground on which he sees his fellow-men walking, while he himself, by some fatality of his nature, must needs move above the surface. "The man of his aspirations," as Mr. Cabot well says, "was not the moralist, sitting aloof on the heights of philosophy, and overlooking the affairs of men from a distance, but the man of the world, in the true sense of the phrase; the man of both worlds, the public soul, with all his doors open, with equal facility of reception and of communication." This, as we said, is suggested by his writings, but it is even more clearly brought out in his correspondence.

To his aunt Emerson wrote, always sure of a recipient of his thought, and some measure of her influence over him may be taken by the freedom and fullness with which he tried his speculations on her. Hence, also, his letters to her are especially valuable as marking the high tide of his mind, and disclosing movements more important for making up an estimate of his nature than he was probably aware. Thus there is a fine letter to Miss Emerson, written when loitering in Alexandria, on his return from a health-seeking trip in the South. Emerson was twenty-four years old at the time, apparently had just found his place as a preacher, and was looked upon with growing interest in this capacity. "It occurs to me lately," he writes, "that we have a great many capacities which we lack time and occasion to improve. If I read the *Bride of Lammermoor*, a thousand imperfect

suggestions arise in my mind, to which if I could give heed, I should be a novelist. When I chance to light upon a verse of genuine poetry, — it may be in a corner of a newspaper, — a forcible sympathy awakens a legion of little goblins in the recesses of the soul, and if I had leisure to attend to the fine, tiny rabble I should straightway be a poet. In my day-dreams I do often hunger and thirst to be a painter; besides all the spasmodic attachments I indulge to each of the sciences and each province of letters. They all in turn play the coquette with my imagination, and it may be I shall die at the last a forlorn bachelor, jilted of them all. But all that makes these reveries noticeable is the indirect testimony they seem to bear to the most desirable attributes of human nature. If it has so many *conatus* (seekings after), as the philosophic term is, they are not in vain, but point to a duration ample enough for the entire satisfaction of them all."

Here the conclusion interests us less than the hint which the whole passage gives of Emerson's appropriation of the world, of his growing sense of power and his expansion of nature. It was not an argument for immortality which he was constructing; it was an attestation of his own indestructible personality. He was aware of the movement of his wings; he felt them beat the air; physically he was weak, but he was already testing his spiritual body, and discovering what reaches of vision and flight were possible to it. The very experience of a first journey from home, and especially of that return which always quickens the pulse of a live man, reinforced this interior excursion, and produced an exhilaration which may have been momentary in its extreme exaltation, but clearly marks an epoch in Emerson's spiritual life. Listen to the confidence which he commits to his diary at this time: —

"June, 1827. Although I strive to

keep my soul in a polite equilibrium, I belong to the good sect of the Seekers, and conceive that the dissolution of the body will have a wonderful effect on the opinions of all creed-mongers. How the flimsy sophistries that have covered nations — unclean cobwebs that have reached their long dangling threads over whole ages, issuing from the dark bowels of Athanasius and Calvin — will shrink to nothing at that sun-burst of truth! And nobody will be more glad than Athanasius and Calvin. In my frigidest moments, when I put behind me the subtler evidences, and set Christianity in the light of a piece of human history, — much as Confucius or Solymán might regard it, — I believe myself immortal. The beam of the balance trembles, to be sure, but settles always on the right side. For otherwise all things look so silly. The sun is silly, and the connection of beings and worlds such mad nonsense. I *say* this, I say that in pure reason I believe my immortality, because I have read and heard often that the doctrine hangs wholly on Christianity. This, to be sure, brings safety, but I think I get bare life without."

The whole period bounded in his life by his entrance upon the ministry and his resignation of his charge is interesting for the hints which it gives of the working of his mind. Those eight years were the making of Emerson. Then he found his latitude and longitude, and his after-life was in the main the expansion of the thoughts then entertained. We wish his poems were dated. They could scarcely have been so desultory in composition as the essays; and even if they were subjected to revision and verbal changes, the thought in each could hardly have been altered. Mr. Cabot would have conferred an important favor on students of Emerson if he had given in one of his appendices a list of Emerson's poems, with the dates of their production. We are greatly mistaken if they would not have thrown interesting

light on the recondite subject of Emerson's growth in consciousness.

Emerson's desire to preach continued for some time after it had been demonstrated that there was no place for him in the institutional ministry. He seems to have made several efforts to adjust himself to his fellows through this form of association, and at last to have retired, baffled. In the condition of affairs in New England at the time, the ministry was the only possible profession for such a nature as Emerson's, and in working into it and working out of it Emerson may be said to have been following an experimental course, hardly conscious of its full significance. He was finding himself by the process of elimination, and it is an interesting commentary on New England life, as well as upon Emerson's personality, that this long and somewhat costly experiment should have been necessary.

The ministry was then, as it always had been in New England, the one recourse for the idealist. Literature there was none, and there was no literary vocation. In the intellectual growth of this province, so intense in its activity, and so comparatively independent of growth elsewhere, there had been a slow differentiation of functions going on. Not long before Emerson's time the minister had released the politician and the lawyer, and these were now separate persons. In Emerson's time itself a further separation took place, and the man of letters stood distinct. Emerson was an agent in this development, and as a consequence the choice in many minds between the ministry as a profession and the profession of letters is made earlier in life, and without that long experimental process which took place in Emerson's case.

The very provincialism of the New England mind, while it enlarged the scope of the ministerial office, and caused that it finally was capable of dividing itself into several distinct offices of the

higher life, missed the one fundamental, ineradicable notion of the ministry as disclosed in historic Christianity. It is interesting to note, therefore, that the rock of stumbling, which put an end to Emerson's ecclesiastical career, was his inability to bring his congregation to take the one little step, which seemed so short, of giving up the sacrament of the eucharist. Refined as that sacrament had become in the conception of the people, it still held them sufficiently to forbid their treating it as unessential. To Emerson, who was an individual, and very lightly bound even by the association of his order, the step was not only easy, it was necessary. Individuals can always do what communities cannot, and Emerson, in breaking the last bond which connected him with institutional Christianity, was following his destiny, as the society which could not break this bond was half blindly obedient to a law which each member of the society, if isolated by thought as Emerson was, might have also disregarded. Emerson, in emancipating himself from the ministry, was freed from a profession; and since the ministry had come to be regarded simply as a profession, which one might choose as he chose the law or medicine, he was fulfilling the behest of that voice within him whose whispers we have already noticed. To him, as to most of his associates, the ministry was no longer regarded as an order. All the while that he was under the cloak of this profession he was more or less consciously struggling to escape, and one detects in his observations on preaching the rapidly increasing self-knowledge which was soon to make it impossible for him to remain in the pulpit. Thus he notes in his diary at the outset:—

"Sunday, April 24, 1824. I am beginning my professional studies. In a month I shall be legally a man; and I deliberately dedicate my time, my talents, and my hopes to the church. . . .

I cannot dissemble that my abilities are below my ambition; and I find that I judged by a false criterion when I measured my powers by my ability to understand and criticise the intellectual character of another. I have, or had, a strong imagination, and consequently a keen relish for the beauties of poetry. My reasoning faculty is proportionably weak; nor can I ever hope to write a Butler's Analogy, or an Essay of Hume. Nor is it strange that with this confession I should choose theology; for the highest species of reasoning upon divine subjects is rather the fruit of a sort of moral imagination than of the reasoning machines, such as Locke, and Clarke, and David Hume."

Here is a fumbling about, with his hand near, but not on, the handle of his being. Mark, now, how three years later, in a letter to his aunt, he has got upon the track of himself: "I preach half of every Sunday. When I attended church on the other half of a Sunday, and the image in the pulpit was all of clay, and not of tunable metal, I said to myself that if men would avoid that general language and general manner in which they strive to hide all that is peculiar, and would say only what was uppermost in their own minds, after their own individual manner, every man would be interesting. Every man is a new creation, can do something best, has some intellectual modes and forms, or a character the general result of all, such as no other agent in the universe has: if he would exhibit that, it must needs be engaging, must be a curious study to every inquisitive mind. But whatever properties a man of narrow intellect feels to be peculiar he studiously hides; he is ashamed or afraid of himself, and all his communications to men are unskillful plagiarisms from the common stock of thought and knowledge, and he is of course flat and tiresome."

Finally, an entry in his journal at the beginning of the year in which he re-

signed his charge marks the last stage in his evolution as he is about to emerge from the chrysalis of the New England ministry: "*January 10, 1832. It is the best part of the man, I sometimes think, that revolts most against his being a minister. His good revolts from official goodness. If he never spoke or acted but with the full consent of his understanding, if the whole man acted always, how powerful would be every act and every word! Well, then, or ill, then, how much power he sacrifices by conforming himself to say or do in other folks' time, instead of in his own! The difficulty is that we do not make a world of our own, but fall into institutions already made, and have to accommodate ourselves to them to be useful at all; and this accommodation is, I say, a loss of so much integrity, and of course of so much power. But how shall the droning world get on if all its *beaux esprits* recalcitrate upon its approved forms and accepted institutions, and quit them all in order to be single-minded? The double-refiners would produce at the other end the double-damned.*"

This last sentence is a felicitous expression of an eddy in his mental current, but he goes straight at the practical question which his whole nature was asking when, a few days later, he writes with great force and with profound intelligence of his own spiritual quandary: "Every man hath his use, no doubt, and every one makes ever the effort, according to the energy of his own character, to suit his external condition to his inward constitution. If his external condition does not admit of such accommodation, he breaks the form of his life, and enters a new one which does. If it will admit of such accommodation, he gradually bends it to his mind. Thus Finney can preach, and so his prayers are short. Parkman can pray, and so his prayers are long. Lowell can visit, and so his church service is less. But what shall

poor I do, who can neither visit, nor pray, nor preach, to my mind?"

Emerson broke the form of his life, and had to make a new one out of such stuff as his opportunities afforded. He lectured and he wrote, but in truth it mattered little just what form his occupation took. He had not left one profession to enter another; he had cleared himself of professional life altogether, and, having been true to the higher law of his being, he had that reasonable content thereafter which comes to one who has attained full power of consciousness. Emerson never came nearer to telling the whole truth about himself than when he wrote to his betrothed on the eve of their marriage, in a discussion of the comparative merits of Concord and Plymouth as a place of residence: "I am born a poet, — of a low class without doubt, yet a poet. That is my nature and vocation. My singing, be sure, is very husky, and is for the most part in prose. Still I am a poet in the sense of a perceiver and dear lover of the harmonies that are in the soul and in matter, and specially of the correspondence between these and those. A sunset, a forest, a snow-storm, a certain river-view, are more to me than many friends, and do ordinarily divide my day with my books. Wherever I go, therefore, I guard and study my rambling propensities." And again, in speaking of the efforts of Greeley and Brisbane to attach him to their Fourierite association: "One must submit, yet I foresaw, in the moment when I encountered these two new friends here, that I cannot content them. They are bent on popular actions. I am, in all my theory, ethics, and politics, a poet, and of no more use in their New York than a rainbow or a firefly. Meantime, they fasten me in their thoughts to transcendentalism, whereof you know I am wholly guiltless, and which is spoken of as a known and fixed element, like salt or meal. So that I have to begin by endless disclaim-

ers and explanations: 'I am not the man you take me for.'"

It is delightful to find in these volumes, after the determination of vocation, repeated illustrations of Emerson's knowledge of himself, — that clear consciousness which he attained, not without effort, as we have seen, but also not with the violent throes of a man hardly born. The circumstances under which he came forward constituted the shell which he had to break, as we have tried to show, but his genius was always immanent, and prophetic from the start. It would be pleasant to point out the many external facts in Emerson's behavior which are illustrated in these volumes: his home life, his habits of work, his relation to his neighbors, his notes of travel, his discovery of friends. There is abundant opportunity given for a near, friendly acquaintance with

a man whom one would gladly have had for a neighbor; but after all, these considerations recede, and there remains the weightier worth in the revelation which is afforded of the man himself in his self-discovery, in his expansion of nature, his growth of consciousness, in the very heart and secret of his genius. Rarely, we think, has biography made so signal an addition to our power of knowing a man who had already made himself familiar through words. By Mr. Cabot's aid, it is as if a person with whom we had been talking for hours, who had endeared himself to us by the beauty and richness of his words and the nameless grace of his presence, should then unfold to us the process of his own spiritual being; not that which made him common with men, but that which gave him distinction, individuality.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Realism for
Realism's
Sake.

IT has lately become a fashion to speak of realism, so called, as if it were a recent discovery or invention, like the telephone or the electric light. Realism in literature and art has always existed, and, when unaccompanied by the imaginative faculty, has always occupied a secondary place. Every age has produced writers who have attempted faithfully to paint the life of their period, and they have painted it best who did not seek merely to photograph it. There were great warriors before Agamemnon. There were great novelists before Gogol, Tourguéneff, Dostoievski, and Tolstoi; and there were dirty writers before Zola, whose vaunted realism is to be questioned. Photography has its limitations, and its perspective is invariably false. Zola's pictures of French social life and

manners are obviously the grossest exaggerations. Society, as he reflects it, could not hold together a twelvemonth. Is every poor girl in Paris a courtesan, and is every well-born married woman somebody's mistress? Is everything honeycombed with corruption? Is that all the author can tell us of his own country? Then he had better not tell it. The plain fact is that Zola's romances have been widely read, not because they were truthful, but because they were nasty. They had the novelty of being more startlingly brutal than any other books not taken charge of by the police. I speak of them in the past tense, for their popularity is waning. The minority report of human decency is against it, and will kill it. The popularity of most novels is a short-breathed business. Each century has its own par-

ticular vintage, with a bouquet so delicate as not to bear transportation from one cycle to another. Only the fittest survives. Contemporary judgment seldom settles the question. Who would have doubted the immortality of Richardson, when the blonde and brown lashes of half the girls in England were heavy with tears over his long-waisted heroines? But the Clarissa Harlowe style went out with the poke-bonnet, and has not returned even in a ghostly fashion, as that did with the Salvation Army. We wonder at the taste of our great-grandparents, and our great-grandchildren in turn will wonder, with more reason, at ours.

"So runs the world away."

Meanwhile, Zola's writings have done vast hurt to all civilized nations. — barbaric nations were happily spared the precious Rougon-Macquart family, — and especial hurt to France and French literature, which did n't need hurting. They have demoralized many a clever French story-teller, like Maupassant, for example, and have left a nauseating flavor in the mouth of mankind.

In art and fiction realism is an excellent and necessary thing; but it is neither necessary nor excellent by itself. It is a means, and not an end. In a novel or a painting the workman shows his quality in the *selection* of his material as well as in the handling of it. The mere realist is sadly self-hampered in this matter of selection. He is shut out from heroic themes by the eccentric theory that the agreeable is not just as real as the commonplace or the repulsive. "I will find you a soul in the commonplace," he says. There is n't any soul in an ash-barrel, and who wants a reproduction of one? The mere realist would not know what to do with an incident like that related by Lieutenant Greely in his Arctic journal, where a half-frozen sailor, wandering in a snow-storm, takes off his coat and wraps it

about the feet of a dying comrade. (What a mawkish and ridiculous performance for the latter part of the nineteenth century!) The realist, pure and simple, if he touched the subject at all, would describe the patch on the coat, and give you the approximate market value of the garment. The realist, in the higher sense, would make the pathos and the glory of that deed vivid things to your heart and your imagination. There are two sides to realism.

There have always been in the world men and women capable of exalted thought and heroic action; sympathetic stories of the lives of such men and women have always appealed to generous and intelligent souls, and will continue to do so until the earth cools off, and the coming glacier puts an end to matters. And that glacier will do a good thing when it puts an end to realism for realism's sake. The reflection quite reconciles me to the idea of the little mundane interruption which is promised us a few hundred thousand years hence.

Concerning — The writer of this little Translations. note has often wondered why Lamartine, in asserting an infinity of distance "between that which is felt and that which is expressed," did not make a special application of this famous truism to the constantly recurring antagonism of author and translator. For surely vaster interval never yet separated the spoken or printed word from its physiological stimulus than that which is thrust with such provoking frequency between good ideas in one language and the faint simulacrum so often made to represent them in another. How, for example, do we repay these poor Russians for that new world of song and idea whereof they have given us glimpses so deep and strange and new? Do we not rob them of their finest passages, and with ignorance afore-existing suppress out of their texts the very marrow of their work, the choice idioms

and turns of expression that make bold and vigorous and musical alternately the native speech of the Northern Slav? Or can it be denied by any conscience-stricken artificer (periodically visited, say, by the ghost of his outraged original) that, after having patched up our "English version" by whole passages borrowed from French or German translations, we do not, with almost incredible dishonesty, trick out our dummy author in a Regent Street coat of passable English, deftly shaped to delude newspaper critics into the parrot cry of "excellent translation"?

I shall not exaggerate when I say (with righteous exception of those exceedingly few translators from the Russian, whose work is not less sound and genuine than their scholarship) that most of these versions of Russian literature have as much value for the earnest student of Slav authors as the moon of a muddy frog pond possesses for the telescope-aided investigations of a selegrapher. Yet it must be admitted that to a not inconsiderable extent we have treated these Russians exactly as they have been treating us. I once deemed the Slav polyglot, in matters of language, to be infallible; but recent examination of some St. Petersburg versions of American and English classics shows me that the Russian translator, by serious trippings of his own, has long anticipated, if not provoked, the blunders of his American and English prototypes. Longfellow has been travestied in this way even oftener than Shakespeare, Byron, and Shelley, but perhaps the most remarkable failure to reproduce for Russian readers a poetical English composition appears in the last number of the European Messenger (*Vyestnik Yevropy*). I cite both translation and original, thus:—

TRANSLATION.

WHEN I am dead do not come to my grave;
Do not trouble me in my sweet sleep,
And in thy childishly weak grief

Do not shed unnecessary tears.

The wind will sweep the dust from my tomb;
The rain will weep over it.

Why, then, shouldst thou tread on my poor
ashes?

Go by!

Have no concern as to whether thou art guilty
or not,

And, like me, forget all!

Thou art free, — wed whom thou wilt.

I am tormented to death,

And now I am lying deep under the ground.

My heart sleeps calmly in my breast:

For overtaxed strength rest is delicious.

Go by!

V. Z. LIKHACHOFF.

ORIGINAL.

COME not, when I am dead,

To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,

To trample round my fallen head,

And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not
save!

There let the wind sweep and the plover cry,

But thou, go by!

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime,

I care not, being all unblest;

Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of time,

And I desire to rest.

Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I
lie.

Go by, go by!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A Logician's Poetics. — Dr. Alexander Bain, the distinguished professor of logic and rhetoric in the University of Aberdeen, has not been used to soften the severity of his intellectual productions by any concessions to the taste for amusement in his readers, and possibly some of them may find something like sweet revenge in his last little treatise upon teaching English. One naturally expects to find in it a scheme, a kind of map of pedagogy applied to literature; but the professor gives us nothing less than a somewhat extended essay in minute poetical criticism, and it would be a pity if the *catalogue raisonnée* character of Dr. Bain's mind or the *prima facie* educational look of this volume should cause its true nature to be misapprehended. It is as a lover of poetry, not as a pedagogue, that one must ap-

proach the work to get the most good out of it. It is just such reading as the lightly humorous members of this Club delight in, if it were not for the tedium of reading it themselves, — for even when Dr. Bain is unconsciously funny, he is yet undeniably dry ; and so I mean to give one or two examples of his poetical sensibility and penetration. But first, Dr. Bain has a choice as to whose English shall be taught ; not Bacon's, if he can help it, nor Shakespeare's, if his advice has weight. This is discouraging for those of us who have been happy in the revival of English studies, and have made each new issue of the classics of our own tongue from the Clarendon Press a matter of congratulation ; but if Dr. Bain is right in commiserating the teacher of Bacon because he has to deal with "Bacon's thoughts exactly as put by himself, with all their crudity and incoherence," it would be well for us to know the evil before Bacon's immortality enters upon its fourth century. What Dr. Bain thinks of the master of sententious English may be inferred from his quoting, "Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth," and adding his own summary comment that this "is little better than high-sounding nonsense." This judgment would be more startling, if one had not been prepared in some degree for unusually bold assertions by a few words upon Shakespeare, several pages earlier, as follows : "The great passages of Macbeth and Richard III. come across us all so often that *the interest of the original is reduced to the general plot and less hackneyed passages*. The original is, to a great degree, *though not entirely, superseded* by the reproduction of the best passages in our most familiar reading. I do not say it is *superfluous* to go back to a complete text." These italics represent faintly the impression of the words as they stared out upon the page to at

least one pair of eyes. But it was not Dr. Bain's objections to the study of the English classics, and the curious remarks he makes with regard to them, that prompted us to make his virtues known to the Club.

It is as a poetical critic that he shines, or rather smiles, so unexpectedly. He shall have the benefit of three examples. Shelley's Skylark is exactly the sort of poem that a man with Dr. Bain's mental characteristics selects for anatomy. He takes it stanza by stanza ; thus, of that perfect Italian sunset,

"In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,"

he remarks, "The golden lightning' seems a doubtful conjunction. The epithet is not applicable to lightning. The meaning is made more consistent if we read 'lightening,' an emendation actually adopted by Chambers. 'The sunken sun' scarcely contributes to a picture of glorification ; the word 'sink' is associated with depression and pathos. No doubt the poet sought to vary the common designation of the setting sun." So on he goes with delicious painfulness, getting snarled up with the "thou dost float and *run*" (as if there were no running but with legs), and the "like an embodied joy whose race is just begun," after a manner to make the poet "shriek with laughter," could he have read it. This, however, is offered merely as an example of the critic's method. As to his substance, it gives but a faint notion of his toilsome incapacity. But a logician may be excused for failure with the Skylark. Let him try his hand at Milton. The passage he selects is the description of Satan's shield : —

"The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon :"

on which he annotates, "Anything comparable to the moon could not be supposed to lie on the back of any imaginable figure." Is this only an exceptional vagary, a wholesome excess of the scientific spirit which has so much more

accurate an idea of the moon than was possible to Milton? Hear him once more, this time on Dryden's great St. Cecilia Ode : —

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began."

"Dryden," he says, "has probably been caught by the double meaning of 'harmony,' namely, as a musical quality and as orderly arrangement, being opposed to confusion or chaos. At all events, *as regards the two first lines, he has made the mistake of referring, without any authority, the origin of the world to music.*" There are two hundred and

fifty pages of this wonderful stuff, concluding in an attempt at a definition of poetry, in which it is held that novels should be included under the term. All this is put forward, by a man of the most distinguished professional reputation, as a book of precept and example for "teaching English;" but, alas, how few are likely to dismiss it as the amusing exhibition of pretense it really is! If English is to be taught after such an example, its professors should by all means let Bacon and Shakespeare alone, and Shelley, Milton, and Dryden, and all their peers, likewise.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. *The Monk's Wedding*, by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, translated by Sarah H. Adams. (Cupples & Hurd.) An Italian story, supposed to be told by Dante, the whole seen through German spectacles. The story and its ingenious setting have the air of archaeological accuracy, and the plot is an involved one. It seems impossible, though, for a German scholar to shake off a certain Germanic hardness and dryness, and thus the result, clear as it is, fails, in our judgment, to have that warmth and mellowness which are required to render an historically conceived romance really interesting and effective. The author treats the subject as Kaulbach might have treated it in design. — *Confessions of Two*, by Marianne Gaillard Spratley and Elizabeth Octavia Willeson. (G. W. Dillingham, New York.) This novel is in the form of letters exchanged by two girls, one of whom has gone South to be a governess, while the other remains in the North. The scheme promises more than is really fulfilled. One guesses that both the young ladies are really Southerners. There is no play of contrasts, the letters are not real letters, and the stories developed are of an ordinary cast. — *In the Golden Days*, by Edna Lyall. (Appleton.) An historical novel, of a semi-domestic order; the scenes laid in England at the end of the seventeenth century. Algernon Sidney is introduced as an important figure, and pains are taken to give color from actual scenes and persons, but the author does not seem to have thought herself into the time. It is a mas-

querade, in which the maskers use their natural voices and ordinary turns of expression. — *Edith*, by Mrs. Otilie Bertron. (Jenkins & McCowan, New York.) A somewhat confused novel, of an artificial kind, in which persons and incidents are manufactured, and one doubts the wisdom of finishing long before he gets to the end of the book. — *Miss Gascoigne*, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell. (Appleton.) Up to the point of Miss Gascoigne's parting with the old love, the story is strong and in fairly good proportions; but surely only the exigencies of a short story compelled Mrs. Riddell to make her heroine on with the new in such a jiffy. — *Bell-na's Husband*, by Hudor Genone. (Lippincott.) Mere eccentricity is far removed from originality, and this bewildering, crazy piece of fiction has not the charm of good-natured nonsense. — *Philip Hazelbrook*, or the Junior Curate, a story of English clerical and social life, by Henry Faulkner Darnell. (C. L. Sherrill & Co., Buffalo.) One of the sweet fictions regarding English clerical life which must turn the stomach of a genuine vigorous East End of London priest, if he could be persuaded to look on such a counterfeit presentment. — *A Modern Circe*, by the author of *Molly Bawn*. (Lippincott.) As the title intimates, this is one of the books in which there is a succession of scenes, each culminating in "their lips met." The enchantments are described with a coarse kind of vigor, but with little originality, and the whole book needs draining.